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THE WHITE HOUSE.

By MRS. PATTIE L. COLLINS.

When Washington was in its infancy, and the patriots of that early day bethought themselves of the propriety of building a residence for the President, it was with some difficulty that they could decide what it should be called. In truth, this seemed a more serious question than location, expense, or architecture. Anything that suggested monarchies or kingdoms, such as the word "palace," could not be entertained; not a trace of the effete despotsisms of the Old World should be tolerated, even in our nomenclature. At last "Executive Mansion" was settled upon as a proper title. Any gentleman, provided it was sufficiently pretentious, might style his house a "mansion," and the chosen executor of laws for the nation was not therefore set apart and above his fellow countrymen, when installed as chief magistrate. In the course of a few years, when only its blackened walls were left standing as mute witnesses that our British cousins still loved us, so much paint was required to efface the marks of the destroyer, when it was restored, that it gleamed white as snow in the distance, and naturally, nay almost inevitably, came to be called the "White House" by popular consent. And by this pretty, simple name the home of the Presidents will doubtless continue to be known as long as republican institutions endure. It is as different as possible in external appearance from the habitations of royalty in European cities; no iron-barred windows, better fitted for a fortress than ordinary outlook, no gloomy, gray walls, chilly and forbidding, frowning down upon you, no squalid tenements thronged with degraded specimens of humanity press upon its outskirts to accentuate the beauties of the one and the miseries of the other. Instead of this, the White House rises fair and inviting from an elevation which seems just sufficient to bring it into relief as a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Its north front looks toward Pennsylvania Avenue, commanding a view of Lafayette Square—itself a most interesting spot, containing the celebrated equestrian statue of Jackson, by Clark Mills, and grouped about it the cannon captured at the battle of New Orleans—while around it stand some of the many historic residences of the capitol. To the east and west of the President's grounds, respectively, may be seen the Treasury, and the War, State and Navy Departments; the southern aspect is the most charming of all; flowers, trees and emerald lawn, with the music of falling water make up a picture as bewildering in loveliness as it is

arcadian in simplicity, its boundary line being the Potomac, shining in the distance like a bit of blue sea, but disfigured by no great iron hulks or other sea monsters; only a modest little excursion steamer, now and then a tall three-masted schooner lazily rocking and glancing skyward, impatient to set sail.

With these surroundings a President must be singularly oblivious to the voices of nature, art and patriotism if he does not find about his temporary abode everything to minister to his higher nature.

At present, on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the President usually receives from twelve to one o'clock; Tuesday and Friday are Cabinet days, and Monday he claims as absolutely his own. Of course if a Secretary, Senator or Representative should present himself upon urgent business, that would not admit of delay, the rule would be violated, but not otherwise.

The official etiquette of the White House remains about the same from generation to generation, but the social regime varies very much, according to the tastes of the temporary occupants. If, by a combination of fortuitous circumstances, an unpretending woman of limited education and provincial habits finds herself suddenly thrust into a position for which she is wholly unprepared by previous training, she fills it more or less acceptably, as she has tact and adaptability. These seem qualities which have not of late years been conspicuously characteristic of the "first ladies" of the land, no matter what their previous station; unless, indeed, an exception be made in favor of a certain beautiful woman, who was herself a more priceless treasure than any the White House contained.

A visitor going for the first time to the White House would suppose at a casual glance that it was a gala day, and all the world was thronging thither. It is rather surprising to learn that it is always the same. There are fine ladies and gentlemen who come in great state, foreigners of all nations, rustics from the depths of the forest, the perfectly blasé, the ignorant clown, the ubiquitous, irrepressible American child—all running rampant over the President's house. Perhaps it would be just as well to go back to the very beginning, when this surging crowd presents itself at the main entrance. Few, fortunately, make the mistake of the intoxicated straggler who found his way into the grounds, and perceiving the three harmless gilded shells used in the way of very questionable ornamentation in front of the mansion, thus accosted a door-keeper: "Old man in?" Receiving only a look of dazed inquiry by way of reply, he continued, "Old ten per cent. money bags, I say?" At this juncture it dawned upon the official, so far as his sense of shocked dignity permitted him to receive any impression, that this besotted wretch actually supposed himself at a pawnbroker's shop! But a much prettier story than this can be told of these empty shells: Formerly the birds built their nests in them, and now that the holes have been filled so that they can not, they yet come and perch and twitter and circle around their former dwelling-place.

Eight persons are required to stand guard at the entrance;

not all at once, but to alternate and keep a sufficient number on duty. An imperative necessity has drawn the line of demarcation for White House sight-seers. Entering the hall they are ushered at once into the East Room, and having inspected it to their heart's content, return by the same way they came, unless choosing to ascend to the waiting room on the second floor, and risk an opportunity of seeing the President. In this case, to a student of human nature a rare opportunity for study is presented. Hardened, chronic office-seekers, schemers, conscienceless plotters, shabby women, forlorn, dismal, nay, often heart-broken, pert, self-assured youth, and even the small boy, with ragged jacket, one illy-adjusted suspender and rusty shoes walks in with an air that could only have been begotten by the consciousness that he was a part of the republic. Much patience brings the vigil of each to a close, and if the business be simply to shake hands with the President, that ceremony is speedily accomplished. At present it would be something like this: Entering as other people go out (for the other people are always there, going out before you, and coming in after you), a tall gentleman, very grand and very dignified, quite like a gigantic icicle—but no, that comparison is derogatory—let us say like Pompey's Pillar—stands Chester A. Arthur. He glances at your card mechanically, he takes you by the hand most indifferently, and in an inexpressible broad voice, without a single inflection, he says, "It is a very pleasant day." You may say that you are charmed to have an opportunity to pay your respects to Mr. President, or any such nonsense that comes uppermost, but it is not of the least consequence what you say, or whether you say anything at all. That is all, and you may salaam yourself out of the side door.

The East Room is used for all public receptions. It is of noble proportions, eighty feet in length by forty in width, and twenty-two in height. It was originally intended as a banqueting hall, but the first authentic account of its use was that Dolly Madison found it an excellent place for drying clothes. Under its present aspect it would scarcely appear to be well adapted to that purpose. A rich carpet of those soft tints that seem to melt into each other covers the floor. The walls and ceiling are all white and gold; glancing into the immense mirror you find it reproduces an endless vista of panels and columns lost in space. The windows are draped with lace curtains, and in warm weather the breeze comes up fresh and sweet direct from the river, blowing them about at will—just as it does the curtains of other people! But something else happens to these curtains, too, that is not so pleasant, and from which other people's, as a rule, are exempt. But a short time since an employe of the White House called my attention to the fact that here and there a figure had been entirely cut out by a souvenir-thief. This apartment, as well as several others in the mansion, has been recently done over by Tiffany, and greatly improved; it has now very much the appearance in general effect of the "Gold Salon" of the Grand Opera House in Paris. It contains only two pictures; one of Washington, purchased as the original, by Gilbert Stuart, but of doubtful authenticity, and the Martha Washington painted in 1878 by Andrews, an Ohio artist. This latter shows the same refined, high-bred features that even the crudest representation of her portrays, and the flowing train and satin petticoat are quite regal. The dress was copied from a Parisian costume made for a New York lady to wear at the Centennial tea party in Philadelphia in 1876, and purports to be an exact reproduction, but with a not unusual nineteenth century skepticism, I confess that I boldly decline the sleeve as an anachronism, and leaving the queenly robe out of the question, do not hesitate to say that in my opinion the hand was borrowed—perhaps from a Greek statue. Certainly it is not the strong right hand which accomplished the prodigious amounts of spinning, weaving, and the like, usually ascribed to this wonderful matron; but it is a tiny, symmetrical, extremely pretty hand, in the delineation of which the artist was probably true to his in-

stincts rather than history, and in consideration of the happy result, the departure from fact to fancy deserves to be condoned.

The Green Room, which derives its name from the prevailing color of its decoration, is next in order to the East Room. It contains a portrait of Mrs. Hayes, by Hunt, in an elaborate wooden frame, carved and presented by young ladies from the Cincinnati School of Design; it represents luscious bunches of grapes and graceful foliage, a design which, it has been sarcastically observed, in this connection is singularly inappropriate—since it wreathes the very high priestess of temperance like the fabled bacchanalian god. There are also crystal vase of exquisite workmanship, selected by Mrs. Lincoln, a grand piano, costly cabinets and candelabra, and a bronze clock which is said to be a little childish about keeping time. That is to say, it will do well enough for presidential and diplomatic time, but not for running trains on single track. It was presented by Napoleon to Lafayette, and by him to Washington. Another much-prized antique is a claw-footed round table of mahogany, inlaid with brass, and known to be at least one hundred and seventy years old. A cover almost envelops it quite hiding its rich color and fine polish; the reason for this being that once upon a time a vandal borrowed some of the brass ornamentation and forgot to return it.

The Blue Room is very much prettier than its title is suggestive. It is here that foreign ministers present their credentials. The furniture, with its gilded framework, and upholstered in a silk damask of blue and gold, is in harmony with the curtains, the carpets, and the decorated ceiling. It is oval in form and the general effect is very beautiful, especially by gas-light.

The Red Parlor is used for general receptions, both by the President and the ladies of the household. This was the last room occupied by Lincoln in the White House. He left it on that fatal 14th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and Speaker Colfax. The tiled mantel represents the style of 1800; this also is some of the high art—Tiffany decoration. And in truth the entire furnishing shows a singular, but not inharmonious, conglomeration. The candlesticks, dating back to Monroe's time, the gold pitcher and bowl presented by Elkington & Co., of London, after the Centennial, a wonderful screen embroidered in silk and beads, from the Austrian Government during Grant's administration, vases from France, upon whose delicate surface are portrayed the conviction and sentence of Charlotte Corday, a curious cabinet, of which the entire front is formed of brass tacks and pin heads, and many other things, but the most interesting and probably the most highly prized is the clock used by Lincoln in his private office during the war. A portfolio of engravings, a pot of flowers, and a single book occupy a small table. It is a refreshing oasis, a glimpse of something real and altogether home-like, that rests one after so much overpowering richness and antiquity combined.

The State Dining Room is furnished in green. The heavy curtains with bright borders and lambrequins are themselves pretty enough to excuse their shutting off the river view. The table will seat forty persons as it is, but when arranged in the form of a cross, fifty-four. Only three state dinners are ordinarily given during a season, but nine were interspersed through the last. A sideboard contains wine glasses of every shape, size and description. Some one laughingly explained his by saying: "You know when the little friends of the President's daughter come to see her, he likes for them to have a real good time, and these are for their dolls' tables."

Apropos of the wine question, a colored employe, seeing a visitor taking a copious draught of ice-water just within the vestibule, and return from his explorations through the East Room soon after, complaining of being sick, exclaimed in a triumphant voice: "Boss, I tolle you dat stuff wuz only fit to wash clothes in." Turning to me he added, "Dat's so, missus, 'cept to cool your head when you got a ra'al bad headache, and can't git no cabbage leaves to wrap 'round it."

It is said to be quite a general impression that the expense of state dinners is borne by the government. This is not true, and President Arthur keeps his own horses, coachman, and cook.

The table is ornamented by a center-piece for flowers, the bottom of which represents a miniature lake, and mirrors the floral beauties above and around it. The President's chair is on one side, at the middle. In speaking of this I am reminded of a young American girl, who, like myself, was upon a certain occasion being shown through one of the numerous abodes of a crowned head. Entering the *salon* in which foreign ambassadors were received, we perceived that the throne chair stood upon a sort of dais which was entirely covered with superb crimson velvet. This adventurous little spirit inadvertently let fall a profane footstep upon the sacred fabric, when she was immediately reprimanded in an awful voice and solemnly admonished to keep a respectful distance. Proceeding further in this princely residence, we reached the dining room. The king's chair, like our President's, stood in the middle, and unlike it was of entirely different and of more elaborate workmanship than the others. Whilst the extremely loyal and obsequious attendant was looking in another direction, young America silently and swiftly drew out the chair from its place and seated herself with a comical assumption of dignity that was very amusing, a perilous position, which even she was not audacious enough to maintain more than a few seconds.

A door from the dining room leads directly to the conservatory, a perfect wonderland of perfume and color. It seems as if all the wealth of Flora had been gathered here; forests of ferns, banks of azaleas, roses in endless profusion and variety, and priceless exotic children of the tropics without number. One stands almost breathless with admiration before the exquisite orchids; and here is a plant with thick, polished leaves, heavy clusters of scentless blossoms, from the southern coast of Africa, named for its discoverer, Prof. Rudgea, while not far off the medinella waves slowly and sadly its long red clusters, as if sighing for its native Japan. Ensconced here and there are receptacles for goldfish, and even a coral bank is to be discovered among the drooping ferns and falling water. It is difficult to come away from these fairy regions to prosaic places, but there is another nook near by into which prying eyes must peep, and after all the transition is not so very trying, since it is into the family dining room, which is a charming picture in itself.

There is something so attractive in this warm, bright looking spot, that I must confess to a fascination here stronger than that inspired by the tiles, mosaics and bric-a-brac found elsewhere. Perhaps every feminine heart is sensitive to the dainty beauty of china, cut glass, and richly chased vessels of silver and gold, but the most unsusceptible would be moved to warmer enthusiasm over the set of Limoges faience, manufactured by the order of Mrs. Hayes. It consists of five hundred pieces, representing the fauna and flora of America, and each is a delicious study, bearing the impress of true artistic skill. The designs were all made by Mr. Theodore Davis, whose studio is upon one of the most romantic portions of the New Jersey coast. There, in his happy home, surrounded by wife, children and mother, far removed from the turmoil of the outer world, and borrowing inspiration from sea, sky and air, he labors, and sends forth the admirable results to an appreciative people. This china is a rich legacy to the White House families.

The grand corridor is hung with portraits of former Presidents; that portion of it from which the private stairway ascends is cut off for the exclusive use of the household. A marvelous light falls through the western window upon the cabinets with their treasures, the many flowering plants and inviting easy chairs. But even here history must intrude; a marble table of hexagon shape is said to have been the property of General Jackson, and tradition asserts that broken places here

and there in the smooth surface are the traces of his seal ring when his hand was brought down with that terrible emphasis peculiar to him on certain occasions.

The elevator which was put in for "Grandma Garfield," she never returned to the White House to use. The dreariest place, perhaps, under the roof, is the shabby, forlorn little cloak room, in which Minister Allen fell dead last January a year ago, at the New Year's reception.

It is not an uninteresting spectacle, to stand just within the vestibule on Cabinet day, and observe the arrival of the nation's arbiters, sandwiched between the throng. Perhaps a slight murmur is heard, and strangers turn toward the entrance. It might be a pleasant-faced countryman in his plain black clothes, but instead it is the Honorable Secretary of the Interior. Next, a stylish coupé, with an iron-gray horse, from which Postmaster-General Gresham and his chief clerk alight. The Postmaster-General is in the stalwart prime of life. He is tall and commanding, with strongly marked features. Immediately following him is a British tourist, with a glass screwed in his eye, who pauses to ask, before entering the East Room, "What do you call that cold-looking place there?" Then the Spanish Minister enters and passes so slowly up the stairway that one is involuntarily reminded of the inevitable *manana* (to-morrow) of his people, not one of whom has ever been in a hurry since the beginning of time. No matter what the service required of these children of the sun, unless a compelling power supplements the order, "*Manana, manana,*" is the response.

Another carriage rattles over the pavement, and a pale, spare man, with a white fringe under his chin, and close cropped hair, with a mysterious gloom upon his countenance, and bent, as if, like Atlas, he bore the world upon his shoulders—passes with such an air as has never been known outside of the State Department. There they all have it in greater or less degree, messengers, clerks, and assistant secretaries. It is indescribable, but it is admirable. Even the high-stepping bay horses appear to be distinctly conscious of their position.

Next in order comes Attorney-General Brewster, who is without doubt the most gorgeous man in Washington. I say gorgeous advisedly. He wears an immense expanse of buff vest, a dark necktie, illuminated by a pin of diamonds clustering around a ruby center, light drab pantaloons, and lace ruffles about his wrists.

Secretary Folger has the aristocratic appearance which is the legitimate birthright of those wonderful old Nantucket families and their descendants. I need not ask you to pause longer at the entrance; the other notabilities are out of town to-day.

But after all its artistic finish, its rich decoration, the luxury apparent at a glance, there is a sense of something lacking in this grand habitation. All of these fine apartments leave the impression that they are mere show-places, not the habitual resorts of a family. One of my pet theories is that people's houses always look like them—they transfer a portion of their personality to everything with which they come habitually into contact. Well, this is nobody's home; it belongs to the government, and is illustrative of the national wealth and taste, but of no individual peculiarities. The question has often been debated of erecting another residence, which shall literally be the President's home, while the present mansion shall be devoted exclusively to public receptions and official affairs. Then, and not till then, will the Chief Magistrate taste occasional immunity from outside trespassers, and enjoy a well earned repose.

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Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!—Whittier.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY THE REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D.

[July 6.]

It is true that the task which God lays upon us all is the same—the unceasing surrender of their own wishes to the higher aims which he successively sets before them. But with men of passionate temperament and selfish habits, who are therefore at every turn exposed by circumstances to violent temptation, their natural wishes are, for the most part, so obviously sinful that, though the struggle of renouncing them may be hard, the duty of doing so is clear and pressing. And when such turn to God, their falls in attempting the Christian walk are often frequent enough, or at least their battles with temptation severe enough, to teach them the evil and weakness of their own heart. With men, on the other hand, of calm, pure and affectionate disposition, and trained in conscientious habits, so many of their wishes are for things harmless, or even good in themselves, that it is less easy to see why and how they are to be given up. Such men, just, kindly, and finding much of their own happiness in that of others, live, for the most part, in harmonious relations with those around them, and have little to disturb their consciences beyond the fear of falling short in the path of duty on which they have already entered. But they are exposed to many perils, more insidious, because less startling, than those which beset their more fiercely tempted brethren. They are in danger of depending too much on the respect and love which others so readily yield them; of valuing themselves on a purity which, if ever one of struggle, has come to be one of taste; of prizes intellectual clearness above moral insight and vigor; of mistaking the pleasure they feel in the performance of duty, for real submission to the will of God; and above all, of shrinking from new truths which would, for the time, confuse their belief, and break up the calm symmetry of their lives.

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For * * * different natures require and receive a very different discipline from God. Sometimes it is by outward affliction that God speaks to souls, thus sinking into the lethargy of formalism; and the loss of friends, or health, or influence suddenly seems to cut off, as it were, half the means of serving him, and to rouse long-forgotten temptations to rise up against his will. Sometimes, on the other hand, he speaks to them inwardly, by opening their eyes to heights of holiness which they had never before steadily contemplated. They now suddenly perceive that many of the fancied duties which have till now occupied their lives and satisfied their consciences, have long ceased to be duties, and have come to be mere habits or pleasures; and that while they have been thus living in self-love, unseen and unrepented of, they might have been coming to the knowledge of the higher obligations to which they have been so blind, but which were all implied in their first belief if they had but continued to read it with a single eye.—*From Susanna Winkworth, in "Tauler's Life and Times."*

[July 13.]

Especially, too, if they be distracted and disheartened (as such are wont to be) by the sin and confusion of the world; by the amount of God's work which still remains undone, and by their own seeming incapacity to do it, they will take heart from the history of John Tauler and his fellows, who, in a far darker and more confused time than the present, found a work to do and strength to do it; who, the more they retired into the recesses of their own inner life, found there that fully to know themselves was to know all men, and to have a message for all men; and who by their unceasing labors of love proved that the highest spiritual attainments, instead of shutting a man up in lazy and Pharisaic self-contemplation, drive him forth to

work as his Master worked before him, among the poor, the suffering, and the fallen.

Let such take heart, and toil on in faith at the duty which lies nearest to them. Five hundred years have passed since Tauler and his fellows did their simple work, and looked for no fruit from it, but the saving of one here and there from the nether pit. That was enough for which to labor; but without knowing it, they did more than that. Their work lives, and will live forever, though in forms from which they would have perhaps shrunk had they foreseen them. Let all such therefore take heart. They may know their own weakness; but they know not the power of God in them. They may think sadly that they are only palliating the outward symptoms of social and moral disease; but God may be striking, by some unconscious chance blow of theirs, at a sort of evil which they never suspected. They may mourn over the failure of some seemingly useful plan of their own; but God may be, by their influence, sowing the seed of some plan of his own, of which they little dream. For every good deed comes from God. His is the idea, his the inspiration, and his its fulfillment in time; and therefore no good deed but lives and grows with the everlasting life of God himself. And as the acorn, because God has given it "a forming form," and life after its kind, bears within it not only the builder oak, but shade for many a herd; food for countless animals, and last, the gallant ship itself, and the materials of every use to which nature or art can put it and its descendants after it throughout all time; so does every good deed contain within itself endless and unexpected possibilities of other good, which may and will grow and multiply forever, in the genial light of him whose eternal mind conceived it, and whose eternal spirit will forever quicken it, with that life of which he is the giver and the Lord.—*From Rev. Charles Kingsley, in "Preface to Tauler's Sermons."*

[July 20.]

It astonishes all thought to observe the minuteness of God's government, and of the natural and common processes which he carries on from day to day. His dominions are spread out, system above system, filling all height and latitude, but he is never lost in the magnificent. He descends to an infinite detail, and builds a little universe in the smallest things. He carries on a process of growth in every tree and flower and living thing; accomplishes in each an internal organization, and works the functions of an internal laboratory, too delicate all for eye or instrument to trace. He articulates the members and impels the instincts of every living mote that shines in the sunbeam. As when we ascend toward the distant and the vast, so when we descend toward the minute, we see his attention accumulated and his skill concentrated on his object; and the last discernible particle dies out of our sight with the same divine glory on it, as on the last orb that glimmers in the skirt of the universe.

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The works of Christ are, if possible, a still brighter illustration of the same truth. Notwithstanding the vast stretch and compass of the work of redemption, it is a work of the most humble detail in its style of execution. The Savior could have preached a sermon on the mount every morning. Each night he could have stilled the sea, before his astonished disciples, and shown the conscious waves lulling into peace under his feet. He could have transfigured himself before Pilate and the astonished multitudes of the temple. He could have made visible ascensions in the noon of every day, and revealed his form standing in the sun, like the angel of the apocalypse. But this was not his mind. The incidents of which his work is principally made up, are, humanly speaking, very humble and unpretending. The most faithful pastor in the world was never able, in any degree, to approach the Savior, in the lowliness of his manner and his attention to humble things. His teachings

were in retired places, and his illustrations drawn from ordinary affairs. If the finger of faith touched him in the crowd, he knew the touch and distinguished also the faith. He reproved the ambitious housewifery of an humble woman. After he had healed a poor being, blind from his birth—a work transcending all but divine power—he returned and sought him out, as the most humble Sabbath-school teacher might have done; and when he had found him, cast out and persecuted by men, he taught him privately the highest secrets of his Messiahship. When the world around hung darkened with sympathy with his cross, and the earth was shaking with inward amazement, he himself was remembering his mother, and discharging the filial cares of a good son. And when he burst the bars of death, its first and final conqueror, he folded the linen clothes and the napkin, and laid them in order apart, showing that in the greatest things he had a set purpose also concerning the smallest. And thus, when perfectly scanned, the work of Christ's redemption, like the material universe, is seen to be a vast orb of glory, wrought up out of finished particles.—*Horace Bushnell.*

[July 27.]

He who would sympathize must be content to be tried and tempted. There is a hard and boisterous rudeness in our hearts by nature, which requires to be softened down. We pass by suffering gaily, carelessly; not in cruelty, but unfeelingly, because we do not know what suffering is. We wound men by our looks and our abrupt expressions without intending it, because we have not been taught the delicacy, and the tact, and the gentleness, which can only be learned by the wounding of our own sensibilities. There is a haughty feeling of uprightness which has never been on the verge of falling, that requires humbling. There is an inability to enter into difficulties of thought which marks the mind to which all things have been presented superficially, and which has never experienced the horror of feeling the ice of doubt crashing beneath the feet. Therefore, if you aspire to be a son of consolation; if you would partake of the priestly gift of sympathy; if you would pour something beyond commonplace consolation into a tempted heart; if you would pass through the intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact which never inflicts pain; if to that most acute of human ailments, mental doubt, you are ever to give effectual succor—you must be content to pay the price of the costly education. Like him, you must suffer—being tempted.

But remember it is being tempted in all points, *yet without sin*, that makes sympathy real, manly, perfect, instead of a mere sentimental tenderness. Sin will teach you to *feel* for trials. It will not enable you to judge them; nor to help them in time of need with any certainty.

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Lastly, it is this same human sympathy which qualifies Christ for judgment. It is written that the Father hath committed all judgment to him, *because he is the Son of Man.*

* * * * *

The sympathy of Christ is a comforting subject. It is, besides, a tremendous subject; for on sympathy the awards of heaven will be built. * * * A sympathy for that which is pure implies a repulsion of that which is impure. Hatred of evil is in proportion to the strength of love for good. To love intensely good is to hate intensely evil. * * * Win the mind of Christ now, or else his sympathy for human nature will not save you from, but only insure, a recoil of abhorrence at last.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Hast thou'nt learned what thou art often told,
A truth still sacred and believed of old,
That no success attends on spears and swords
Unblest, and that the battle is the Lord's?—*Cowper.*

GROWTH.

By EMILY J. BUGBEE.

Grow as the trees grow,
Your head lifted straight to the sky,
Your roots holding fast where they lie,
In the richness below,
Your branches outspread
To the sun pouring down, and the dew,
With the glorious infinite blue
Stretching over your head.

Receiving the storms,
That may writhe you, and bend, but not break,
While your roots the more sturdily take
A strength in their forms.
God means us, the growth of His trees,
Alike thro' the shadow and shine,
Receiving as freely the life-giving wine
Of the air and the breeze.

Not sunshine alone,
The soft summer dew and the breeze
Hath fashioned these wonderful trees,
The tempest hath moaned.
They have tossed their strong arms in despair,
At the blast of the terrible there,
In the thunder's loud tone.

But under it all
Were the roots clasping closer the sod,
The top still aspiring to God,
Who prevented their fall.

Come out from the gloom
And open your heart to the light
That is flooding God's world with delight,
And unfolding its bloom.
His kingdom of Grace
Is symbolized in all that we see,
In budding and leafing of tree
And fruit in its place.

TENEMENT HOUSE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

By GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

New York City, which is the soul and center of a series of cities which may be called the Metropolitan District, has not far from a million and a half of people, nearly all of whom reside upon an island of rocky formation, surrounded by deep water. Within recent years a district to the north of the island has been annexed to the city, and city protection and privileges partly extended to it, and new parks have just been legalized there, but little that has yet been done in the outlying districts and cities has been effectual to thin out the population of the great central city, whose inhabitants are gathered from all races.

The island of New York extends over thirteen miles along the North River, and it is densely built up as far as 70th Street, on that river, and on the East River it is almost solidly built up to Harlem, which is six or seven miles from the point of the city at the Battery. The middle of the island, to the extent of nine hundred acres, is occupied by the Central Park and other parks, and broad driveways or boulevards take up considerable of the unoccupied or partially occupied portion, so that the time is admitted to be near at hand when all this island will be covered with houses. The character of these houses is already indicated by the tall flats, apartment houses, or ten-

ement houses which are rising, apparently in the country parts, out of the green fields, and some of these are six, seven and eight stories high. Extensive apartment houses, in which the floors are rented or sold, are also being constructed in the vicinity of the park, sometimes to the height of nine, ten and even twelve stories.

It would therefore appear that the future residence of the New Yorker is to be some kind of a tenement structure after the fashion prevailing on the continent of Europe. For some of these costly tenements the rent is as high as six thousand to eight thousand dollars per annum. The cheapest tenements on New York island probably cost twenty dollars a month. Although a bridge has been built at enormous expense to connect New York and Brooklyn, it is a mere convenience, and has exercised no influence on the general character of New York island. While Brooklyn is growing, Harlem relatively is growing faster, at the northern end of New York island. The elevated railroads, of which there are four parallel to each other up and down the length of the island as far as the park, and three the whole length of the island, or to Harlem River, have rather exercised a recalling influence to the city from the suburbs, and the tendency is to extend New York across the Harlem River rather than across the Hudson or the East rivers and the bay, which are often embarrassed by fog, ice, and storm.

The New York manufactures have so expanded that the operatives do not go from the city to the country parts to do a day's labor, but come from the country parts into New York to earn a living. The protective tariff has transferred the foreign commerce of New York to foreign nations, while it has made New York City our largest manufacturing city. These manufactoryes compressed on that small island necessarily partake of the tenement house character, and it has been necessary for the legislature to pass laws prohibiting the making of cigars in the tenement houses where the people live. A few years ago I was requested to visit some of these cigar tenements in the vicinity of Tompkins Square, and further up town, and I found an extraordinary condition of things which has not yet been checked by legislation, because after the prohibitory law was passed it was found to be defective in phraseology, and has to be reenacted. In these tenements could be seen a whole family, men, women and children, living and working their tobacco, and at the same time cooking, sleeping, eating and entertaining, with the tobacco spread over the floor to be dried at night, the children walking on it, and the vapors of the tobacco filling the lungs of the sleepers. In the morning the man got up and began to cut, trim and fill cigars, and put them on the bench before him, and there he sat all day, for at least six days in the week, seldom going out to let the rooms be aired, and some of these buildings, from four to six stories high, were nothing but pigeon cases of such tobacco tenements.

It is to be doubted whether the law can reach such cases, because detection would always involve an intrusion into the living apartments of families, and would make in time such hostility that the law itself would have to be repealed. As in Lyons, France, and in Belgium, where the silk weavers, the lace makers, etc., take their work home, there is no doubt a tendency in New York City to live and toil on the same premises. The population of New York is made up from most of the laboring nations, and each of these brings its own habits, and expects to exercise them freely in this free country. The vices of European laboring society have been imported with the virtues. The city electing its officials by suffrage modifies its usages and government in the direction of these new elements, and the foreigner soon picks up from his demagogues and the small newspapers published in his own language aggressive ideas, which some think are rapidly becoming a great defensive system, some day to plague the metropolis.

Whatever we native Americans think about the foreign

methods of living in New York, those methods are as natural to the immigrants as it is for us to occupy a whole house. Indeed, the American in such cities as New York is becoming of necessity the imitator of the foreigner, because the rent of a whole establishment on that cramped island is out of the reach of any but the well employed and independently prosperous.

As this article may come to eyes which have never seen the great city, I will convey to you some slight notion of the structure of New York island. This island is made of gneiss rock, or hard granite, which apparently extended in ribs or ridges, sometimes depressed, sometimes high, and in places like islands, and between these ridges and islands sand and gravel have been deposited, so that when you come to lay out a street, to lay pipes under the street, or to excavate for a house, you may strike solid rock, or you may find quicksand, and therefore the cost of building on the island is greater than almost anywhere on the globe. Probably the steam drills employed to blast on New York island exceed in number all the steam drills in the entire United States. Most of our cities are built on clay or sandy soil, and a cellar can be excavated in two or three days, whereas I have seen building lots in New York, only a hundred feet by twenty to twenty-five feet wide, which took months, or indeed a whole building season, to get the rock out, and when the cellar is excavated it is like a great trough or hole made in solid stone. Naturally, a man who has been at such expense to start his house looks into the air for his recompense. With that solid foundation in the stone he has procured from the cellar he begins to build a tower instead of a house, and to let it out in floors, and for each of these floors he expects to receive higher rent than is elsewhere paid for a large and complete house.

A friend of mine who recently failed disastrously, showed me one of these new flat houses he had put up. It was three lots broad, each lot one hundred feet deep, making a front of seventy-five feet. Each of these lots he held to be worth \$30,000, making \$90,000 for the situation, though it was not on a fashionable street, but rather up a side street. He then raised one upon another seven apartments on each side of the entrance, and over the entrance were six bachelor apartments, each consisting of only one room, a bed alcove, and a bath closet. Consequently, there would be in such a building twenty tenants, of whom fourteen would be families. These fourteen paid from \$1,800 to \$1,300 apiece. Each had the same number of rooms, in the same space, the rents only being modified by the position of the floor. The lower floors of course rented higher than the upper floors. Generally speaking, each living place consisted of a parlor and a side room, either library or sitting room, a bath room, and a servant's bath also, about three bed rooms, beside a servant's bed room, a dining room, a kitchen, pantries and wardrobes. The only economy in such living lies in the reduction of the number of servants, and in the less expense of furnishing. The proprietor has to keep an engineer, an assistant engineer, a porter and assistant, and perhaps a housekeeper, and of course a watchman. Elevators front and rear accommodate the landlords and the servants. Such a building, exclusive of the ground, probably cost \$150,000, and therefore it would be hard work to make ten per cent. upon it after paying salaries, taxes, etc. The bachelor apartments rented from \$50 to \$30 per month.

Now this stylish apartment house looks out at the rear upon a series of common tenement houses, where in old brick or frame buildings a dense mass of people look out of the back windows on their more aristocratic neighbors. These latter houses perhaps have a pole erected in the back yard which is as high as the house, and from every floor proceed to this pole clothes lines, attached there by pulleys, and whatever is washed is affixed to the line and run out by the pulley to dry. Most of the people in these back apartments live in one room, or at most in two, and there the good man arises in the morning, takes his early breakfast and goes out with his truck or

dray, or hies him off to work and does not return again till night. The wife arises and sends the children off to school, and then she proceeds to wash or iron, or do other work, cooking her meals meantime, and supplying the children at noon, and the old man at night. Perhaps in that room or two live half a dozen people. They may even have a sub-tenant. There must be more or less exposure, more or less bad air, more or less indifference to the decencies of life, and yet it is surprising, on the whole, how much cleaner and better these people live than might be expected. This to some extent arises from the happy construction of the blocks in the new or uptown quarter of New York. Many of our American cities have deep blocks and alleys, or inferior streets, running up between them. The ground is too precious in New York to be sacrificed in such lanes, so the back yards touch each other, and the houses are built high stooped, the basement being the first story, and through the basement hall the slops, ashes, etc., are carried to the front street and there left for the scavenger and the ash-man to come and remove them. Consequently, each of these uptown blocks is one great court, open to the sun and to the sky. New York streets across town are only two hundred feet apart, and therefore the lots are of uniform depth.

The old Dutch city and its English successor in the lower part of the island covered a triangular space not a mile long, and about a mile wide. In the course of time Broadway was opened right up the center of this triangle, and streets called East Broadway and West Broadway were thrown in a course generally parallel to the two rivers, and the attempt was continued to make a more or less rectangular city, and finally, at the distance of more than two miles up, a real rectangular metropolis was secured by opening broad avenues, of which there are about twelve lengthwise of the whole island, and these are crossed by streets running in number up to 220th, and in the course of time in the annexed portion they will run to something like 300th Street. Although the city is thus expanded, business and population are very tenacious of the old and crowded situations. As it is impossible to draw the money and finance out of Wall Street, so it is next to impossible to alter the situation of the market houses, the railroad freight depots, the express offices, the steamboat piers, the ferries, and even the manufactories. As an immense portion of what is manufactured in New York is not sold to the people of the city, but for export, it remains a consideration to manufacture, prepare and pack goods down in the dense, lance-shaped point of the island. Consequently business, tenements, folly, manufactories, everything grow denser as you go down town, and the east side of the city is especially given up to the Germanic races. At that point there is a protuberance of the city into the East River, overlapping the city of Brooklyn, and the avenues here are not numbered, but being to the east of First Avenue they take the names of Avenues A, B, C and D.

Here you find the tenement houses in their glory. Grand Street is the great artery of that side of the town.

Fifty years ago there were but 200,000 inhabitants on this island; thirty-five years ago there were but 500,000; twenty-five years ago there were but 800,000 people; fifteen years ago there were 950,000. By the census of 1880 the population of the island was put down at over 1,200,000. It will not be far wrong to call it in general terms a million and a half. But the stable population of New York bears no comparison with its transient and daily population. It is immediately surrounded by two millions more of people who depend upon the city, and who can leave it at all hours of the night by ferries. It is the resort of sixty per cent. of all the ocean vessels in the country, with their crews. It contains the offices of nearly every corporation in the United States, all of which, after they have attained a certain stability or prominence, keep a commission house or branch office on New York island.

The morals of New York City are therefore to a great extent beyond the reach of mere administration, and have to be len-

ient according to the temptation and the concourse. Marriage itself is subordinate in such a hive, to society and necessity. The American elements of the population generally adhere to their traditions and decencies, but there is a native American generation in New York, begotten of foreign parents, which knows no other country than this, but is as different from Americans of the old time as we differ from the American Indians. From this secondary growth New York derives most of its mechanical, laboring, and artisan class. These, like their forefathers, adhere to the tenement house method of life. They do not understand the necessity of a whole house, which has to be furnished, cleaned and warmed, when they spend so much of the day and night elsewhere, either at work or pleasure. So does the American element, which goes from the country to New York, content itself with a room. As for the poor, as their families increase they have no resort but the tenement house.

The latest history of New York City says that 500,000 people in New York, or more than one-third, live in tenement houses, and that the densest blocks in London do not compare, in the number of inhabitants, with the same space in the dense quarters of New York. A single block is referred to on Avenue B, which has fifty-two tenement houses, the population of them amounting to nearly 2,400 persons. One single house in New York is said to have 1,500 inhabitants, and often a house with twenty-five feet front accommodates 100 souls. Of course height is the great point to give such area. If you enter New York and walk toward the east side through the streets which run so close together, but which are all happily of fair width, and all straight, you will see row after row of red brick houses, generally built to the height of five or six stories. In themselves they are rather neat to look at, except for the signs of population at every window, where on a hot and steaming day everybody seems to press to get the air. You can see the baby at the breast, the hunchback elder child, the man rolling cigars, the Chinaman washing, the woman running her sewing machine, the musician practicing on the bugle, the dentist, perhaps, filling teeth in a tenement house at modest rates to suit. You may also see some quiet old German smoking his pipe and reading science, unaware that anything is much worse than it generally is in the world. These houses have a common entrance below, sometimes in the middle, generally at the side. Through this entrance pours in and out the population going above; the stairways are generally narrow, the steps worn almost through, sometimes loungers and children are playing in the halls, and our fastidious habits are much shocked at the necessary familiarity engendered.

Yet it is to be remembered that as one's day is, so is his strength, even in the matter of smells, and while there are tenement evils there are also tenement house virtues. The close sociability engenders another species of Christianity. The policeman is near at hand to correct any evils. While the summers are dreadfully hot, the winters are also long and cold, and the two things most needed in a tenement house are coal and sunlight.

The tenement house laws have been made at Albany by the landlords of these houses, many of whom are rapacious and merciless. Not a single day is given by law, I understand, to a tenant who does not pay the rent. The landlord is permitted to put his agent or constable in any apartment and set the things on the sidewalk, whatever may be the disaster or the disease within. Many of these tenement houses have been built up by the sales of liquor and beer, and probably the majority of our Irish saloon-keepers project a corner in which they do business into a tenement house above, and they both provide the rum and collect the rent. Possibly the men above stairs drink away their wages in the saloon below, while the women work at something to keep the rent up.

In some cases, especially among the more rural Irish, the shanty in the suburbs is substituted for tenement house life.

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.

As you walk along some of the newly filled streets, composed of great rocks which have been blasted in one spot to fill up another spot, you will look down into a former meadow, now a mere hole surrounded by four dungeon walls of stone, and there you will see three or four shanties pitched together on sufferance, made of old boards taken out of some fence or from dry goods boxes. Unaware of anybody being about, you can sit there and hear the whole domestic menage going on; see Patrick, very drunk, sociably quarreling with his wife, who is not far behind him in her potations. They perhaps keep a cow somewhere down there under the planks, and this cow is being milked more or less all the time, and if the milk can not be sold it helps to support the life of the squatters.

Again, you will go into some far quarter of this island, many miles from the business centers, and to your surprise you will there find another species of tenement house, showing that this system of herding together and economizing room is the fate of this city at least. There seems to be no future for the tenement house system. The laws passed by our state legislature with reference to this city are more apt to be in favor of the tenement house proprietor than of the tenant. The tenants hardly know where the legislature is, while the tenement house owner is informed by his lawyer or lobbyist of what is going on. As far as philanthropy goes, it despairs of accomplishing anything in the midst of such a dense population. Of course, when things become outrageous, the police report them to the Board of Health, or the tenants take the law into their own hands.

This gregarious life leads to great independence of character among the women; the average survivor of the tenement house is no puny, frightened creature, but a very active animal, ready to scratch, retort, appeal to law, and loves and marries as she wishes. There is some natural deviation from virtue, as from cleanliness, yet the recuperative principle in women, as in men, is at least redeeming, and it is to be doubted whether the vices in the tenement houses exceed those in the fashionable streets.

It is believed here that the worst class of people New York possesses are the Bohemians from northern Austria. This degraded race was at one time, or until the emperors destroyed it politically, the repository of most of the vices of Europe. Among the Bohemians you find the domestic virtues at the lowest ebb, and socialism at its lewdest. A manufacturer was recently telling me of two Bohemians in his employment who grew weary of their wives, and without any other marriage, and without quarrel, they agreed, men and women, to change partners, and continue to live and work together. At a recent strike of cigar makers in this city, a working woman who stripped tobacco was set upon by three men and knocked down because she preferred to take lower wages rather than keep idle and support some of the demagogue patrols.

New York, however, has no such dens to-day as it had forty years ago, when the Five Points was in the height of its orgies. Through that old swampy quarter of the city broad streets have been cut, and manufactories have been established. I have my doubts whether, at this moment, the worst features of New York's population are not to be found in some of the rougher suburbs off the island. The draft riots of 1863 assisted the peace and order of New York by bringing about a collision between the very bad elements and the law. The police, who are generally hated by the vicious as the visible representatives of the law, received from that moment a degree of discipline which has ever since been kept up, and the militia regiments of New York City have been provided with large armories, and are in a fair state of discipline.

Of course, in such a rank soil as this island, the gentler virtues do not grow, but my observation of some rural districts, many hundred miles from this city, is that they are far below the tenement house quarter in intelligence, and not above it in morals. The matter of virtue is to a large extent involved in the race; it will take a long time to debauch, utterly, people de-

scended from the British and Germanic races. Fortunately, we have not had much immigration from the south of Europe, but the Italian quarter is attracting some attention, as possibly the worst we possess. The Chinese in New York are self-reliant, and a good many of them have shown a decided bias to be Christianized. I lived near a church, two or three years ago, where I one day observed a large number of Chinese, and glancing up at the church I saw that it was a Baptist one. On inquiry I found that a Chinaman who attended the Sunday-school of that church had been murdered by some semi-American roughs, and his classmates had come to pay the last honors to him. Like Americans, they came in cabs, and came filing out of that church quiet, uncomplaining, injured specimens of our common brotherhood.

Legally, a tenement house in New York is one house occupied by more than three families living independently of each other, and doing their cooking on the premises. All tenement houses are compelled to have fire-escapes built outside of the house, of iron. There is one quarter of New York City where 300,000 persons are said to live on a square mile. Observers now say that not one-third, but one-half of the population of New York City lives on the tenement house-plan.

A superficial observer here would think that the greatest misery on the globe was to be found in this tenement house quarter, yet I think that much of this sympathy will be thrown away, because in the large majority of cases the people who live under this system would not exchange it for any other.

THE CAÑONS OF THE COLORADO.*

The lecturer at the outset stated that the valley of the Columbia River might be divided into two portions; the lower third lying but little above the sea level, the other two-thirds of the valley area drained by the Colorado and its tributaries being five to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea.

On the summit and sides of the mountain were thousands of lakes of clear water, which received their supply from the masses of snow which are collecting throughout the winter on the mountain ranges, filling the gorges and half burying the forests. In summer the snow melted and poured down the mountain sides in millions of cascades, eventually forming the Colorado River, which grew into a mad torrent ere it reached the Gulf of California. Eventful indeed would be the history of these waters if traced from their starting point. Some of these streams ran across arid plateaus, being fed in their course by intermittent showers. Each year their channels became deeper and deeper, cutting their way out of solid rock. Every river, brook, creek and rill ran into a cañon, so that these vast areas were traversed by a labyrinth of deep gorges hewn out of the rock by the ever-flowing streams. If the Colorado plateau had been in such a country as the District of Columbia, the land lying adjacent to the river courses would have been washed down by the rains and streams, and instead of cañons there would now be a broad system of valleys. It was an error to regard that Colorado plateau as a region of great erosion or degradation. It was a vast system of cañons, caused by the water eating its way through the hard rock, with lofty stone walls on either side.

Major Powell said that in 1867 and 1868 he had explored the Grand River and other tributaries of the Colorado, and these expeditions thrilled him with a desire to explore the vast cañons of the Colorado River itself. Accordingly in May, 1869, he started for this purpose with a small party of men and four boats from a point a few miles below where now the Union and Pacific Railroad crosses Yukon River. The first forty or fifty miles of their course was through low cañons, cut through the green and alcove lands of that region. Their course was

*A lecture delivered on Saturday, April 26, in the National Museum, Washington, D. C., by Major J. W. Powell, Director of the U. S. Geological Survey.

southward. As they descended the river, a mountain seemed to stand athwart their path, and into this mountain the river penetrated. They followed around the base for a hundred miles or so, meeting the river beyond. Now, why had not the river flowed *round* the mountain instead of cutting its way *through*? The answer was exceedingly simple. Because the river was there before the mountain, and had the right of way, keeping steadfastly on its southward course, across which the lands had been gradually elevated. These land upheavals had taken place very slowly, enabling the river to force its passage as the land rose inch by inch.

At last they reached the junction of the Grand and the Green rivers—the head of the Colorado River—some three thousand feet below the general surface of the country. At that point the cañon was about three thousand feet in depth. One of the boats had been lost, and one of the men had left them before reaching this point. The walls of the cañon here were about half a mile high. One of these they determined to scale at a point a little below their camp, where there was a gorge—a natural break in the wall. Half way up further progress seemed impossible, but by crawling round a narrow ledge of rock they were enabled to resume their toilsome climb. From this point they could see the river fifteen hundred feet below them, wildly rushing and tossing, and at the same distance above them was the cañon's brink that seemed to blend with the sky. Again the wall was found to have broken down, but by crawling up a fissure so narrow that they could press against the hinder side with their backs, while forcing with hands and feet their steep and dangerous path upward, they finally emerged into the upper world, where they could look out at the broad expanse of landscape. Away to the north were orange and azure cliffs, two and three thousand feet high; to the west were the Wasatch Mountains, and a plateau with a hundred dead volcanoes on its back, while to the east was another group of dead volcanoes. Thirty or forty miles away in the same direction were seen forests of green and masses of gray volcanic rock clothed with patches of snow; green, gray and silver, resplendent in that noon-day sun. To the south was a labyrinth of cañons.

On the following day they commenced the exploration of the Colorado River. From this starting point it was about seven hundred miles to the foot of the Grand Cañon. Through the entire series of cañons the river tumbled down more than 5,000 feet. The lecturer here stated that the fall of the Mississippi from Cairo down was about four inches to the mile, and of the Ohio some eight inches, and that the Colorado carried about as much water as the Ohio at Louisville. In some places the river was wide, and here its fall did not exceed that of the Ohio or Upper Mississippi. The fall in Marble Cañon, however, was from ten to three hundred feet to the mile! The boats, with the exception of the one in which he and Major Powell traveled, were about twenty-two feet long and decked, so that there were three water-tight compartments in each boat. His boat, in which were two other men, was only sixteen feet in length. This led the way, while the other boats, laden with provisions, etc., followed. The roar of the water in the cañon could be heard a long way off. The chief difficulty in navigating was riding the waves, which differed greatly from that of the sea. In the case of the latter the water remained, simply rising and falling, while the *form* alone rolled on; but in the former the water of the wave rolled on, the form being fixed. As long as the boat could be kept on the waves, all was well, but the great tendency was to drift into the whirlpool in the center. Three miles below the junction of the Grand and the Green rivers appeared a series of rapids and falls, and nearly two weeks were spent in running through this difficult portion of the river. Having passed through Cataract Cañon, they encountered Narrow Cañon, where the river for seven miles rushed down a steep declivity. Seven miles again below a stream came in on the right side. Up this the leading boat

went, and one of the men, in reply to a query from another in one of the boats following, as to the nature of the water in this new stream, called out, "A dirty devil," and by that name it was designated on the maps. It was a stream of red mud, having along its course hot mineral springs. The odor was fetid and foul, resembling, as the lecturer graphically described it, "One of those alabaster boxes of ointment with which they used to anoint abolitionists in the brazen days of yore." Below Narrow Cañon was Glen Cañon, stretching for a hundred and fifty miles through homogeneous sandstone of a beautiful color, its walls often perpendicular and indented with glens, alcoves and caves. The latter were formed by the rain-showers running down the sides of the wall, and slowly eating them away. At the foot of the homogeneous sandstone was a soft, friable, crumbling sandstone, and through this the river had cut some fifty miles of its course. In the next cañon—Marble Cañon—was a series of cataracts and rapids which made progress very difficult. Here the falls were too steep to be "run," and the boats were therefore let down by a line. First one was lowered, then the second passed down to and beyond the first, and then the third past the first and second.

When these falls had been passed, they found themselves at the head of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which was about two hundred and seventy miles long, varying from five to six thousand feet in depth. Here they stopped several days to examine the cañon before entering it. Where the rocks were sandstone the river was comparatively quiet, but where limestone prevailed it presented a much more threatening appearance. In some places the river was very narrow, the entire volume of water being compressed into a width of not more than fifty feet. For a distance of twenty or thirty miles a curious set of buttresses stood out from the wall of the cañon, and between each two of these was a bay where the waters would sweep around seething and boiling. Sometimes lofty pinnacles of rock rose from the river's bed, past which the boats darted with fearful rapidity. Many days were spent in traversing this part of the cañon. The weather was gloomy and much rain fell in showers, which in that region had a very different effect from those which fall in our own districts. There every drop was precipitated as it were—into one vast rain trough, soon causing the waters to swell. At first was heard in the distance the patter of the drops on the rocks; then came the noise caused by the rills and brooks hurrying their streams to the main river, and louder yet the larger creeks and rivulets hurled their foaming waters, soon swelling the river itself into a furious and maddening torrent. The black clouds overhead appeared to be miles above them, mingling with the very skies. Through this dark cañon they worked their way, examining the rocks, toiling from daylight to dark. They were now living on half rations, as the supplies of food were fast decreasing. Suddenly was seen a fearful rapid, only three or four hundred yards below. A landing was effected and the camp pitched on a projecting rock some fifty feet above the water. The boats had to be hauled up out of the way of the torrent. In continuing the journey on the following morning, great difficulty was experienced in rounding this rock. The boats were pitched almost against it, and instantly rebounded on the retiring water. A few days later Diamond Cañon was reached. Here two streams came in, one from either side. A fearful "fall" was in sight, which, after long and careful consideration, it was determined to "run." Here three of the men grew faint-hearted and left the party. It was afterward learned that they had fallen in with Indians and been killed.

The anxiety attending the resolution to "run" this "fall" was fearful. The lecturer said that he paced up and down a little sand-plot all night without sleeping or resting. In the morning rations were given to the deserters, who determined to watch the fate of the rest of the party. The "run" was successfully made, and it was hoped that the other three would then be induced to follow. This, however, they would not do. On

the next day the most difficult point in the entire journey was reached, owing to obstructions caused by lava rocks. In one place a dam was found, the waters rushing over in a cataract. This it was also decided to "run," on the right hand side. The decision was however reversed when the fearful danger of the attempt was realized. But already one of the boats had been let down to the very head of the fall, where the men were attempting to hold it by winding the rope around a great block of lava. There was one man who had been a whaler—named Bradley—in the boat. The roar of the waters was so deafening that no voice could be heard. At length he was seen to take out his knife with perfect composure, and in an instant he cut the rope, knowing that otherwise the boat would have been dashed to pieces by striking heavily against the wall of the cañon. A moment later, and he and the boat were hurled over the cataract, probably never to be seen again. But a few moments later he appeared a few hundred yards below, waving his hand. All haste was made to reach him, fearing he might be severely bruised, but in the hurry to reach him one of the party (the lecturer) fell overboard and was picked up by this invulnerable old whaler.

On the next day the foot of the Grand Cañon was reached. Thence they went to Virgin River, and from that point to Salt Lake, after which they hastened home.

In conclusion, the lecturer said that if all the sands that had been eroded by the rivers of that region, and washed into the ocean, could be brought into one mass, they would form a rock one mile and a half thick, and bigger than New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania put together.

THE COURTS OF THREE PRESIDENTS.

THIERS, MACMAHON, GRÉVY.

We all read in the newspapers how, on the day when the Duke of Albany's lamentable death occurred, M. Jules Ferry, the French Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs, gave a dinner party. An Englishman having expressed astonishment that this dinner had not been put off, a Frenchman answered by asking whether Lord Granville would command a banquet in case M. Wilson, M. Grévy's son-in-law, were to die? Our countryman seems to have concluded that Lord Granville would not let his hospitalities be interfered with by M. Wilson's decease; and perhaps he was right. M. Daniel Wilson holds more effective power than was ever possessed by a Dauphin of France; but his father-in-law is only the chief of a government, not the head of a court, and M. Wilson's existence has therefore never been brought officially to the cognizance of foreign rulers. It does not follow, however, that because M. Wilson is a private person, the French government is bound to look upon the relations of foreign monarchs as being exactly in the same position as this gentleman. It is more than probable that if Marshal MacMahon were still president, the foreign secretary would not have given a dinner on the day when a child of the Queen of England had died suddenly on French soil. It is equally probable that there would have been no such dinner if M. Thiers or M. Gambetta had been president.

Presidents are not all alike. In their views as to the functions of a republic—in their opinions as to the amount of authority which a republican ruler may exercise over his ministers, as to the more or less pomp in which he should live, as to the etiquette which he should enforce, and as to the relations which he should personally maintain with the rulers of other countries, M. Grévy and his predecessors have all differed from one another. The three presidents who have governed France since 1871 have in fact been so dissimilar in their characters, tastes, principles, and objects, that it is really curious to compare their various methods of living and ruling.

M. Thiers was seventy-four years old when he became su-

preme ruler of France, after the siege of Paris. After the first vote of the Assembly, which appointed him chief of the executive, M. Thiers took up his residence at the Préfecture, in the apartments which M. Gambetta had vacated.

"Pah! what a smell of tobacco!" he exclaimed, when he strutted into the ex-dictator's study; and presently Madame Thiers, her sister Mdlle. Dosne, and the solemn M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire, added their lamentations to his. They had been going the round of the house, and found all the rooms tenanted by hangers-on of M. Gambetta's government, who had not yet received notice to quit, and who hoped perhaps that they might retain their posts under the new administration. All these gentlemen smoked, read radical newspapers, refreshed themselves with absinthe, or beer, while transacting the business of the state; and played billiards in their leisure moments. They were dismissed in a pack before the day was over; but Madame Thiers decided that it would require several days to set the house straight; and so M. Thiers' removal to the Archbishop's palace, where Monseigneur Guibert (now Cardinal), whom he afterward raised to the see of Paris, offered him hospitality. M. Thiers would, no doubt, have liked very much to sleep in Louis XIV.'s bed, and to have for his study that fine room with the balcony, on which the heralds used to announce the death of one king and the accession of another in the same breath. His secretary and faithful admirer, M. Barthélémy St. Hilaire, went about saying that it was fitting the "national historian" should be lodged in the apartments of the greatest of the kings; but this idea did not make its way at all. M. Thiers ended by saying that the rooms were too large, while Madame Thiers despised them for being full of draughts and having chimneys which smoked. Nevertheless, M. Thiers was nettled at seeing that the Republicans objected quite as much as the Royalists to see him occupy the royal apartments. "Stupid fellows!" he exclaimed on seeing a caricature which represented him as a ridiculous pigmy, crowned with a cotton nightcap, and lying in an enormous bed surrounded by the majestic ghosts of the Bourbon kings. Then half-angry, half-amused, he ejaculated with his usual vivacity: "Louis XIV. was not taller than I, and as to his other greatness I doubt whether he would ever have had a chance of sleeping in the best bed of Versailles if he had begun life as I did." Shortly after this, M. Mignet meeting Victor Hugo spoke to him in a deprecating way about the fuss which had been made over this question of the royal apartments. "I don't know," answered the poet. "Ideas of dictatorship would be likely to sprout under that tester." This was reported to Thiers, who at once cried: "I like that! If Victor Hugo were in my place, he would sleep in the king's bed, but he would think the dais too low, and have it raised."

It was quite impossible for Thiers to submit to any of the restraints of etiquette. He was a *bourgeois* to the finger-tips. His character was a curious effervescent mixture of talent, learning, vanity, childish petulance, inquisitiveness, sagacity, ecstatic patriotism, and self-seeking ambition. He was a splendid orator, with the shrill voice of an old costerwoman; a *savant*, with the presumption of a schoolboy; a kind-hearted man, with the irritability of a monkey; a masterly administrator, with that irrepressible tendency to meddle with everything, which worries subordinates, and makes good administration impossible. He was a shrewd judge of men, and knew well how they were to be handled, but his impatience prevented him from acting up to his knowledge. He had a sincere love of liberty, with all the instincts of a despot. He was most charming with women, understood their power, and yet took so little account of it in his serious calculations that he often offended, by his Napoleonic brusqueness, ladies who were in a position to do him harm, and did it.

M. Feuillet de Conches had to give up M. Thiers as hopeless. What was to be done with a president who, at a ceremonious dinner to Ambassadors and Ministers, would get up

from table after the first course and walk round the room, discussing politics, pictures, the art of war, or the dishes on the menu? Mr. Thiers' own dinner always consisted of a little clear soup, a plate of roast meat—veal was that which he preferred—some white beans, peas, or lentils, and a glass saucer of jam—generally apricot. He got through this repast, with two glasses of Bordeaux, in about a quarter of an hour, and then would grow fidgety. "Is that good that you are eating?" he would say to one of his guests, and thence start off on to a disquisition about cookery. Telegrams were brought to him at table, and he would open them, saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but the affairs of France must pass before everything." If he got disquieting news he would sit pensive for a few moments, then call for a sheet of paper and scribble off instructions to somebody, whispering directions to his major-domo about the destination of the missive.

But if he received glad tidings, he would start from his chair and frisk about, making jokes, his bright gray eyes twinkling merrily as lamps through his gold-rimmed spectacles. After dinner there was always a discussion, *coram hospitibus*, between him and Madame Thiers as to whether he might take some black coffee. Permission to excite his nerves being invariably refused, he would wink, laughing, to his friends, to call their attention to the state of uxorious bondage in which he lived, and then retire to a high arm-chair near the fire, where he soon dropped off to sleep. Upon this, Madame Thiers would lay a forefinger on her lips, saying, "Monsieur Thiers sleeps;" and with the help of her sister she would clear the guests into the next room, where they conversed in whispers while the President dozed—a droll little figure with his chin resting on the broad red ribbon of his Legion of Honor, and his short legs dangling about an inch above the floor. It was always very touching to see the care with which M. Thiers' wife and sister-in-law ministered to him. The story has been often told of how M. Thiers having been forbidden by doctors to eat his favorite Provençal dish of fish cooked with garlic, M. Mignet, the historian, used to smuggle some of this mess enclosed in a tin box into his friend's study, and what a pretty scene there was one day when Madame Thiers detected these two countrymen enjoying the contraband dainty together.

M. Thiers had naturally a great notion of his dignity as president of the republic, and he was anxious to appear impressively on all state occasions; but the arrangements made to hedge him about with majesty were always being disconcerted by his doing whatever it came into his head to do. His servants were dressed in black, and he had a major-domo who wore a silver chain and tried to usher morning visitors into the president's room in the order of their rank; but every now and then M. Thiers used to pop out of his room, take stock of his visitors for himself, and make his choice of those whom he wished to see first. Then the most astonishing and uncouth dialogues would ensue:

"Monsieur le Président, this is the third time I have come here, and I have waited two hours each time."

"My friend, if you had come to see me about the affairs of France, and not about your own business, we should have had a conversation long ago."

Precedence was always given by M. Thiers to journalists, however obscure they might be. Ambassadors had to wait while these favored ones walked in. A journalist himself, the quondam leader-writer of the *National* extended the most generous recognition to the brethren of his craft, but he also did this because he was wide awake to the power of the press, and had generally some service to ask of those whom he addressed as "my dear companions." He had such a facility for writing that when a journalist came to him "for inspiration" he would often sit down and dash off in a quarter of an hour the essential paragraph of a leader which he wished to see inserted. At the time of the Paris election of April, 1873, when his friend

the Comte de Rémusat, then foreign secretary, was the Government candidate with the insignificant M. Barodet opposing him, a writer on the *Figaro* called at the Elysée and M. Thiers wrote a whole article of a column's length for him. It was printed as a letter in leaded type with the signature "An old citizen of Paris;" and a very sprightly letter it was, which put the issue lying between M. de Rémusat and his radical adversary in the clearest light. However, the electors of Paris acted with their usual foolishness in preferring an upstart to a man of note, and within a month of this M. Thiers resigned in disgust.

Marshal MacMahon accepted the presidency without any desire to retain it. If anything seemed certain at the time of his accession, it was that Legitimists and Orleanists would soon patch up their differences and that a vote of the Assembly would offer the crown to Henri V. The Ministry formed under the auspices of the Duc de Broglie labored to bring about this consummation, and the Marshal was prepared to enforce the decrees of the Assembly whatever they might be. At the same time he established his household at once on a semi-royal footing, as though he intended there should be at least a temporary court to remind French noblemen of old times, and to give them a foretaste of the pomps that were coming. M. Thiers had been a *bourgeois* president; the Marshal-Duke of Magenta was a *grand seigneur*. Under Madame Thiers' frugal management the £36,000 a year allowed to the president sufficed amply to cover all expenses; under the Duchess de Magenta's management the presidential income did not go half way toward defraying outlay. The Marshal had a comfortable private fortune (not equal to M. Thiers'), but he was only enabled to hold such high estate in his office by means of the assistance pressed upon him by wealthy relatives.

The first signs of returning splendor at the Elysée were seen in the liveries of the new president's servants. Instead of black they wore gray and silver, with scarlet plush, hair powder, and on gala occasions wigs. M. Thiers, when he went to a public ceremony, drove in a substantial landau, with mounted escort of the Republican Guard, and his friends—he never called them a suite—followed behind in vehicles according to their liking or means. Marshal MacMahon with the Duchess and their suite were always enough to fill three dashing landaus. These were painted in three or four shades of green, and lined with pearl gray satin; each would be drawn by four grays with postilions in gray jackets and red velvet caps; and the whole cavalcade was preceded and followed by outriders. Going to reviews, however, the Marshal of course rode, and this enabled him to make a grand display with his staff of *aides de camp*. M. Thiers had a military household of which his cousin General Charlemagne was the head; but this warrior never had much to do, and it was no part of his business to receive visitors. Anybody who had business with M. Thiers could see him without a letter of audience by simply sending up a card to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. Marshal MacMahon, on the contrary, was as inaccessible as any king. Visitors to the Elysée in his time were passed from one resplendent officer to another till they entered the smiling presence of Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt, the President's secretary, and this was the *ne plus ultra*. Against journalists in particular the Marshal's doors were inexorably locked. So far as a man of his good-natured temper could be said to hate anybody, the Duke of Magenta hated persons connected with the press. For all that, he did not object altogether to newspaper tattle, for whilst he read the *Journal des Débats* every evening from a feeling of duty, he perused the *Figaro* every morning for his own pleasure.

The sumptuous ordinance of Marshal MacMahon's household was rendered necessary in a manner by the Shah of Persia's visit to Paris in 1873. It is a pity that M. Thiers was not in office when this constellated savage came to ravish the courts of civilized Europe by his diamonds and his haughtily

THE COURTS OF THREE PRESIDENTS.

British manners, for it would have been curious to see the little man instructing the Shah, through an interpreter, as to Persian history or the etymology of Oriental languages. In the Marshal, however, Nasr-ed-Din found a host who exhibited just the right sort of dignity; and all the hospitalities given to the Shah both at Versailles and Paris—the torchlight procession of soldiers, the gala performance at the opera, the banquet at the Galerie des Glaces—were carried out on a scale that could not have been excelled if there had been an emperor on the throne. In the course of the banquet at Versailles the Shah turned to the Duchess of Magenta and asked her in a few words of French, which he must have carefully rehearsed beforehand, why her husband did not set up as emperor. The Duchess parried the question with a smile; but perhaps the idea was not so far from her thoughts as she would have had people imagine.

It was a really comical freak of fortune that brought M. Jules Grévy to succeed Marshal MacMahon. The story goes that during the street fighting of the Revolution of 1830, a law-student was kicked by one of the king's officers, for tearing down a copy of the ordinances placarded on a wall. The officer was armed, the student was not; so the latter ran away and lived to fight another day. For the officer, as it is said, was Patrice de MacMahon, and the law-student Jules Grévy. M. Grévy is a man of talent and great moral courage, but he owes his rise to an uncommon faculty for holding his tongue at the right moment. "I kept silent, and it was grief to me," says the Psalmist. M. Grévy may have felt like other people at times, an almost incomparable longing to say foolish things; but having bridled his tongue he was accounted wiser than many who had spoken wisely. Under the empire he practiced at the bar, continued to make money, was elected in his turn *bâtonnier*, or chief bencher as we might say, to the Order of Advocates, and in 1868 was returned to the Corps Législatif by his old electors of the Jura—in which department he had by this time acquired a pretty large landed estate. A neat, ceaseless sort of man, with a bald head, a shaven chin and closely-trimmed whiskers, he looked eminently respectable. The only reprehensible things about him were his hat and his hands. He always wore a wide-awake instead of the orthodox chimney-pot, and he eschewed gloves. If his hands were cold he put them into the pockets of his pantaloons. Some pretended to despise astuteness in this contempt for the usages of civilized man, for the wide-awake is more of a radical head-dress than a silly hat. But it never occurred to M. Grévy at any time since he first achieved success, to regulate his apparel, general conduct, or words, in view of pleasing the Radicals.

The Assembly elected after the war at once chose M. Grévy for its speaker, and he took up his abode in the Royal Palace, from which party jealousies had debarred M. Thiers. But he did not alter his manner of life one whit on that account. In Paris and Versailles he was to be seen sauntering about the streets looking in at shop windows, dining in restaurants, or sitting outside a café smoking a cigar and sipping iced coffee out of a glass. He had a brougham, but would only use it when obliged to go long distances. It often happened that setting out for a drive he would alight from his carriage and order his coachman to follow, and for hours the puzzled and disgusted coachman would drive at a walking pace behind his indefatigable master, who took easy strides as if he were not in the slightest hurry.

There is one point of resemblance between M. Grévy and the Marshal, for M. Grévy is a keen sportsman; but in most other things the two differ, though in sum M. Grévy differs more from M. Thiers than he does from the Marshal. His manner of living at the Elysée is dignified without ostentation. His servants do not wear gray and scarlet liveries; but the arrangements of his household are more orderly than those of M. Thiers could ever be. His servants in black know well how to keep intruders at a distance. No mob of journalists,

inventors and place hunters calls to see M. Grévy in the morning. On the other hand, three or four times a week a great number of deputies, artists, journalists and officers may be seen going into the Elysée as freely as if they were entering a club. They do not ask to see the President or the latter's secretary, M. Fournier, but they make straight for a magnificent room on the ground floor overlooking the garden, which has been converted into a fencing saloon, and there they find M. Daniel Wilson, *le fils de la maison*. All these *habitués*, who form the court of the Third Republic, keep their masks, foils and flannels at the Elysée, and set to work fencing with each other as if they were at Gâtechaïs's or Paz's. Presently a door opens and the President walks in. For a moment the fencing stops, the combatants all turn and salute with their foils, whilst the visitors stand up. But, with a pleasant smile and a wave of the hand, M. Grévy bids the jousters to go on, and then he walks round the room, saying something to everybody, and inviting about half a dozen of the guests to stay to breakfast.

M. Grévy has allowed his beard to grow of late, and he is almost always attired in evening clothes, with the *moiré* edge of his scarlet *cordon* peeping over his waistcoat. But for the rest he is the same unassuming man as ever, and he takes life very easily. Now and then the Cabinet meets at the Elysée in the Salle des Souverains, and he presides over it. It is worth observing that in this Salle there are the portraits of a dozen sovereigns of the nineteenth century, including Queen Victoria, but not a symbol of any kind to remind one that it is a Republican Government that sits in this room. Even the master of the house has more in him of the Constitutional Monarch than of the President. The Constitution has conferred upon him large powers which he never uses; he seems to keep his eye on the portrait of the English Queen whilst his ministers discourse. Whatever papers are offered for his signature he signs, and then it is *Bon jour, Messieurs; au revoir*; and while the ministers disperse the President makes his way to his private apartments, where he finds his daughter and his grandchild, in whose company he sometimes takes more delight than in that of statesmen.

Now and then there is a dinner at the Elysée, twice a week at least there are evening receptions, and about twice in the winter there are grand balls. On all these occasions everything is done in the best possible style, and the President discharges his functions of host with a serenity which disarms all criticism. He says nothing much to anybody, but he is the same to all. If by chance he falls into deep conversation with any particular guest, nobody need suspect that state matters are being discussed. The probabilities are that the President will be talking about the next performance of his new breech-loader at Mont-sous-Vaudrey. Moreover, what makes M. Grévy more puzzling and interesting at once to those who behold him so simple in his palace, is the knowledge which all have, that when his time comes for leaving the Elysée he will walk out of it as coolly as he went in, without wishing that his tenancy had been longer, and certainly without doing anything to prolong it. His only anxiety will be to see that his gun-case suffer no damage at the door.—*Abridged from Temple Bar.*

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THUS God has willed
That man when fully skilled
Still gropes in twilight dim,
Encompassed all his hours
By fearfulest powers
Inflexible to him.
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To Him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come.

—Cardinal Newman.

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS.

By PROF. M. B. GOFF.

FOR JULY.

THE SUN.

We now enter upon what is usually called the "heated term," in earnest. The "Dog Days" are upon us, that is, we say they are; but the statement is a somewhat doubtful one. We have the story that the ancients regarded the Dog Star, *Sirius*, in the constellation *Canis Major*, as the source of "unnumbered woes," because it rose a short time before the sun about the season of their year that the hot weather set in, and diseases incident to their climate more than usually prevailed. It is said that they estimated this period as continuing for the space of forty consecutive days, beginning twenty days before, and continuing twenty days after what was called the heliacal (that is, rising just long enough before the sun to be visible) rising of the Dog Star. Now, the difficulty we moderns find in fixing the limits of these days is this: The heliacal rising of the star for any one place can readily be found; but when determined for one place, it would not suit for another in a different latitude. Besides, the right ascension of *Sirius*, on account of the precession of the equinoxes, is constantly increasing, and hence for the same place these days fall later each year, in the course of time occurring even in mid-winter. Almanac makers, when they notice them at all, seem to take the liberty of treating them to suit their own convenience. For example, one of this year's publications announces that "Dog Days" begin on the 21st of July, and end on the 30th of August, making, as we see by including one extreme date, altogether the forty days claimed by the ancients. But in this latitude, on the former date, the star rises at 5:43 a. m., one hour and five minutes *after*, and on the latter date at 3:06 a. m., two hours and twenty minutes *before* sunrise. Others fix the time from July 3rd to August 11th (forty days), without any respect to the rising of *Sirius*, which on the former date appears above our horizon at 6:51 a. m., or two hours and seventeen minutes after, and on the latter date at 4:18 a. m., forty-nine minutes before sunrise. Others, again, making an effort, we presume, to adapt them to our climate, regard them as continuing only thirty-two days, namely, from July 24th to August 24th. Taking it all in all, we may as well leave them to the Egyptians and Ethiopians, among whom the ideas in regard to them seem to have originated, as a superstition of the past ages, taking our "heated term" at its usual time, July and August, and throwing our "Dog Days," as some do physic, "to the dogs."

Whether we account for it by the extreme heat or not, it is nevertheless a fact that the sun lags along behind our clocks during this entire month; on the 1st, not reaching the meridian till 12:03:41 p. m.; on the 15th till 12:05:44 p. m., and on the 30th till six minutes and nine seconds after noon. The time of the sun's rising on the 1st, 15th and 30th, is 4:33, 4:43 and 4:56 a. m.; and the time of setting on the same dates is 7:34, 7:29 and 7:17 p. m., respectively. The 30th day of this month will be about forty minutes shorter than the 1st, the latter being fifteen hours one minute, and the former fourteen hours and twenty-one minutes in length. The time from daybreak to the end of twilight is, on the 1st, 19 hours 24 minutes. Sun is due west on the 30th at 5:29 p. m. Its greatest elevation above the horizon in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$, is $71^{\circ} 33\frac{3}{4}'$.

THE MOON

Exhibits the following phases: Full moon, 5:02 a. m. on the 8th; last quarter, 4:30 p. m. on the 15th; new moon, 7:46 a. m. on the 22nd; first quarter on the 29th, at 4:53 p. m. On the 1st it sets at 12:11 a. m., and on the 30th, at 11:51 p. m. On the 15th, rises at 11:32 p. m. On the 4th, at 7:54 a. m., and again on the 31st at 11:00 p. m. it is at its maximum distance from the earth. On the 20th, at 1:36 a. m. is nearest the earth. Its

greatest elevation, equal $67^{\circ} 13\frac{3}{4}'$, occurs on the 19th; and its least elevation, amounting to $29^{\circ} 42\frac{3}{4}'$ on the 5th.

MERCURY.

This planet will be morning star till the 13th, after which it will be evening star till the end of the month. It rises on the 1st at 3:41 a. m.; sets on the 15th at 7:41 p. m., and on the 30th at 8:07 p. m., on which latter date it is possibly visible to the naked eye. Its motion during the month is direct, and amounts to $62^{\circ} 30' 31.5''$. On the 17th at 6:00 a. m. it is nearest the sun; on the 12th at 1:00 a. m., $6^{\circ} 20'$ north of Venus; on the same date, at midnight, is in superior conjunction with the sun; that is, it is in a line with the earth and sun, and in the order, Earth, Sun, Mercury; on the 23rd, at 3:00 a. m., $1^{\circ} 10'$ north of Jupiter; and on the 23rd, at 7:05 a. m., $6^{\circ} 30'$ north of the moon. Diameter decreases from $5.6''$ to $5.4''$.

VENUS.

A view of Venus during this month through a telescope of moderate power would be an interesting sight, since she now presents the appearance of our moon in its first or last quarter, and thus seems quite different from the simple star that is visible to the naked eye. She will be evening star till the 11th, at which time she reaches her inferior conjunction, that is, reaches a point directly between the earth and the sun; after which she will be morning star, not only to the end of this month, but for several successive months. Of course, for a number of days both before and after conjunction, she will, on account of her proximity to the sun, be invisible. We shall miss her "beaming countenance," but we know that she will appear again. On the 1st she sets at 8:14 p. m., and rises on the 15th at 4:38 a. m., and on the 30th at 3:17 a. m. On the 21st at 6:28 a. m. she is $1^{\circ} 11'$ south of the moon; and on the 29th at 11:00 a. m., farthest from the sun.

MARS

Has from the 1st to 30th a direct motion of $15^{\circ} 36' 32''$, and although much reduced in apparent diameter, is still quite a prominent object in the evening sky, following westward in the wake of Jupiter. His diameter decreases from $5.6''$ to $5.2''$. He rises in the forenoon, and sets as follows, in the evening: On the 1st at 10:47; on the 15th at 10:11; and on the 30th at 9:31. On the 26th at 5:04 p. m. he is $2^{\circ} 5'$ north of the moon.

JUPITER

Will be evening star throughout the entire month, though at its close approaching so near the sun as to be scarcely visible. He sets at the following times: On the 1st at 9:08; on the 15th at 8:22; and on the 30th at 7:33 p. m. His motion is direct, and amounts from the 1st to the 30th, to $6^{\circ} 17' 55''$. Diameter decreases from $30.2''$ to $29.6''$. On the 23rd, at 3:00 a. m. is $1^{\circ} 10'$ south of Mercury; and on the same day at 6:34 a. m. is $5^{\circ} 21'$ north of the moon.

SATURN.

This planet is now one of our morning stars, rising on the 1st at 3:06. on the 15th at 2:17, and on the 30th at 1:25 a. m. Motion direct, amounting to $3^{\circ} 32' 30\frac{3}{4}''$. Diameter increases from $15.6''$ to $16.2''$. On the 19th, at 1:01 p. m. is $3^{\circ} 2'$ north of the moon.

URANUS,

Whose direct motion during the month is estimated at $1^{\circ} 3' 26''$, continues its role as evening star, setting at the following times: On the 1st at 11:10; on the 15th at 10:16; and on the 30th at 9:17 p. m. On the date last named, *Beta Virginis* will be only two minutes south of and will set at the same time as the planet. On the 19th, at 2:00 p. m., Uranus will be eleven minutes north of Mars; and on the 26th, at 9:57 a. m. will be $2^{\circ} 43'$ north of the moon.

NEPTUNE

Scarcely affords this month material for comment. Its diameter at present appears to be $2.6''$. Its motion is $40' 35''$, and is direct. On the 1st it rises at 1:44 a. m.; on the 15th at 12:49

ASTRONOMY OF THE HEAVENS.

a. m.; and on the 30th at 11:45 p. m. At 5:27 p. m., on the 17th, it will be $1^{\circ} 11'$ north of the moon.

FOR AUGUST.

The mid-day shadows lengthening northward indicate to us northern folks that "Old Sol" has departed on his annual southern tour. He now cuts off the day at both ends, on the 1st rising 25 minutes later and setting 20 minutes earlier than on the 1st of July. His change in declination since June 20th, beginning of summer, till August 31st, will be a little over 15° , and the decrease in the length of the day for the same time, will be a trifle less than two hours. He will come to the meridian on the 1st, at six minutes and two seconds after 12:00; on the 15th at four minutes and eight seconds after 12:00; and on the 30th at sixteen seconds after 12:00. On the same dates he will rise at 4:58, 5:11, and 5:26 a. m., and set at 7:14, 6:57, and 6:35 p. m. Daybreak will occur at 3:05, 3:23, and 3:44 a. m., and twilight will end at 9:07, 8:45, and 8:16 p. m. Greatest elevation in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$ will be $66^{\circ} 18\frac{3}{4}'$.

THE MOON'S

Phases occur in the following order and time: Full moon on the 6th, at 5:58 p. m.; last quarter on the 13th, at 10:00 p. m.; new moon on the 20th, at 4:46 p. m.; and first quarter on the 28th, at 10:34 a. m. The moon rises on the 15th at 12:39 a. m.; and sets on the 1st and 31st at 12:30 and 12:43 a. m., respectively. On the 16th at 11:00 a. m., nearest the earth; on the 28th, at 5:30 p. m., farthest from the earth. Its greatest elevation, $67^{\circ} 4'$, occurs on the 15th, and its least, $29^{\circ} 50.8'$ on the second day of the month.

MERCURY

Reaches its greatest elongation east ($27^{\circ} 21'$), very nearly its maximum distance from the sun; yet the opportunity for observation is not so favorable as on many occasions when the elongation is several degrees less. And the reason is, that the planet is now moving southward, is in fact on the 23rd, the date of its greatest eastern elongation, $1^{\circ} 16'$ south, while the sun is still $11^{\circ} 9'$ north of the equator, and sets, therefore, only about fifty minutes later than the sun. The time of the planet's setting is for the 1st, 8:07 p. m.; 15th, 7:53 p. m.; 30th, 7:16 p. m. It has a direct motion of $32^{\circ} 49' 30''$. Its diameter increases $2.6''$, namely, from $5.6''$ to $8.2''$. It is farthest from the sun on the 20th, at 6:00 a. m. On the 23d, at 8:00 a. m., $3^{\circ} 5'$ south of Uranus.

VENUS

Again reaches a position of greatest brilliancy on the 17th, and during the entire month will be an object of interest to early risers. On the 2nd she will appear stationary; and on the 17th at 4:37 p. m. will be 23 minutes south of the moon. Her diameter will decrease from $49''$ on the 1st to $31.8''$ on the 30th. Her time of rising will be as follows: On the 1st, at 3:08; on the 15th, at 2:23; and on the 30th, at 2:01 a. m.

MARS

Seems to grow "small by degrees and beautifully less," his diameter at the close of the month being only $4.8''$. He sets at 9:25 on the evening of the 1st; at 8:51 p. m. on the 15th, and at 8:13 p. m. on the 30th. On the 24th, at 10:29 a. m. he is only $10'$ south of the moon.

JUPITER

With his huge form and accompanying satellites fare the fate of all "lights" terrestrial and celestial, and his "glory" sinks into insignificance beside that of his "ruling power," as he on the 7th, at 1:00 p. m. comes in conjunction with the sun and changes his relation from that of an evening to that of a morning star. On the 1st he sets at 7:26 p. m.; on the 15th rises at 4:44 a. m.; and on the 30th rises at 4:02 a. m. Is in conjunction with and $5^{\circ} 8'$ north of the moon at 2:36 on the morning of the 20th.

SATURN,

Another of our morning stars, rises on the 1st and 15th at 1:18 and 12:28 a. m., respectively; and on the 29th, at 11:34 p. m. His diameter increases from $16.2''$ to $16.8''$. His motion is direct, amounting to about $2^{\circ} 43'$. He can be found a little north of *Zeta*, the star denoting the extremity of the northern horn of the constellation *Taurus*. On the 16th, at 12:41 a. m. will be $3^{\circ} 17'$ north of the moon.

URANUS,

Which on the 30th of last month was so near *Beta Virginis*, has moved about $1^{\circ} 35'$ farther to the east; but can be more readily pointed out by its proximity to this than to that of any other star. Uranus is an evening star, setting at the following dates: 1st, at 9:10 p. m.; 15th, at 8:17 p. m.; 30th, at 7:20 p. m. Diameter, $3.6''$. On the 22nd, at 9:35 p. m. is $2^{\circ} 25'$ north of the moon; and on the 23rd is $3^{\circ} 5'$ north of Mercury, at 8:00 a. m., an hour at which neither planet can be seen by the unaided eye.

NEPTUNE,

Last, but by no means least of the heavenly bodies, gives us this month more than the usual variety, which, however, is not saying much for the spice it affords. But it has a direct motion of $10^{\circ} 42'$, and a retrograde motion of about $1'$. On the 14th, at 11:00 p. m. it is in quadrature (90° west of the sun); on the 26th, at 5:00 a. m. it is stationary, and on the 14th is $1^{\circ} 25'$ north of the moon.

FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE SUN

"Crosses the line" on the 22nd at 10:13 a. m.; in other words, enters the sign *Libra*, giving us a clearly marked time for the beginning of another season—Autumn—which lasts 89 days, 18 hours, 29 minutes, nearly. His greatest elevation above the horizon in latitude $41^{\circ} 30'$ is about $56^{\circ} 28'$, an indication that his time above the horizon is decidedly shorter than it was last June, when his elevation was a little more than $71^{\circ} 57'$. And this also is confirmed by the times of his rising and setting, which are as follows: On the 1st, rises at 5:28 a. m., and sets at 6:32 p. m.; on the 15th, rises at 5:41 a. m., and sets at 6:09 p. m.; on the 30th, rises at 5:56 a. m., and sets at 5:43 p. m. Theoretically, on the 22nd, the day and night should each be exactly 12 hours long; but practically the daylight is longer than the darkness, on account of the refraction of light by the earth's atmosphere, which has the effect of bringing into view the sun before it actually "rises," and of detaining it in sight after it has "set." Twilight also affords us so much additional light that we may safely assert that in any given place on the earth's surface there is much more "daylight" than "night." For example, on the 30th, daybreak occurs at 4:22 a. m., and twilight ends at 7:18 p. m., thus giving three hours and nine minutes in which to lengthen our daily toil, if we choose so to do. In the same latitude, and in different latitudes, as was shown in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for June, the length of twilight varies, so that in some instances the entire night is only twilight. Are these facts any indication that we should be awake longer than we sleep? or that we should labor more hours than we rest? Should we be always

"Up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing?"

THE MOON.

The man who attends to his neighbor's business generally has his hands full. So has the man who attends to the motions of his neighbor, the moon. By the time he investigates her parallax, diameter, distance, revolution on her axis, sidereal and synodic revolutions, the form of her orbit, her phases, discusses her physical properties, determines her heat, height of her mountains, size of her craters, describes her librations,

decides upon the effect she exercises on the weather, and a thousand more or less of other things, he had better settle down and make it the business of his life. And if he does, he may be able to show some good results of his labors. It is well for us that not any single man, but many men, have given our satellite so much attention; for it is only by the uniting of the results of their researches that we are enabled with comparative ease to predict what business our neighbor has on hand, and when and how she will perform her duties. Thus, we find that she will this month present the following phases: On the 5th, at 5:47 a. m., full; on the 12th, at 3:08 a. m., last quarter; on the 19th, at 4:29 a. m., new moon; on the 27th, at 5:13 a. m., first quarter. She will rise on the 15th at 1:39 a. m., and set on the 1st and 30th at 1:36 a. m. and 1:18 a. m., respectively. At 12:54 p. m., on the 10th, will be nearest the earth (in perigee), and on the 25th, at 12:54 (exactly fifteen days later), farthest from the earth, or in apogee. Greatest elevation on the 12th, amounting to $66^{\circ} 54\frac{2}{3}''$; least elevation on the 26th, equaling $30^{\circ} 8'$.

MERCURY

Will be evening star till the time of its inferior conjunction on the 19th, after which it will be morning star. It appears stationary on the 6th, and also again on the 28th. On the 19th it is $1^{\circ} 34'$ south of the moon. Its apparent diameter increases from $8.4''$ to $10.4''$, and then diminishes to $7.4''$ at the close of the month. It sets on the 1st at 7:08 p. m.; on the 15th at 6:05 p. m.; and rises on the 30th at 4:37 a. m.

VENUS

Reaches her greatest distance east of the sun, $46^{\circ} 6'$, on the 29th, at 7:00 a. m. Her diameter decreases from $30.8''$ to $22''$; and her direct motion amounts to $27^{\circ} 40' 55.2''$. On the 15th, at 1:08 p. m., she is $2^{\circ} 26'$ north of the moon. She rises on the 1st, 15th and 30th, at 2:00, 1:59, and 2:11 a. m., respectively.

MARS

Still retains his position as evening star, setting on the evening of the 1st, 15th and 30th in the same order, at 8:08, 7:36 and 7:11. His diameter decreases from $4.8''$ to $4.6''$. Direct motion amounts to about $18^{\circ} 40' 12''$ of arc. He is $2^{\circ} 20'$ south of the moon on the 22nd, at 6:48 a. m.

JUPITER

Is morning star, rising at the following times: 1st, at 3:55 a. m.; 15th, at 3:16 a. m.; 30th, at 2:32 a. m. Its motion is direct, and equals about $5^{\circ} 45' 14''$ of arc. Its diameter increases one second, being on the 30th $31''$. On the 16th, at 8:30 p. m. is $4^{\circ} 55'$ north of the moon.

The satellites of Jupiter, four in number and designated as 1, 2, 3, 4, outwardly from the planet, are frequently used to find the longitude. To do this, however, requires the use of a telescope. By observing the time at which one of these satellites passes into or emerges from the shadow of its primary, and comparing this time with the recorded time of the same event in Washington City, for example, one can determine whether he is east or west of this city, and how many degrees. On the 14th No. 1 enters the shadow of Jupiter at 4:46 a. m., Washington mean time. Suppose the observer at Allegheny Observatory should note the same event as occurring at exactly 57 minutes 50.84 seconds after four, Allegheny Observatory time. He would find the difference of the two times to be 11 m. 50.84s., which reduced to longitude by multiplying by 15 (since one hour of time equals 15° of arc) gives the difference of longitude $2^{\circ} 57' 40.3''$. And since the ingress occurred at Allegheny Observatory at an earlier hour (by its local time) than by Washington local time, it follows that the latter place is $2^{\circ} 57' 40.3''$ east of the former.

SATURN

Continues as in the last two or three months among the morning stars, rising as follows: 1st, at 11:22 p. m.; 15th, at 10:30 p. m.; 30th, at 9:33 p. m. His diameter increases from $16.8''$ to

$17.8''$. His motion is direct, and equal to $1^{\circ} 7' 25''$. On the 12th, at 9:17 a. m. he is $3^{\circ} 28'$ north of the moon; and on the 16th, at 10:00 a. m. 90° west of the sun, that is, in quadrature.

URANUS

Makes a direct motion of $1^{\circ} 43' 22''$ during the month. Its diameter reaches its minimum for the year, $3.48''$, on the 20th. On the 19th, at 4:13 a. m. it is $2^{\circ} 14'$ north of the moon. It begins the month as an evening, but closes it as a morning star. It is, however, most of the time above the horizon in daylight. On the 1st it rises at 6:54 a. m. and sets at 7:06 p. m.; on the 30th it rises at 5:24 a. m., and sets 5:30 p. m.

NEPTUNE

On the contrary, is above the horizon most of the month during the night, rising on the 1st at 9:37 p. m.; on the 15th at 8:43 p. m.; and on the 30th at 7:44 p. m. Its motion is about $20^{\circ} 52''$ retrograde, and its diameter nearly constant at $2.6''$. On the 10th, at 5:20 a. m., appears $1^{\circ} 33'$ north of the moon.

RISE HIGHER.

By HELEN G. HAWTHORNE.

Soul of mine,

Would'st thou choose for life a motto half divine?

Let this be thy guard and guide
Through the future, reaching wide;
Whether good or ill betide,
Rise higher!

From the mire

Where the masses blindly grovel, rise higher

From the slavish love of gold,
From the justice bought and sold,
From the narrow rules of old,
Rise higher!

Art thou vexed

By the rasping world around thee, and perplexed

By the sin and sorrow rife,
By the falsehood and the strife?
To a larger, grander life
Rise higher!

If thou findest

That the friends thy heart had counted truest, kindest,

Have betrayed thee, why should'st thou
Wear for this a frowning brow?
Leave their falsehood far behind;
Rise higher!

Let each care

Lift thee upward to a higher, purer air;
Then let Fortune do her worst;
Whether Fate has blessed or cursed;
Little matter, if thou first
Rise higher!

And at last,

When thy sorrows and temptations all are past,

And the grand Death Angel brings
Summons from the King of Kings,
Thou shalt still, on angels' wings
Rise higher.

I HAVE a friend who wishes me to see that to be right which I know to be wrong. But if friendship is to rob me of my eyes, if it is to darken the day, I will have none of it. It should be expansive and inconceivably liberalizing in its effects. True friendship can afford true knowledge. It does not depend on darkness and ignorance.—Thoreau.

LANDMARKS OF BOSTON.

IN SEVEN DAYS.

By E. E. HALE.

The First Day.

"My dear Isabella!"

"My dearest Kate!"

And the two women threw their arms each around the other's neck, and, so embracing, they kissed each other.

"And where are the children?"

The children appeared at once. That tall John, who looked little enough like a child, was lifting his sister Caroline from the carriage. Molly followed, and it was explained that the elder John, Isabella's husband, had undertaken to bring Dick up from the train on foot and by the horse cars, that he might explain to him something of the geography of Boston, so that he might be a guide to the rest. Proper fears were expressed that they might be lost. But of course they were not lost, and, in due time, they also joined the jolly breakfast table, where they found the first comers seated.

The reader, if he be bright, already understands what if he be dull shall be now explained to him. Kate and Isabella are two mothers of families, tenderly attached in early life, who have been parted now in many years. Kate's husband is a prosperous wool merchant in Boston, and she and her six children live in Roxbury, one of the pretty suburbs of that old town. Isabella and her husband are among the spirited and wise founders of Greeley, in Colorado. And, though they have not lived in that town now for some years, so that their names will not be found on its enlarging directory, all their four children were born there, and until this summer no one of the four has ever left Colorado. This summer all of them have come eastward, that boys and girls may practice their mountain swimming in the bath, well nigh matchless, of the beach well nigh perfect, at Narragansett Pier. And it has been arranged by great correspondence that, for a week before the hotels at the Pier are open, namely, for the second week of June, the whole family shall make a visit in Roxbury, so that they may come to know "Aunt Kate," as Mrs. Dudley has always called herself, and Aunt Kate's six children, who are to them all every whit as good as cousins.

All this, as has been said, the thoroughly intelligent reader understood as the different characters came forward. It has now been explained to readers less intelligent, so that we all start fairly together.

"George is so sorry to be away. But he had to take an early train to Providence, to be sure to be with you at dinner. He has left no end of love, and you are to do nothing but rest yourselves to-day."

The young people of both clans looked amused at the idea of resting on a fine morning in June. And, in truth, the plans were soon made for a series of expeditions—which the reader will follow or not, just as he chooses—in which John Creheré, the father, with the practical assistance of Nathan Dudley, the oldest of Kate's six children, laid out the seven days of their visit, so that all parties should, with due regard to the demands of pleasure, see in that time, all too narrow, the chief

LANDMARKS OF BOSTON.

First Day.

"You see," said Nathan, who was rather the historical member of the home crowd, and was at home somewhat distinguished for "poking about" in one and another corner—"you see, the absolute original landmarks of Boston are gone, or as much altered as they could be."

"When the first people came here, old John Blackstone, and even Winthrop and Dudley, our Tom. Dudley, our ancestor, of course it was not called Boston. It was called Trimountain,

or Tremont, I suppose by people in the fishing ships, because at the top of Beacon Hill there were three hummocks, like this," and the boy cut a bit of bread into the shape he meant, two protuberances in the side of a hill a little higher.

"And these were Fort Hill, and Copp's Hill, and Beacon Hill," said his Aunt Isabella, as usual willing to show that she also knew something.

"Not quite yet, Aunt Isabella," said the boy, modestly enough. "Most people think so. And I think most Boston people would tell you so, but they would be wrong. The three hummocks were all on Beacon Hill—that's where the State House is now. Oddly enough they are all gone. They dug down the highest, where the Beacon was, part of it when they built the State House, and the rest afterward, to fill up the old mill pond. And the others were so steep that they had to be dug down for streets. But when I take you to the State House, and over Mt. Vernon and Somerset streets you will have tramped over them all."

"I really think, mamma," the boy added, "that at least the boys had better go to the top of the State House with me, first of all. You know Dean Stanley did."

It is true that when Dr. Stanley came to Boston, true to the principles of Arnold's school of history, he was eager first of all, to understand the precise topography of all he was to see. His first visit, therefore, was to the top of the State House, and his last, after his short stay, was to the same observatory, that he might be sure he had rightly placed all that he had seen.

In our case it need not be said that all the children ridiculed any doubts of their ability to climb two hundred and twenty stairs, more or less, and also ridiculed that other idea, that they were tired. Accordingly, though the two mothers took the morning to talk over the events of twenty years by themselves in Mrs. Dudley's room, and while Mr. Creheré went down town to look up some business correspondents, Nathan was permitted, to his solid satisfaction, to take the young people to the top of the State House, to the Common, and anywhere else he chose. "And we will get our lunch where we do our work, mamma," he said.

"Cousin Nathan," said his new friend Caroline, who was no more his cousin than you are, "be sure that I see a ship, a real three-master, before we go away. Steamships I don't care for." And he promised.

This article is written in some hope that it may serve as a handy guide for visitors to Boston this summer, who may have time to make any of the excursions which these young people made during the week of their visit. We shall not, therefore, try so much to tell what they saw, as how they saw it, in the hope and wish that others may see the same. A street car brought the party to the head of Winter Street, and here Nathan brought them out of it upon what he called the Lower Mall, on the eastern side of Boston Common. Here he put all the girls upon a seat, while the boys grouped around him, and with his stick he drew a rough map on the ground.

"We may get parted from each other. But if any one is lost while you are in Boston, the streets are just as easy to understand as those of Philadelphia or Chicago, after you once know the law of the instrument."

"This hill we are on is the east slope of Beacon Hill. If we had followed in the car we could have ridden round it to Cambridge, in this open horse shoe which I draw."

"North of us, quite at the north of the town, is Copp's Hill. We will see that another day. The streets around that are in curves also."

"Off here on the southeast was Fort Hill. The streets there bent to follow the curve. But that is all dug down."

"Then, of course, in a seaboard town, from every wharf or pier, there ran up streets into the town. If you took a fan, and put the center at the Postoffice Square, the sticks would be Water Street, Milk Street, Pearl Street, Federal Street, and so on. Now all this is just as much according to rule as if you

made a checker board. Only you must know what the rule is." "I think it is a great deal nicer," said Caroline. And Nathan thanked her.

The rule in practice is said to be: "Find out where the place is to which you go, and take a horse car running the other way."

"Now we will go up to the State House." So they slowly pulled up the Park Street walk, up the high steps between the two bronze statues, stopped in the Doric Hall to see the statues and the battle flags, and then slowly mounted the long stairways which lead to the "lantern" above the dome. Fortunately the Legislature had adjourned. When the House is in session visits to the lantern are not permitted, lest the trampling on the stairs above the Representatives' Hall might disturb the hearers.

When they had regained their breath, they looked round on the magnificent panorama which sweeps a circle of forty miles in diameter, and Nathan lectured. His lecture must not be reported here in detail. But the main points of it shall be stated, because they give the clew to the expeditions which the party made on succeeding days.

They were so high that all the rest of the city was quite below them. Nathan was able to point out—almost in a group, they seemed to his western friends, used to large distances—Faneuil Hall, the old State House, and the Old South Meeting House of Revolutionary times.

"We will do those," he said, "to-morrow, and then you can see where the tea was thrown over, and the scene of the Boston Massacre. That will be a good Revolutionary day."

To the north, with a strip of water between, so narrow, and bridged so often that it hardly seemed a deep river, half a mile wide, was the monument on Bunker Hill. The Suramit was the only point near them as high as they were. "We will go there on Friday," said Nathan, "day after to-morrow. And that same day we can see Copp's Hill, which is the north headland of Old Boston, and we can go to the Navy Yard, and Carry shall see her ship with three masts.

"Saturday—I don't know what papa will say—but I vote that we go down the harbor. We will see Nahant, which is a rocky peninsula ten miles northeast, or Hull, which is about as far southeast; they make the headlands of Boston Bay." And he tried to make out both these points. He did show them the outer light-house and the great forts between. And all of the Westerners were delighted with their first view of the sea horizon.

"You do not feel the same at Chicago," said John; "though you do not see the other side, you know it is there."

"Then Sunday," said Nathan, husbanding his days prudently, "some of us can go to Christ Church, where the sexton showed the lantern."

"And can we not see the church with the cannon ball?"

"Bears on her bosom as a bride might do,
The iron breastpin that the rebels threw."

This was Caroline's question. She quoted Dr. Holmes.

"No," said John, sadly. "We were barbarians, and pulled that church down." And he added savagely, "and no good came to the society that did it."

"That will leave Monday for a good tramp over Dorchester Heights, and Tuesday, if you are not tired, we will go to Cambridge, and see Harvard College."

And he showed them how high the "Dorchester Heights," now in South Boston, rose, and how completely they commanded the harbor; so that when Washington seized them the English army and navy had to go. He also showed them Cambridge and the college buildings, lying quite near them, westward, but on the other side of the Charles River. John looked with special interest, because he was to take his first examination there for Harvard College, before the month was over.

To this plan, substantially, the party adhered. And travel-

ers who have more or less time than they, may find it worth while to consult this plan, as they lay out their excursions. For in those seven days the visitors did, in fact, have a chance to see all the more important landmarks of the history of Boston.

As Nathan took them home from the State House he led them down Beacon Street. This is a beautiful street, making the north side of Boston Common. Where the Common ends, Charles Street crosses Beacon Street nearly at right angles. Near this corner, on land now built upon, or perhaps crossed by some street, was the cottage of Blackstone, who lived in Boston for six or seven years before Governor Winthrop and the settlers of 1630 arrived.

They made their first settlement at Charlestown on the other side of the river. The records of Charlestown say: "Mr. Blackstone, dwelling on the other side of Charles River, alone, at a place called by the Indians, Shawmut, where he had a cottage at, or not far from the place called Blackstone Point, came and acquainted the Governor of an excellent spring, inviting and soliciting him thither."

Blackstone's house, or cottage, in which he lived, together with the nature of his improvements, was such as to authorize the belief that he had resided there some seven or eight years. How he became possessed of his lands here is not known; but it is certain he held a good title to them, which was acknowledged by the settlers under Winthrop, who, in course of time, bought his lands of him, and he removed out of the jurisdiction of Massachusetts to the valley of the Blackstone River.

Of Blackstone's personal history Nathan afterward read them this note, by Mr. Charles F. Adams:

"He was in no respect an ordinary man. His presence in the peninsula of Shawmut, in 1630, was made additionally inexplicable from the fact that he was about the last person one would ever have expected to find there. He was not a fisherman, nor a trader, nor a refugee: he was student, an observer, and a recluse. A graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, he had received Episcopal ordination in England. In 1630 he was in his thirty-fifth year. All this is extremely suggestive, for it goes to make of him exactly the description of man who would naturally be found in company with the scholarly and unobtrusive Morell. Further, the probabilities would strongly point to him as Winthrop's authority where Winthrop, in 1631, speaks of a species of weather record going back seven years since this bay was planted by Englishmen."

The Second Day.

As the various travelers told their times that evening, a certain plan was laid out for the next day, in which the two ladies agreed to join. And it was finally agreed that they should lunch down town with the gentlemen, and should take the elevator at the "Equitable" Insurance Company, so that the two mothers might have something to substitute for the view the children had had from the State House.

This plan may be recommended to lady travelers. The view is not as sweeping on the west as that from the State House. But, on other sides, it is equally satisfactory. And you can go up by steam—a great matter when you have passed forty years.

But before lunch Nathan took them to the head of State Street, to the "Old State House."

"This," said he, "is what the Philadelphia girl called the State Street Meeting House."

He had brought them in a Norfolk horse car, so that they saw the building from the southern side. The lion on one side and the unicorn on the other dance on their hind legs at the top, with the roof to part them. Nathan was careful to show John and the rest that as they looked up on the beasts they stood themselves on the very ground of the "Boston Massacre" of March 5, 1770. The English troops were in a little semi-circle on the north side of the street. Attuchs, the mulatto, and the rest of the mob who stoned the troops and snow-

balled them were in the street, or on the southern side. There were then no sidewalks.

The lower part of the "Old State House" is now used for public offices. But the upper chambers are restored to much the condition in which they were when Sam Adams defied the Governor there, and when Otis made his plea in the "Writs of Assistants cases."

"Then and there," said John Adams, afterward, "American independence was born."

The "Bostonian Society" occupies these halls, simply that they may be open to all visitors, and here the party found many curious mementoes of Revolutionary and of older days, and were able to prepare themselves for their later excursions.

Before the "Town House" was built this spot was occupied as the market place, being the earliest in the town. The first town house was erected between 1657 and 1659, of wood. It was destroyed in the great fire of 1711. In the following year, 1712, a brick edifice was erected on the same spot. This the fire of 1747 consumed, and with it many valuable records were lost. The present Old State House was erected the following year, 1748, but it has undergone many interior changes, the exterior, however, presenting nearly the same appearance as when first erected. From 1750 to 1830 Faneuil Hall was used as a town house, and the first city government was organized there. In 1830 the city government removed to the Old State House, which was on September 17 dedicated as City Hall. But the City Hall has since been removed to School Street.

Leaving the old State House they passed down State Street, where they had a chance to see the merchants who were "on 'change," and to look in at the Merchants' Exchange, and by a short street leading north, came into the square between Faneuil Hall, "the cradle of liberty," as Boston people like to call it, and Faneuil Hall Market.

Peter Faneuil, a rich merchant of Huguenot origin, told the town that he would build a market house on this spot if they would accept the gift for that purpose, and maintain it forever. "The town," by which is meant the town meeting, looked a gift-horse in the mouth, and made some difficulty. At the end of a stormy meeting, his proposal was accepted by a majority of only seven votes in a vote of seven hundred and twenty-seven.

Mr. Faneuil set to work at once on the building, which, by the original plan, was to be but one-story high. But he added another story for the town hall, which has made his name famous to all New Englanders. The original hall accommodated only 1,000 persons, being but half the size of that now standing. He died, himself, just as the building was completed, on the third of March, 1743; and it was first opened to public use on the fourteenth of March of that year. The whole interior was destroyed by fire in January, 1763, and rebuilt by the town and state. In 1806 it was enlarged to its present size.

Nathan made them look at the grass-hopper which is the weather-cock which is selected in memory of the Athenian cicada. The Athenian people selected this as their emblem because they believed they sprang from the ground, and they supposed the grass-hoppers did.

The people of Boston long since provided themselves with a much larger market house than Peter Faneuil's. When they did so, they gave up the market in Faneuil Hall, and used the basement for other purposes. But their lawyers, after a while, recollecting that stirring town meeting, and the promise of the town to maintain the market "forever." Clearly enough, if the town meant to keep the hall, it must maintain the market. So the butchers and fruit men were brought back again, and Mrs. Dudley bade John buy some bananas for the party, in the market, that they might keep Peter Faneuil well in their memory.

The Historic Hall is over the market, and always open to visitors, and here the party spent half an hour in looking at

the pictures. Nathan told them of the last and only time when he heard Wendell Phillips there. It is not the largest hall in Boston, but it is still the favorite hall for any public meeting about some public interest, where people are not expecting to sit down.

The gentlemen joined the party by appointment here, and they all went to lunch together. They then went up the Equitable elevator and mounted the tower, so that the ladies might see the sea view. And they finished the day's excursion by going into the Old South Meeting House.

This old meeting house was twice as big as Faneuil Hall of the Revolution, so that the crowded town meetings of those days often adjourned to the Old South. As the patriots called Faneuil Hall "the cradle of liberty," Gov. Gage called the Old South the "nursery of rebellion." The religious society which formerly occupied it built a few years ago a new church in the western part of Boston, and sold this meeting house to an association which wished to preserve it as a memorial of the history of Boston. The sellers did not wish to have any opposition church established in the old building; they therefore put a provision in the deed that for twenty years it should not be used for public religious purposes. It is probably the only spot in the United States, where, by the expressed wish of a church, public worship is forbidden.

The travelers found a great deal to interest them in the meeting house, which those travelers will find who use this guide. The boys obtained leave to climb up the spire, from which, it is said, that the English governor, Gage, saw the embarkation of his troops for Bunker Hill, and what he could see of the battle.

Third Day.

The next day proved favorable for Nathan's plans, which involved a visit to Bunker Hill monument and the navy yard.

"I had meant," he said to the girls, "to begin by taking you out to Concord, that you might see the bridge over the Concord River, and the scene of what we call 'Concord Fight.' But, if the day prove hot, it would have been tiresome, as we have the monument to climb. For that expedition one needs half a day, or better, a day. You know you would want to see Mr. Emerson's house and Mr. Hawthorne's. We will try that next fall."

They started later, therefore, than the Concord plan would have required. A transfer at Scollay Square, the very heart of active Boston, put them in a Charlestown car. In Scollay Square stands very properly a statue of Winthrop, the founder of Boston, and its first governor; as at the foot of the street stands Sam Adams.

Nathan explained to the girls, when they came to river and bridge, that at the time of Bunker Hill battle there was no bridge. The English army, when it attacked the hill, had to cross in boats, and he showed them on the east, the line the boats took, landing where the navy yard now is. The forces landed there and waited through a hot day before the attack. The battle was fought on a hot June afternoon.

After they came to Charlestown, a short walk brought them to the top of the hill, where a large green park takes in all the ground of the historic Redoubt. A bronze statue of Prescott seems to welcome the visitor.

By an ascent even longer than that they made at the State House, they climbed the monument, and earned their sight of the panorama from its top.

Mr. Dudley had given them a note to introduce them to the commander at the navy yard on their return. It proved that he was absent. But they needed no pass nor introduction. They were very courteously received; and, as there happened to be a ship fitting out with stores for the Mediterranean Station, Caroline had her chance to see "a three-masted ship" nearly ready for sea.

Another ship was in the "dry-dock" for some necessary repairs, and they walked about her with that strange feeling of being beneath the level of the sea, which they had seen above before they descended the stairway.

Fourth Day.

Saturday proved to be a warm day, and Mr. Dudley proposed at breakfast that they should carry out Nathan's plan, and that all hands should go to Nahant, the rocky peninsula which bounds the outer harbor on the northeastern side. His wife put up a substantial luncheon, which was packed in two baskets and carried by the boys.

So equipped, they took the horse car and "transferred" at Sumner Street for the steamboat, which would take them to the Lynn Railroad. They could have taken the Easton Railroad, but the Lynn Road (so called) runs along the water's edge, and the water sail is longer.

So the young people had their first sniff of sea air from the boat which crosses from Old Boston to East Boston, where the railroad begins. Caroline had chances enough to see "ships with three masts," brigs, schooners, sloops, barks, brigantines and barkantines, all which the learned Nathan explained to her. After a voyage of a mile or two they took the narrow gauge railway and flew along Chelsea Beach, which gave a fine ocean view, and more of the glory of the infinite sea, than the steamboat had done. At Lynn they found public carriages waiting for the drive to Nahant.

Mr. Willis, in his extravagant way, said that Nahant looked like the open hand of a giant who had been struck down in the sea, and that Nahant Beach was his arm. A very thin arm he had, a mere thread-paper arm, for a big hand. For the beach is only a strip of sand and gravel about two miles long, washed by the ocean on both sides. At the southern end, rise, abrupt and bold, the rocks of Nahant. They are mostly of trap-rock, which has been forced by some volcanic effect of the fiery times, up through the hissing sea. They have a reddish color, with stripes of black stone, even harder than the rest. And the perpetual washing of the sea has worn out clefts and chasms of every strange outline and form.

One of these is the Swallow's Cave, a long passage through wet rocks, covered above by rocks, through which at low tides adventurers can clamber. One is the Spouting Horn, where at half-tide, a sea heavily thrown in by a stiff eastern gale, bounds back in spray and water, as if indeed a sea-god had thrown it up in a great fountain. But the glory of Nahant is not in any one of these sights. It is the glory of the infinite ocean. Southeast and west you have the sea, and it is no wonder that in this perfect sea-climate, so many people are glad to make a summer home.

Mr. Dudley met, by appointment, a Boston friend, after they had crossed the beach, who husbanded their time for them in visiting different points, and before the afternoon closed, asked them to come back to town in his yacht. Their plan had been to take the steamboat, which was waiting ready to take all such children of the public as they.

But in the "Sylph" they were able to vary their voyage. Mr. Cradock showed them from her deck that nearly south of them, a string of little islands shielded the harbor, in a measure, from eastern gales. Of these the three most important are the three Brewsters, on one of which is the outer light-house. The yacht first ran by these. Then she turned inland and he pointed out to them the village of Hull, which on the southeast protects the bay, as Nahant on the northeast. He bade the helmsman bring the vessel up at Fort Warren, and the young people had then a chance to see the arrangements which a great fort makes to repel an enemy. And then, as the sun went down they ran swiftly up to Boston, saw the State House and Bunker Hill monument against the evening glow, and landed after a day of thoroughly satisfactory variety.

The Fifth Day.

Fortunately for the sight seers, as Mrs. Crehere thought, the next day was Sunday, so much chance was there for a day of rest. But she found at breakfast that there were one or two ecclesiastical landmarks which were to be counted in with the others, and that, with perfect gravity and reverence, the young people had arranged to unite their sight seeing with the religious services of the day. To this she made no exception, and in the end she and her husband joined the ten young people, and all together made an addition, not unacceptable as it proved, to summer congregations not crowded.

The first point was King's Chapel.

"The chapel, last of sublunary things
That shocks our senses with the name of King's."

Such is Dr. Holmes's description. It is in the very heart of active Boston. After the Revolution it was long called "The Stone Chapel," for in those early days stone churches were rare, and nothing bore the name of King. Royal biscuit was then called "President's biscuit." But after people were sure that no King George would return, the Chapel people, who were no longer in the habit of praying for the royal family, returned to "King's Chapel" as the historical name of their church, and found again the neglected gilded crown and mitre, which had once adorned the organ, and restored them to the places from which they had been removed. After the service, which interested all the young people, they remained in the church to look at the curious old monuments. They were specially interested in that of Mrs. Shirley, the lovely wife of Governor Shirley. She died just as he was fortifying Boston against the largest fleet which France ever sent across the seas. This is the fleet of Longfellow's ballad:

"For the admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown,
To ravage with fire and steel
Our luckless Boston-Town."

While Shirley had the whole army of Massachusetts on Boston Common, and was bringing every resource to bear to resist the enemy, his heart was wrung day by day by the sickness and the death of the young bride, whose bust the children saw, and whose epitaph they translated.

Nathan told them that when the King's Chapel was built there had been no quarries of stone opened. The stones for this building were split and hewed from boulders. By the time it was finished it was currently said and believed that there was not stone enough in the province for another church as big! He took them to the back of the church and showed them, on a little green, Franklin statue, placed in what was the yard of the school-house where he studied as a boy.

King's Chapel was not popular with the puritan inhabitants of Boston. And, because the lower windows are square and look like port holes, the street boys of a century and a quarter ago nicknamed it "Christ's Frigate," somewhat irreverently. On the other side the street was once the school-house, where John Hancock and Sam Adams studied. And Nathan showed them where the "coast" was in winter, which was obstructed by the English officer whom the school boys called to account for his violation of their inalienable rights.

They went to church with their friend Mrs. Cradock, whom they had met at Nahant the day before, and from her house, in the afternoon, they went to Christ Church, which is the oldest church building in Boston now standing on the ground where it was built. It was the second Episcopalian church erected in Boston, and was built in 1723, several years before the present Old South. It is a brick edifice, and has long been known as the "North End Church." In its day it was considered one of the chief architectural ornaments of the North End. The old steeple was blown down in the great gale of 1804, falling upon an old wooden building at the corner of Tileston Street, through which it crashed to the consternation of the

tenants, who however escaped injury. The steeple was replaced from a design by Charles Bulfinch, which carefully preserved the proportion of the original. Its chime was the first in New England, and began to play its charming tunes in 1744.

The Bible, prayer books and silver now in use were given in 1733 by King George I. The figures of cherubim in front of the organ were taken from a French vessel by the privateer "Queen of Hungary," and presented to the church in 1746. There is an interesting bust of Washington in the church.

From the steeple of this church the historic sexton hung out the lanterns which warned the patriots on the other side of the river that an expedition was starting from the English camp, against Concord.

"One if by land—two if by sea," says Mr. Longfellow, whose history of those days is more likely to be remembered well than any other. That steeple, as has been said, was blown down in 1804.

As they walked to the Chelsea car, which was to take them home, Nathan led them through the Copp's Hill burying ground. Copp's Hill has never been cut away. Fort Hill is wholly leveled, and Beacon Hill partly so. These were the three hills which were the landmarks of old Boston.

The Sixth Day.

On Monday morning the Roxbury boys took their cousins to see their tennis ground, and it may be believed that all parties there joined in one or two games. Mrs. Dudley and Mrs. Crehere went into Boston for some necessary shopping, and came back by the Art Musem, where was a good "Loan Exhibition." The loan exhibition in summer is generally filled with master-pieces from the private galleries of people who are in their country homes. "I would not pay so much for pictures," said one of these noble women, "if the people were not to enjoy them nine-tenths of the time."

But Mrs. Dudley had so arranged her dinner that they might all take a street car for "Dorchester Heights" and see the view of the harbor from that point, and that the boys, who had had no chance to swim at Nahant, might take a sea bath on their return.

Accordingly, about five o'clock they started for South Boston. "Take any car for City Point," was Nathan's final direction as the party separated. "Ask for the Reservoir, and we will meet there."

"Dorchester Heights" is simply the name, which only old fashioned people would understand, of the hills in what is now "South Boston," now surmounted by the "Blind Institution" and a public park, in which is one of the city reservoirs. Visitors to Boston who are at all interested in education will do well to drop a line on arrival, for Mr. Anagnos, the chief of the Blind Institution, to ask what is the proper day for a visit there. Our friends were obliged to defer this interesting visit till the autumn, and they all gathered on the other hill and enjoyed the spectacle of the harbor, white with the sails of hundreds of yachts, and all alive with the movements of the lolling steamers as they went out, just before sunset, on their voyages to every port of the seaboard, not to say of the world.

These high hills completely command the harbor, in a military sense. Why the English generals did not take possession before Washington did no one ever knew. That was the sort of imbecility George III. got by appointing men to office because they were his relations. When, at last, the winter of 1775-1776 broke up, and no ice had formed strong enough for an attack on Boston over the ice, Washington seized these hills. By the road now called Dorchester Avenue, which Nathan Dudley showed our friends, he sent from the camp in Roxbury ("just behind where we live," said Nathan) the men and munitions. It was all done by night. On the morning of the fifth of March the Americans had built a fortification which

surprised the English officers in Boston as that on Bunker Hill had surprised them nine months before. "It was like Aladdin's lamp," wrote one of them.

General Howe's first plan was to assault the works, as Gage had assaulted those at Bunker Hill. Howe sent an attacking force to the fort held by him on the island. But a storm made this attack impossible. Ward, the commander of the American right wing, strengthened his ranks. Thomas, the general in command on the heights, asked nothing better than an attack. But Howe, at the last, saw that the venture was madness. He entered into negotiations with Washington, and, a fortnight after, withdrew fleet and army. For several months there was not an English soldier on American soil.

The next day, when they visited the Historical Society, Nathan showed his cousins the original gold medal which Congress gave to Washington in honor of this victory. It was designed by a French artist, and struck in Paris. It represents Washington seated on his horse, on Dorchester Heights, as the squadron retires. It bears the proud motto:

"*Hostibus primo Fugatis,*"

which may be translated: "The first Flight of the Enemy."

"Pray how did this medal come here?" said Caroline.

"By the fortune of war," said her cousin. On this Monday evening, before they left the park, which now takes the place of the fortification, they looked at the tablet of stone which commemorates the history. They found the name of the mayor who put it up, but no allusion to General Ward who planned the work, or General Thomas, who carried it out. Such, alas, is fame!

When they left the hill the sun was going down. The elders and the girls took a car across Dover Street, by which they could go directly home. But Nathan led the boys to the public bath house, on one of the beaches; and there his western friends had their first experience of the exquisite luxury of a swim in the salt sea.

The Last Day.

On Wednesday the whole western party was to go to Narragansett Pier, and on Thursday the Roxbury party was to start, bag and baggage, for Quonochontaug, which is not far from that resort. But it was determined that on Tuesday the young people should go to Cambridge, where, at Harvard College, John was to make his home for most of the next four years.

They took a steam train into Boston, and at the station of the Providence road found a street car waiting to take them from Park Square to Harvard Square. The ride takes a short half hour. At Harvard Square you are on one side of the College Yard, as the region is called, which in colleges of more pretense would be named the *Campus*. Buildings of all ages and all aspects fill it, from the venerable brick of old Massachusetts, built near two centuries ago, in fond memory of Pembroke College in Cambridge, down to the last, "sweet" devices of modern architecture.

They had an embarrassment of riches before them, that they might rightly use their time and gratify every taste of all the party. First of all, Nathan led them to the Library, and while under his brother's guidance, the young people looked at some of the curiosities there, he took John to the Bursa's office, to attend to some business about his college room. Then they all called on a young gentleman, to whom the Dudleys introduced the Creheres, so that they saw the comfort of the college rooms of the students. Next they went to Memorial Hall, where are the portraits of the old worthies of the state and college, the "trophies of many base ball victories, and, most interesting of all, if you go at a meal time, some five hundred of the young men of to-day, eating with a good appetite. From this place they went to the Agassiz Museum, which is so skillfully arranged that they will all date back to that hour's visit a clearer knowledge of the great classifications of natural science.

The young people declared that they were not tired even then. Their student friend had asked them to rest in his room after these bits of sight seeing, and they did so, and then, after a little lunch, went up to the Botanic Garden, stopped at the Observatory, and crossed to see the house which was lately the home of Longfellow, and in the Revolution, that of Washington.

Travelers who have the same lions to "do" in one day may find their order a convenient one to follow. And, though these are not landmarks of Boston properly, it has seemed wise not to conclude their story without telling of their Cambridge expedition.

"And now," said Nathan, as they took at the door of the Longfellow house a car for Boston, "now we have made the beginning, when you come in the fall we can show you Boston."

VANISHING TYPES.

By REV. EDWARD P. SPRAGUE.

Abundant evidence is afforded in nature that, beside the familiar forms of life of the present, there have been earlier forms, such as are now no longer seen. Each great epoch of the earth's history, as, to a less degree, each great continent on the earth's surface, has had certain prevalent and characteristic types; of which some still endure; some have wholly disappeared, and some are just now passing out of sight. And among all these extinct, persistent, vanishing and recent types, there are perhaps none more full of interest, or more worthy of our careful study than the ones that are just now passing away.

Something similar to this is to be recognized also in the varying phases of human life. There are styles of men, habits of life, peculiarities of character, customs, occupations, and conditions which belong almost wholly to the present; others which are common to the present and the past; and still others which are as strictly part of the long ago, as are the megalithium and the plesiosaurus. There are no corresponding forms now, and probably never again will be. There can never more be the old feudal baron, the chivalrous knight errant, or the trouvères and troubadours of mediæval Europe, any more than there can be again the ancient worshipers of Jupiter or devotees of Bacchus. Old forms of government, old ideas of the divine right of kings, old faith in auguries, the old search for the philosopher's stone and for the elixir of life have passed away, never to return.

More recent, however, than these, and more closely related to the present, are certain types of life with which our fathers were daily conversant, but which promise to seem to our children very strange and remote. Not merely does the regular succession of the generations bring us at length to the last Revolutionary soldier, and to the last survivor of the seemingly exhaustless supply of Washington's body servants; but at the same time the changes which transpire in local and social life do serve to make rare, and then wholly to remove, the types of men that were only lately distinctively common and prominent. We do well therefore to stop in the midst of our hurrying, driving, self-glorifying age, and study some of these *Vanishing Types* of life, character, occupation, with varied accompaniments and experiences, which to-day have become or are fast becoming things of the past.

A recent writer in one of our great metropolitan dailies comments in a pleasant strain on the survival in only humorous papers and poor plays of the typical Englishman and typical Yankee, as so long and commonly represented. What has become of the John Bull and the Brother Jonathan of a few years ago? Were they not true characters at all? If not, who will explain the hold they took on the popular fancy, a hold so strong that they are not quite abandoned to-day? They must have been fairly faithful representatives of certain actual types.

Are Englishmen and Americans growing different, then, from what they were, or growing like each other, that now these two illustrious characterizations have largely disappeared?

As the writer remarks: *Punch* still has John Bull as a national type; but shows a great reserve in the use of him, and continually resorts to Britannia as a substitute. Our old friend John, the bluff, stout, honest, red-faced, irascible, rural person, has really been supplanted by a more modern, thinner, nervous, intellectual, astute type. He is, or was a very rude person, and always seemed to take great delight in asserting himself in such a way as to produce as much general annoyance and discomfort as possible. But he is gone, or is going, and the time is coming when we shall regard him as only a survival, a tradition of the past.

And so for English use the Yankee type of Uncle Sam may still serve to represent America, although he belongs to the past as much as slavery does, or the stage coach. He would be a bold man who would attempt to say what our national type is now; but it is safe to say that it is not a long, thin, cute Yankee, dressed in a swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, whittling a stick, and interlarding his conversation with "I swan," and "I calc'late." In fact, if Mr. Lowell were to write "Biglow Papers" now, Uncle Sam would hardly serve his purpose as he did during the war.

Not only are differences between national types rapidly vanishing into the past, so that Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen and Americans no longer seem strikingly unlike; but along with these international, the more domestic and home types are disappearing also. The distinctive kinds of men, and the distinctions which attached themselves inseparably to various classes and occupations are passing away.

Take the men to-day of any one town, village or farming district, and I fully believe you will find fewer odd and strange characters among them than was the case among their predecessors or fathers of a generation ago.

Just this was the complaint of an old farmer who used to delight to drop into my study in northern New York, and have, as he called it, "a talk with the parson." He was himself a relic of a past generation, a man of marked face and peculiar manner. He had been a school teacher in his earlier days, and quite a man of letters among his associates of that time, and was very fond of describing in a quaint way that was not without discrimination, the life of his youth. While fully admitting the greater advantages and easier times of the present, he would always add: "But everybody is getting to be just like everybody else now-a-days. Why, when I came into this valley every man o~~o~~ all these farms had something peculiar about him, some way of standing, or talking, or dressing, by which I could have described him so that you would have known him the first time you met him. I don't know," he would add, "but you may think it an improvement, but the men are all alike now, and I miss the differences." And looking at the old man, and feeling that he served as a connecting link, a survival of the past into the present, I was ready to believe that what he said was true; the older men had more marked peculiarities than those of to-day.

Let us look now more particularly at some of the types which were distinctive features of the life of a half century ago, but whose successors have lost much of that prominence to-day by means of that gradual tendency toward uniformity which has since then been working.

First among these and foremost, as distinctive and distinguished, stands the "Country Parson" of fifty or more years ago.

No such men are seen to-day; for although the ministry continue, and are always to continue, constituting a distinct class in the community, they are now in no such ways singular and distinctive as then. Dressed always in his clerical black, and in earlier times in the clerical bands also, he was known on the street and saluted with reverence as a man by

himself, set apart from the rest of the community, higher and holier than they. His position was unequaled, unapproached even by any other person. He was looked up to by all, honored by all, and feared, if not by all, by all the children at least. His opinions on matters local and civil, personal, social, philosophical and religious had almost the weight of absolute and supreme wisdom, which no one might gainsay.

See him enter the plain white "meeting-house" and ascend the lofty pulpit, and you recognize the height of his exaltation. In many places all the congregation were wont to rise when he came in, and remain standing till he had taken his seat; and still more commonly, not one of the congregation ever moved from place till he and his family had passed out of the church.

Listen to one of his long sermons, as the hour-glass at his side is turned possibly for the second time, and in the way the congregation give attention, you see evidence of his authority and of his hold upon them. He discourses on high themes, abstruse doctrines, and obscure points of faith. He discusses his text and subject in a logical and philosophical way; defines the doctrine, first by what it is not, and then by what it is; divides and sub-divides, and divides again, illustrates with analysis and analogies, intersperses with other passages from the Bible, and perhaps with occasional Greek or Latin quotations, draws to the "conclusion," adds the "improvement," goes on as though taking a fresh start to his "finally," and and then ends with his "and now last of all." For a full hour, or perhaps two, the congregation have listened, counting it a precious privilege so to do; and that which he has advanced will be remembered, repeated, talked over, and discussed among them all the week.

Those early clergymen are not by any means to be spoken of slightly. Some of us may know more of science, and be better informed in matters of natural history and of the contemporaneous condition of other lands; but few of us know as much Hebrew and Greek, few of us are as deeply versed in metaphysics, few of us are more vigorous in argument, and none of us certainly have such influence in our communities, or could hold our congregations for so long services. Those country parsons were men of mark; deep theologians; strong in the doctrines; prone, men may think to-day, to a narrow and iron-clad theology; but they were veritable giants also, and in fast, thanksgiving, and election day sermons did not hesitate to handle national themes, point out very specifically and with square condemnation, popular sins, and to discuss, and if necessary, pass open judgment on the courses and actions of public men.

It is often remarked that the fathers builded first the church and then, next and near by, the schoolhouse; and so next to the minister a marked man in those older days was the "Village Schoolmaster."

Occasionally the schoolmaster and the minister were one. Sometimes he was a minister who, from the too prevalent affliction of throat disease—a judgment, possibly, on account of the long sermons—had exchanged preaching for teaching. Oftenest he was a man by himself; and no teacher in any public school of to-day quite perpetuates his likeness.

I can not do better in attempting to describe him than to quote from Prof. McMaster, in his admirable "History of the People of the United States":

"The master was expected to live with the parents of his pupils, regulating the length of his stay by the number of the boys in the family attending his school. Thus it happened that in the course of his teaching he became an inmate of all the houses of the district, and was not seldom forced to walk five miles, in the worst of weather over the worst of roads, to his school."

"Yet, mendicant though he was, it would be a great mistake to suppose that he was not always a welcome guest. He slept in the best room, sat in the warmest nook by the fire, and had the best food set before him at the table. In the long winter

evenings he helped the boys with their lessons, held yarn for the daughters, or escorted them to spinning matches and quiltings. In return for his miserable pittance and his board, the young student taught what would now be considered as the rudiments of an education. His daily labors were confined to teaching his scholars to read with a moderate degree of fluency, to write legibly, to spell with some regard for the rules of orthography, and to know as much of arithmetic as would enable them to calculate the interest on a debt, to keep the family accounts, and to make change in a shop.

"Nor was this making change a simple matter. Fifty years ago the silver pieces which passed from hand to hand, under the name of small change, were largely made up of foreign coins. They had been in circulation long before the war for independence, had seen much service, and were none the better for the wear and tear they had sustained.

"One of these pieces was known as the four-pence, but passed for six and a quarter cents if, as the result of long hoarding, the inscription was legible, and the stamp easy to make out; but when worn smooth—and the four-pence pieces generally were worn smooth and crossed—no one would take them for more than five cents. A larger coin was the nine-pence, which passed for twelve and a half cents. The pistareen was worth twenty cents. The picayune, a term rarely used north of Mason and Dixon's line, went for six and a quarter cents. But the confusion was yet more increased by the language which merchants used to express the price of their goods.

"The value of the gold pieces expressed in dollars was pretty much the same the country over. But the dollar, and the silver pieces regarded as fractions of a dollar, had no less than five different values. In New England and Virginia a merchant who spoke of a dollar was understood to mean six shillings, or one hundred and eight coppers; but the same merchant would, the moment he set foot in North Carolina or New York, be content with demanding ninety-six coppers, or eight shillings, as the equivalent of a dollar. Sixpence in Massachusetts meant eight and a third cents; a shilling meant sixteen and two-third cents; two-and-three pence was thirty-seven and a half cents; three shillings was fifty cents; four-and-six was seventy five cents; nine shillings was a dollar and a half."

About all these to us strange coins and values the schoolmaster was expected to know, and to be able also to instruct his scholars. He filled, therefore, a very important place in the life of the village, as well as in the experience of the boys under his instruction. Nowhere to-day can you find in village schoolmaster, district or town school teacher, superintendent of instruction, or learned professor, a figure that fills out and continues just the portrait of the typical pedagogue of a generation or more ago.

Next after the village schoolmaster, and perhaps outranking him in prominence and in distinctive traits, and so deserving to have been mentioned sooner, was the "Country Doctor" of the past generation.

Wherever men live, meet with accidents, suffer sickness, grow old and die, there in civilized lands the physician is a necessity, and is always to be found. Favored as we are in the present by all the progress in medical and sanitary science, and attended by the skilled physicians of to-day, we can hardly realize the life of the doctor and of the patient in the time many of the remedies which are now used to relieve pain were unknown, when there were no drug stores except in the larger towns, when only a few simple medicines could be easily obtained at the village store, along with the tea, sugar, calico, twine and garden seeds that made up the stock on the shelves. Then the physician compounded his own drugs, rolled out his own pills, made his own tinctures, weighed or measured out his own prescriptions, and carried with him on his round of calls, and perhaps in his saddle-bags, a most varied and as-

tonishing assortment of medicines, a list of which would be remarkable to-day, alike for the presence of many that are abandoned, and for the absence of still more that are now in common and constant use.

The physician of to-day excels him perhaps in general knowledge, in ability to deal with difficult diseases, and to perform delicate and successful surgery. He is the man of wider reading and more scientific views; he is possibly the better practitioner; but he is by no means the distinct character in his way that the country doctor of fifty years ago was.

"His genial face, his engaging manners, his hearty laugh, the twinkle in his eye, the sincerity with which he asked after the health of the carpenter's daughter, the interest he took in the family of the poorest laborer, the good nature with which he stopped to chat with the farm hands about the prospect of the corn crops and the turnip crops, made him the favorite for miles around. When he rode out he knew the names and personal history of the occupants of every house he passed. The farmers' lads pulled off their hats, and the girls dropped courtesies to him. Sunshine and rain, daylight and darkness were alike to him. He would ride ten miles on the darkest night, over the worst roads, in a pelting storm, to administer a dose of calomel to an old woman, or to attend a child in a fit. He was present at every birth; he attended every burial; he sat with the minister at every death-bed, and put his name with the lawyer to every will."

From the consideration of these vanishing or vanished types, a single illustration of which alone was usually to be found in any ordinary village, we turn now to a class that then, as their successors do now, made up the predominant element in every section—the "Country Farmer"—and I mean the country farmer of fifty years ago.

The farmer of to-day is a man who lives in a comfortable, perhaps handsome house, whose parlor is carpeted and is graced with a piano, whose acres are mowed or reaped by the horse-power machine, and grain threshed by steam, who drives in a good carriage, and his son has a top buggy of his own; whose wife wears silk, and his daughters spend their winters in the city. He wears handsome clothes, takes one or two agricultural papers, keeps fancy stock, Jerseys and Hollands, and occasionally furnishes articles to the press on "Creameries" and "Ensilage."

Not such was the typical farmer of a generation or two ago—a man whose comforts were fewer and helps much less, and also a man of stronger traits of character, more decided convictions, harder working, and probably in proportion fully as successful in accumulating the profits of careful industry.

One such I have in mind, an example of the best of his class. He was a large man, well built, tall and muscular. He had been educated at the common district school of the vicinity, had succeeded his father in ownership of the farm, had married early, and became in time the head of a large family. No chance visitor ever spent the night at the house without being taken out into the kitchen and shown the long line of boots, seven pairs arranged in a regularly diminishing row, and all ready for the morning.

He was not what would be called an educated man to-day, but he had studied the national and the state constitutions; knew all about the politics of the country; looked after the interest of the district school near his home; attended regular in all seasons and weathers the village church, four miles away, and in which also he served as a trustee. He was a firm believer in the stanch Calvinism of his fathers; taught his children the Westminster Catechism on Sunday afternoons; always voted his party ticket straight, and believed with all his heart in his minister and in his favorite political leader.

He toiled hard, rising early and going to bed early also. His food was simple, beef, pork, salt fish, dried apples, beans, and farm vegetables, with milk, butter and eggs in abundance, and bread, if not the whitest, yet always sweet, made from the

wheat of his own growing, ground into flour at his neighbor's grist mill. His work did not present any great variety. In spring there was the regular round of repairing the fences, cleaning out the barnyard, ploughing and sowing; followed in due time by the long and laborious hoeing the corn and potatoes, and then by the mowing the grass with scythes, reaping the grain with sickle or cradle, and afterward the threshing on the barn floor by the well-swung flail, whose sturdy blows filled all the valley with answering echoes.

In winter there was the cutting, hauling, sawing, splitting and piling in the shed the abundant supply of wood that was to keep up the next year's fires in the great fireplace, the huge brick oven, and the kitchen and "living room" stoves.

Pleasures and recreations were few; the huskings in the fall, the squirrel and rabbit hunts, the evening chats with a neighbor along with the apples and mug of cider, the game of checkers by the kitchen fire on a stormy day, the occasional larger gathering for an early supper, the spelling match, and the singing school. Books were not numerous, the weight making up for the lack of variety. There were the Bible, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, "Pilgrim's Progress," Fox's "Book of Martyrs," Rollins's "Ancient History," Watts's "Improvement of the Mind," Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Young's "Night Thoughts," and a stray volume of *The Spectator*.

Trained by such books, by lessons of hard experience, by intercourse with neighbors, and by the sermons of his minister, such a farmer became, not the polished man, or versatile, or widely informed, but the man of strong character, rugged worth, decided convictions unflinchingly adhered to, true, honest, upright, kindly, careful, close perhaps, but generous also and helpful. To men of to-day he might seem narrow-minded and opinionated. We may smile at some of his ideas and apprehensions, and tell humorous stories illustrating his acknowledged inquisitiveness; but none the less at heart we must do him honor and admit that more men like him were a blessing in the community to-day. Rigid necessity compelled him to be carefully economical and exact in his dealings to a degree even that verged on parsimony, but he was just in it all, and demanded only what was rightfully his own. For the sake of securing that however he would, if necessary, be at the trouble once taken, as it is told, by a certain New England farmer. A United States surveying party had taken a single chestnut rail from his fence, and using it as a signal pole, had neglected either to return it to its place or to compensate him therefor. Discovering this trespass he started after them, walked ten miles in the hot sun, interviewed the chief, informed him that people's property was to be respected, and that he was not a man to be imposed upon or frightened. Pleasantly and respectfully met, and asked to state the damage, he replied: "Well, seein' as no cattle got in, there warn't no damage; chestnut rails ain't of much account anyway, and that one I calc'late wasn't worth more'n ten cents;" and receiving that amount duly paid in legal coin of the country, he returned home amply satisfied.

Sketches of vanishing types, such as these, might be almost indefinitely continued, but we must be content with simply indicating some of the fit subjects.

There was in every village the "Country Shoemaker," whose shop, close by the tavern and the blacksmith's, was the favorite rainy day resort for both boys and men. There the latest news was rehearsed, party slates were made or broken, and matters of local interest, or of state and national politics received impassioned discussion.

There were also the village "Tailor" and "Cooper," persons as indispensable as the village pump. The gossiping dressmaker went her yearly round among the circle of households; and the old-fashioned peddler brought silks and city goods to the farmer's wife, and was always welcomed by the farmer himself for the news he brought from other places, supplying surprisingly well the place of the modern newspaper.

In almost every New England village situated at all near the sea coast a prominent character was the retired Whale Captain, a man of very positive character, accustomed to authority, and not always a comfortable neighbor or amiable citizen.

Very different also from the farmer of the north was the Southern Planter, who was with us only a little while ago, but now as a distinctive type is fast vanishing from sight. The product and the pride of the southern land, prominent in society and politics, ruling as lord over his swarm of dependents, and holding his social, religious, and political opinions by a sort of entail with his estate, he forms a most interesting subject of study, and will perhaps figure largely as a favorite character in the American novel of the future.

Any sketch of olden times ought to make special mention also of the "Old Stage Coach and Driver." The days are not very long passed when a journey from here to New York or Philadelphia was a matter of graver consideration than is now given to a trip to London and return. Not without very serious preparation, fortifying himself for the hardships, considering the possible dangers, and perhaps taking a very formal farewell of his family, did a traveler set out on his journey; and then his progress was painfully slow, and his discomforts painfully many.

The stages, great lumbering vehicles, made perhaps forty miles a day in the summer, and not much more than half as many in the winter. In summer one was choked by the dust, and in cold weather he froze. "If no accident occurred the traveler was put down at the inn about ten o'clock at night. Cramped and weary, he ate a frugal supper, and betook himself to bed with a notice from the landlord that he would be called at three the next morning. Then, whether it rained or snowed, he was forced to rise and make ready by the light of a tallow candle, for another ride of eighteen hours. After a series of mishaps and accidents, such as would suffice for an emigrant train crossing the plains, the stage rolled into New York at the end of the sixth day after leaving Boston." This is not exceptional. It was considered something remarkable when the trip from New York to Philadelphia was first made in less than two full days.

The mails of that time were carried in these same stages, except in the special cases where post-riders hastened through on horseback. So small, however, was the mail service at the beginning of this century, that Prof. McMaster affirms: "More mails are now each day sent out and received in New York, than in Washington's time went from the same city to all parts of the country in the course of half a year. More letters are delivered in that city every twenty-four hours than, when Franklin had office, were distributed in the thirteen states in a whole year."

Along with the varied types of character and of occupation that have vanished, or are vanishing away, there are many articles of use and of ornament, that were once common, but are now hardly to be found.

A pair of old brass andirons that belonged to one's grandmother are to-day an almost priceless heirloom in any family. Old spinning wheels, in daily use fifty or more years ago, but for a generation consigned to the garret or remote store room, are now brought down and, freshly polished and decked with ribbons, made to adorn the parlor or the hall. A genuine old sickle is to-day hard to find; the hand fanning-mills are becoming rare, and a real flail is almost never heard. How many of the young ladies of to-day have ever seen one of the foot-stoves their grandmothers used to carry to church, or one of the warming-pans always put to use for the benefit of the friend that in winter time occupied "the best chamber?" How long is it since the side of every kitchen opened into the cavernous depth of the old "brick oven," the heating of whose great dome was such a labor for the adults, but such a delight for the children? What too have become of the old tin "Dutch ovens" that were used before the open fireplace, and of the

iron "bake kettles," with cover for the burning coals, which were sometimes called by this same name? While for an old tinder box and flint one will search almost in vain unless in some cabinet of carefully guarded relics and antiques.

A very wide question is sometimes raised as to how far the absence of such marked types as those of the past indicates an improved age in the present, and whether indeed the opposite of this may not be the case. It may be argued, and not quite without some show of reason, that the tendency to reduce all characters, stations, and kinds of life to a largely universal correspondence, and the merging of markedly distinctive traits into a general resemblance, is an indication of weakness rather than of strength, and that thereby society suffers a loss instead of securing a gain. One may well hesitate before refusing to admit that there may be some truth in such a view. However, without attempting to argue this question, or to draw any inferences from the whole, it is enough for the present purpose to show that many of the strong traits of the past, like strong features seen in old family portraits, are to be recognized only in reduced and softened characteristics to-day, so that we do well in the midst of the uniformity of the life of the present to pause and recall and honor these vanishing types of the past.

THE COUNCIL OF NICE.*

"There are four things," says Hooker, "which concur to make complete the whole state of our Lord: His Deity, Manhood, the conjunction of both, and the distinction of one from the other."

"Four principal heresies have withheld the truth: Arians, against the deity of Christ (denying that he was co-eternal and co-essential with the Father);

"Apollinarians, maiming his human nature (denying that he had a human soul);

"Nestorians, rending Christ asunder, and dividing him into two persons (one divine and the other human);

"The followers of Eutyches, by confounding in his person those natures which they should distinguish (asserting that his human nature was absorbed in the divine, and objecting to any distinction between the two).

"Against these there have been four most famous councils:

"1. Nice against the Arians, A. D. 325.

"2. Constantinople against the Apollinarians, A. D. 381.

"3. Ephesus against the Nestorians, A. D. 431.

"4. Chalcedon against the Eutychians, A. D. 451."

Upon the theme of the first of these great Ecumenical Councils, the present paper will be a compilation.

A momentous era has arrived in the history of the church and of the world. For the first time a Christian ruler has come to the throne of the Caesars.

With his chosen standard of the cross, Constantine has subdued the opposing factions—in the Roman empire, and over his vast realm there goes the edict that sets the Christians free from Pagan tyranny and persecution.

The church has grown through three centuries of stern conflict with the error and darkness, the evils and wrongs of the world, to be a mighty power in the earth.

Her course through suffering and toil, along a path tracked with the blood of the martyrs, has been a march of victory and conquest. A long list of eminent names is on her calendar. But now in the period of emancipation and prosperity she is beset by a complication of new dangers. Alliance with the state exposes her to a strain of corrupting influences. In the removal of compacting pressure from without, dissensions spring up within. Factions in the empire having been overcome, Constantine finds himself compelled to deal with factions in the church.

In Alexandria, the most learned see of Christendom, a difference of view and a violent discussion had sprung up on

* An essay read before the University Circle, of San José, California.

the doctrine of the Trinity. The schism extended until the whole church became agitated over the question.

Arius, one of the prime movers in it, reasoning upon the relation of the terms Father and Son, arrived at the conclusion that the Son, though the first born of beings, did not exist from eternity. "The controversy turned," says Dean Stanley, in his "History of the Eastern Church," "on the relations of the divine persons in the Trinity, not only before the incarnation, before creation, before time, but before the first beginnings of time. 'There was,' the Arian doctrine did not venture to say *a time*—but 'there was *when* he was not.' It was the excess of dogmatism upon the most abstract words in the most abstract region of human thought."

But subtle and abstract as the question was, there was thought to be involved in it the root of a perilous departure from sound Christian faith. It touched the most central and fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion. Hence it engaged the profoundest thought and solicitude of the most powerful minds of that age; and the first general council was called, in order to bring the united wisdom of the church to bear upon the settlement of the question.

The council met at Nice in the year 325.

The place selected was not far from Nicomedia, then the capital of the East. The number of bishops from all parts of the empire is supposed to have been about 318, with a retinue of presbyters and attendants amounting to 2,000.

"There were present the learned and the illiterate, courtiers and peasants, old and young, aged bishops on the verge of the grave, and beardless deacons just entering on their office. It was an assembly in which the difference between age and youth was of more than ordinary significance, coinciding with a marked transition in the history of the world. The new generation had been brought up in peace and quiet. They could just remember the joy diffused through the Christian communities by the edict of toleration published in their boyhood. They had themselves suffered nothing. Not so the older and by far the larger part of the assembly. They had lived through the last and worst of the persecutions, and they now came, like a regiment out of some frightful siege or battle, decimated and mutilated by the tortures or the hardships they had undergone. Most of the older members had lost a friend or a brother. Some bore on their backs and sides the wounds inflicted by the instruments of torture. Some had suffered the searing of the sinews of the leg, to prevent their escape from working in the mines, and several had lost the right eye."

It is said that their authority reposed on their character as an army of confessors and martyrs, no less than on that of an ecumenical council.

"In this respect no other council could approach them, and in the proceedings of the assembly the voice of an old confessor was received almost as an oracle." Even the emperor himself regarded them with homage.

They came in groups over the Mediterranean, and along the Roman roads from the different parts of the vast empire, from Alexandria and far up the Nile in Egypt; from Syria, Euphrates, and the distant East; from Greece, and Cyprus and Rome; and from the west as far as Spain.

Of the characters present I will copy sketches of a very few:

"The aged Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, was the only one present known by the title of pope. Papa was the special address given to the head of the Alexandrian church long before the name of Patriarch or Archbishop."

"Close beside Pope Alexander is a small, insignificant young man of hardly twenty-five, of lively manners and speech, and of bright, serene countenance. Though he is but the deacon or archdeacon of Alexandria (at this time), he has closely riveted the attention of the assembly by the vehemence of his arguments. That small, insignificant young man is the great Athanasius," the chief opposer of Arius, and defender of the Nicene creed.

"Next to these was an important presbyter of Alexandria, the parish priest of its principal church. In appearance he is the very opposite of Athanasius. He is sixty years of age, tall, thin, and apparently unable to support his stature. He would be handsome, but for the deadly pallor of his face and a downcast look caused by weakness of eyesight. At times his veins throb and swell, and his limbs tremble, as if suffering from some violent internal complaint. There is a wild look about him that is at times startling. His dress and demeanor are those of a rigid ascetic. He wears a long coat with short sleeves, and a scarf of half size, the mark of an austere life, and his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. He is usually silent, but at times breaks out into fierce excitement. Yet with all this there is a sweetness in his voice, and a winning, earnest, fascinating manner. This strange, captivating giant is the heretic Arius." He is described as a man of peculiar loveliness and purity of character from his childhood, of great personal power and influence, and as exerting, at whatever cost of self-sacrifice, an uncompromising resistance to the popular worldly policy which he believed would degrade and enslave the church in its subordination to the temporal power.

Two notable characters, Potammon and Paphnutius, came from the interior of Egypt. They had lived a great part of their lives in the desert. Both had lost the right eye, and suffered otherwise in the persecution. Bishop Paul, from near the Euphrates, had had his hands paralyzed by the searing of the muscles with a red-hot iron.

There was Jacob of Nisibis, who had lived for years as a hermit, on the mountains, in forests and caves, browsing on roots and leaves, and clothed in a rough goat-hair cloak. This dress and manner of life he retained after he became a bishop.

From the distant east came John the Persian, Aristaces, son of Gregory the illuminator, and founder of the Armenian church, and Eusebius the Great, of Nicomedia, were of the number. Also Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea, the interpreter, chaplain and confessor of Constantine, and the father of ecclesiastical history. One of the most interesting characters, of whom many remarkable stories are told, was Spyridion, from the island of Cyprus, a shepherd both before and after his elevation to the episcopate. Hosius, Bishop of Cordova in Spain, was one of the most powerful and revered men in the council. He had been a confessor during the persecutions of Maximin. The council was opened by the emperor in person. It continued about twenty days.

A creed was first produced which all could sign—one which would doubtless now be pronounced full and orthodox by Christians generally. The part relating to the Son reads as follows: "I believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Word of God, God of God, Light of Light, Life of Life, the only begotten Son, the first born of every creature, begotten of the Father before all worlds, by whom also all things were made," etc.

But full as this was it did not touch the test point in controversy. That point turned upon two Greek words, signifying respectively, "*of the same substance*," and "*of like substance*." The Arians admitted that Christ in his divine nature was of *like substance* with the Father, but denied that he was of the *same substance*.

Athanasius and his party feared that this would lead, not to the denial of the divinity of Christ, but to the belief in two Gods instead of one. "Polytheism, Paganism, Hellenism was the enemy from which the church had just been delivered by Constantine, and this was the error under whose dominion it was feared the teaching of Arius might bring them back." These scarred and maimed veterans of Christianity had suffered because of their steadfast testimony to the truth that *there is one God*; and here in the first great council of the entire church the creed was formulated which has stood through the centuries as a protest and guard against such distinction of persons in the Trinity as shall make a plurality of Gods. The

Nicene creed as adopted had the additional clause inserted regarding the Son—*of the substance of the Father.*

Arius was condemned as a heretic and sentenced to banishment with some other leaders of his party, including Eusebius of Nicomedia. But afterward at the entreaty of the Princess Constantia, sister of the emperor, they were recalled. For 300 years after the date of its origin Arianism was a considerable power, both political and religious, not only in the East where it had its birth, but in western and Teutonic nations. "The Gothic population that descended on the Roman empire, so far as it was Christian at all, held to the faith of Arius. Our first Teutonic version of the Scriptures was by an Arian missionary, Ulfilas. The first conqueror of Rome, Alaric, the first conqueror of Africa, Genseric, were Arians. Theodosius the Great, King of Italy, was an Arian. The Gothic kingdoms of Spain and France were the stronghold of Arianism."

But the orthodox doctrine established at Nice won its way and secured its place in the heart of Christendom, which, as Dean Stanley says, "with but few exceptions receives the confession of the first council, as the earliest, the most solemn, and the most universal expression of Christian theology."

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
And when thy sons to fitters are consign'd—
To fitters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.—*Byron.*

AN OCEAN MONARCH.

By G. BROWNE GOODE.

The gray old city of Siena, hidden away, almost forgotten amidst the hills of Tuscany, contains one object peculiarly interesting to Americans. Within its walls Christopher Columbus was educated, and hither returning in his days of prosperity, he deposited, doubtless with impressive ceremonies, a memento of his first voyage over the sea. His votive offering hangs within and over the main portal of the old collegiate church, for many years closed, and now rarely visited by tourists. Grouped together in a picturesque and very dusty trophy may be seen the helmet, armor and weapons of the great navigator, and with them the weapon of a warrior who was killed resisting the approach of the strange ships—the sword of an immense sword-fish. A sword-fish was no novelty to seafaring men accustomed to the waters of the Mediterranean, still the beak of this defender of the coast was preserved by the crew of Columbus, and for nearly four centuries has formed a prominent feature in the best preserved monument of the discoverer of America.

A similar though less impressive memorial hangs in the great hall of the Bremen Rathaus, side by side with the clumsy ship-models, the paintings of stranded whales, and the trophies of armor which illustrate the history of the old Hanse-town (Free City). It is a painting, of the size of life, of a sword-fish, taken by Bremen fishermen in the river Weser, with a legend inscribed beneath in letters of the most angular type :

"ANNO . 1696 . DEN . 18. JULI . IST . DIESER .
FISCH . EIN . SCHWERTFISCH . GENANNT . VON . DIESER .
STADT . FISCHERN . IN . DER . WESER . GEFANGEN ." ETC.

This swift, mysterious animal seems at a period remote in antiquity to have literally thrust itself into the notice of mankind by means of its attacks upon the boats in the Mediterranean. Pliny knew it and wrote : "The sword-fish, called in Greek Xiphias, that is to say in Latin, Gladius, a sword, hath a beake or bill sharp-pointed, wherewith he will drive through the sides and planks of a ship, and bouge them so that they shall sink withal," and the naturalists of the sixteenth century knew almost as much of its habits as those of the present day. Few fishes are so difficult to observe, and a student may, like the writer of this article, spend summer after summer in the attempt to study them with few results, other than the sight of a few dozen back-fins cutting through the water, a chance to measure and dissect a few specimens, and perhaps the experience of having the side of his boat pierced by one of their ugly swords. Yet, while little is known of their habits, few fishes are so generally known by their external characters.

No one who has seen a sword-fish or a good picture of one, soon forgets the great muscular body, like that of a mackerel, a thousand times magnified, the crescent shaped tail, measuring three feet or more from tip to tip, the scimitar like fins on the back and breasts, the round, hard, protruding eyes, as large as small foot balls, and the sword-like snout, two, three or four feet in length, protruding, caricature like, from between its eyes. This feature has been recognized in almost every European language, and while many other fishes have names by the score, this has in reality but one. The "Sword-fish" of our own tongue, the "Zwaard Fis" of Holland, the Italian "Sifio" and "Pesce-Pada," the Spaniard's "Espada," and the French "Espadon," "Dend" and "Epee de Mer," are variations upon a single theme, repetitions of the "Gladius" of ancient Italy, and "Xiphias," the name by which Aristotle, the father of Zoölogy called the same fish twenty-three hundred years ago. The French "Empereur," and the "Imperador" of the Spanish West Indies carry out the same.

A vessel cruising in search of sword-fish proceeds to the fishing grounds and sails hither and thither, wherever the abundance of small fish indicates that they ought to be found. Vessels which are met are hailed and asked whether sword-fish have been seen, and if tidings are thus obtained the ship's course is at once laid for the locality where they were last noticed. A man is always stationed at the masthead, where, with the keen eye which practice has given him, he can readily descry the tell-tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or three miles.

The sword-fish has two cousins, the spear-fish and the sail-fish, which bear to it a close family resemblance. Their bodies, however, are lighter, their outlines more graceful, and their swords more round and slender. The latter has an immense sail-like back fin, which it throws out of the water while swimming near the surface. An English naval officer, Sir Stamford Raffles, wrote home from Singapore in 1822 : "The only amusing discovery we have recently made is that of a sailing fish, called by the natives *Ikan layer*, of about ten or twelve feet long, which hoists a mainsail, and often sails in the manner of a native boat, and with considerable swiftness. I have sent a set of the sails home, as they are beautifully cut, and form a model for a fast sailing boat. When a school of these are under sail together they are frequently mistaken for a fleet of native boats."

While there is but one species of sword-fish which occurs in the tropical and temperate parts of the Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, about New Zealand, and in the eastern Pacific from Cape Horn to California there are several kinds of sail-fishes, and at least eight species of spear-fish. The naturalists of the United States Fish Commission have recently discovered that we have along our Atlantic coast a fine species of sail-fish, and one or two of spear-fishes, in addition to the true sword-fish, which has been known to exist here since the days of the Spanish explorers.

It seems somewhat strange that no reference to the sword-fish is to be found in the narratives of the voyages of Columbus. The earliest allusion in American literature occurs in Josselyn's "Account of two Voyages to New England," printed in 1674, in the following passage:

"The twentieth day we saw a great number of sea-bats or owles, called also flying-fish; they are about the bigness of a whiting, with four tinsel wings, with which they fly as long as they are wet, when pursued by other fishes. In the afternoon we saw a great fish called the Vehuella, or Sword-fish, having a long, strong and sharp fin like a sword-blade on the top of his head, with which he pierced our ship, and broke it off with striving to get loose; one of our sailors dived and brought it aboard."

Although sword-fish were sold in the New York fish market as early as 1817, it was not until 1839 that the writers in ichthyology consented to consider it an American fish.

The sword-fish comes into our waters in pursuit of food. At least this is the most probable explanation of their movements, since the duties of reproduction appear to be performed elsewhere. Like the horse-mackerel, the bonito, the blue-fish and the squalius, they pursue and prey upon the schools of menhaden and mackerel which are so abundant in the summer months. "When you see sword-fish, you may know that mackerel are about!" said one old fisherman to the writer. "Where you see the fin-back whale, following food," said another, "there you find sword-fish." They feed chiefly upon fish which swim crowded together in close schools, rising among them from beneath and striking to the right and left with their swords until they have killed a number, which they then proceed to devour. An old fisherman described to the writer a sword-fish in the act of feeding in a dense school of herring, rising perpendicularly out of the water until its sword, with a large portion of its body, was exposed, then falling flat over on its side, striking many fish as it fell, and leaving a bushel of dead ones floating at the surface.

They are most abundant in the region of Cape Cod, or between Montauk Point and the eastern part of George's Banks, and during July and August, though some make their appearance in the latter part of May, and a few linger until snow falls. They are seen at the surface only on quiet summer days, in the morning before ten or eleven, and in the afternoon after four o'clock. Old fishermen say that they rise when the mackerel rise, and follow them down when they go.

A sword-fish, when swimming near the surface, usually allows its dorsal fin and the upper lobe of its caudal fin to be visible, projecting out of the water several inches. It is this habit which enables the fishermen to detect the presence of the fish in the vicinity of their vessel. It moves slowly along, and the schooner, even with a light breeze, finds no difficulty in overtaking it. When excited its movements are very rapid and nervous. Sword-fish are sometimes seen to leap entirely out of the water. Early writers attributed this habit to the tormenting presence of parasites, but such a theory seems unnecessary. The pointed head, the fins of the back and abdomen snugly fitting into grooves, the long, lithe, muscular body, with contour sloping slowly from shoulders to tail, fit it for the most rapid and forcible movement through the water. Prof. Richard Owen, the celebrated English anatomist, testifying in court in regard to its power, said: "It strikes with the accumulated force of fifteen double-handed hammers. Its velocity is equal to that of a swivel shot, and is as dangerous in its effects as a heavy artillery projectile."

Many very curious instances are recorded of their encounters with other fishes, or of their attacks upon ships. It is hard to surmise what may be the inducement to attack objects so much larger than themselves. Every one knows the couplet from Oppian :

" Nature her bounty to his mouth confined,
Gave him a sword, but left unarmed his mind."

It surely seems as if the fish sometimes become possessed with temporary insanity. It is not strange that when harpooned they retaliate upon their assailants. There are, however, numerous instances of entirely unprovoked assaults upon vessels at sea, both by the sword-fish, and still more frequently by the spear-fish (known to American sailors by the name of "boohoo," apparently a corruption of "Guebucu," a word apparently of Indian origin, applied to the same fish in Brazil). The writer's note-book contains notes upon scores of such instances. The ship "Priscilla," from Pernambuco to London had eighteen inches of sword thrust through her planking; the English ship "Queensbury," in 1871, was penetrated to a depth of thirty inches, necessitating the discharge of the cargo; the "Dreadnought," in 1864, when off Colombo, had a round hole, an inch in diameter, bored through the copper sheeting and planking; the schooner "Wyoming," of Gloucester, in 1875, was attacked in the night time by a sword-fish, which pushed his snout two feet into her planking, and then escaped by breaking it off.

One of the traditions of the sea, time honored, believed by all mariners, handed down in varied phrases in a hundred books of ocean travel, relates to the terrific combats between the whale and the sword-fish, aided by the thrasher shark. The sword-fish was said to attack from below, goading his mighty adversary to the surface with his sharp beak, while the shark, at the top of the water, belabors him with strokes of his long lithe tail. Thus wrote a would-be naturalist from Bermuda in 1609: "The sword-fish swimmes under the whale and pricketh him upward. The thresher keepeth above him, and with a mighty great thing like unto a flaire, hee so bangeth the whale that hee will roare as though it thundered, and doth give him such blows with his weapon that you would think it to be a crake of great shot."

Skeptical modern science is not satisfied with this interpretation of any combat at sea seen at a distance. It recognizes the improbability of aggressive partnership between two animals so different as the sword-fish and a shark, and explains the turbulent encounters occasionally seen at sea by ascribing them to the attacks of the killer whale, *Orca*, upon larger species of the same order.

There can be little doubt that sword-fish sometimes attack whales just as they do ships. This habit is mentioned by Pliny, and furnishes a motive for all of Edmund Spenser's "Visions of the World."

"Toward the sea turning my troubled eye
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleape)
That makes the sea before his face to flye
And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweep
The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep.
The huge Leviathan, dame Nature's wonder,
Making his sport, that manie makes to weep:
A Sword-fish small, him from the rest did sunder,
That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abyse him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,
And all the waves were stained with filthie hewe.
Hereby I learned have not to despise
Whatever thing seems small in common eyes."

Baron Sahartur, in a letter from Quebec in 1783, described a conflict between a whale and a sword-fish which took place within gun shot of his frigate. He remarks: "We were perfectly charmed when we saw the sword-fish jump out of the water in order to dart its spear into the body of the whale when obliged to take breath. This entertaining show lasted 't least two hours, sometimes to the starboard and sometimes to the larboard of the ship. The sailors, among whom superstition prevails as much as among the Egyptians, took this for a presage of some mighty storm."

There are two great sword-fisheries in the world, one on the

Sicily. The former gives employment, in different years, to from twenty to forty vessels, and from sixty to one hundred and twenty men; the latter to over three hundred boats, and seventeen hundred men. In Italy the annual product of the fishery amounts to about 320,000 pounds, while in New England, counting the fish taken incidentally by halibut and mackerel vessels, the yield is at least 1,000,000 pounds.

The apparatus used in killing sword-fish is very simple. It consists of the "pulpit" or "cresemb," a frame for the support of the harpooneer as he stands upon the end of the bowsprit, the "lily iron" or "Indian dart," which is attached by a long line to a keg serving as a buoy, and is thrust into the fish by means of a pole about sixteen feet in length. As the vessel cruises over the schooling grounds a lookout is stationed at the masthead, whose keen eye descires the tell-tale dorsal fins at a distance of two or three miles. By voice and gesture he directs the course of the vessel until the skipper can see the fish from his station in the pulpit. There is no difficulty in approaching the fish with a large vessel, although they will not suffer a small boat to come near them. When the fish is from six to ten feet in front of the vessel, it is struck. The harpoon is never thrown, the pole being too long. The dart penetrates the back of the fish, close to the side of the high dorsal fin, and immediately detaches itself from the pole, which is withdrawn. The dart having been fastened, the line is allowed to run out as far as the fish will carry it, and is then passed into a small boat, which is towing at the stern. Two men jump into this and pull in upon the line until the fish is brought in alongside.

The pursuit of the sword-fish is much more exciting than ordinary fishing, for it resembles the pursuit of large animals upon land. There is no slow and careful baiting and patient waiting, and no disappointment caused by the capture of worthless "bait-stealers." The game is seen and followed, outwitted by wary tactics, and killed by strength of arm and skill. The sword-fish sometimes proves a powerful antagonist, and sends his pursuers' vessel into harbor, leaking and almost sinking from injuries which he has inflicted. I have known a vessel to be struck by wounded sword-fish as many as twenty times in one season. There is even the spice of personal danger to give savor to the chase. One of the crew of a Connecticut schooner was severely wounded by a beak thrust through the oak floor of the boat in which he was standing, and penetrating two inches into his naked heel. A strange fascination draws men to this pursuit when they have once learned its charm. An old sword-fisherman, with an experience of twenty years, told me that when he was on the fishing ground he fished all night in his dreams, and that many a time he had bruised his hands and rubbed the skin off his knuckles by striking them against the ceiling of his bunk when he raised his arms to thrust the harpoon into imaginary monster sword-fishes.

THE home and its apartments should not be treated as a dead thing, where we make best arrangement of its fittings, and there leave it. It must grow in range and in expression with our necessities, and diverging, and developing tastes. The best of decorators can not put that last finish which must come from home hands. It is a great canvas always on the easel before us—growing in its power to interest every day and year—never getting its last touches—never quite ready to be taken down and parted with. No home should so far out-top the tastes of its inmates that they can not somewhere and somehow deck it with the record of their love and culture. It is an awful thing to live in a house where no new nail can be driven in the wall, and no tray of wild flowers, or of wood-mosses be set upon a window sill. The ways are endless, in short, in which a house can be endowed with that home atmosphere which shall be redolent of the tastes of its inmates.

—Donald G. Mitchell.

ECCENTRIC AMERICANS.

By COLEMAN E. BISHOP.

IX.—A PIONEER ECCENTRIC WOMAN.

This artificial arrangement called society seems to be possible only upon unreal standards of truth and morality; it has a system of "white lies"—as if any lie *could* be white and true. It is because children haven't learned the difference between real truth and the "play truth" of the world that they are such a holy terror in society. We have to squelch their questionings and hide our blushes. Children and fools—distinguished puritans!—always tell the truth, we say, and confess our false lives in the saying; but occasionally one who is not a fool, but who preserves a child's truth, comes into this masquerade of life and insists on recognizing the real persons behind the masks. Heavens, what a disturbance! Put him out! He's an Eccentric.

Give one of these uncomfortable persons the clairvoyant insight into character and motives and the clear-speaking tongue or pen; put him on a higher moral plane than society about him travels, and two things will likely come to pass, viz.: martyrdom for himself and an uplift for his neighbors. Such a touch for truth, such a power to convey it, such a purpose had Jane Grey Swisshelm, and it's safe to say that she has put more people to bed with uncomfortable bed-fellows in the shape of smarting consciences than any other woman of her time.

She was a rare combination of feminine and masculine qualities. Timid and courageous; yielding to kindness, hard as steel on questions of principle; domestic in all her tastes, public in all her life; slight of form and sickly by heredity, for fifty years she "endured hardship as a good soldier." To a fanatical religious nature and a wonderfully analytical mind, she brought that childlikeness of conscience, and with a rare command of language for a weapon, she became a moral blizzard in a half century of upheaval in our political elements.

No one, I think, can read her autobiography without the conviction that this life of controversy was foreign to her nature, that the pugnacious pen was forced into her hand when it would have preferred to wield the pencil of the artist, or even the distaff in a happy home. She was thus forced aside from her natural course by an incompatible theology and an incompatible marriage. Benevolence was her mastering trait, but her hard theology gave no exercise to it. Perhaps better to say in her own words, she "obeyed the higher law of kindness under protest of her Calvanistic conscience." Her religion taught her that everything that she liked to do and enjoyed in the doing, was, by that token, sinful; and her husband and his family by thwarting her in all such enjoyments, unconsciously executing her theology against herself, set her upon expiating her sinfulness by engaging in the most disagreeable and trying work that she could find. Men and women before her have sought "in the world's broad field of battle" relief from disappointment of the heart's wishes, but few have put on the armor to punish themselves for not enjoying that disappointment. It is, therefore, to the crucial tenets of her Calvanistic faith and the exorbitant demands of her conscience that we owe the great work Mrs. Swisshelm did in the cause of humanity. What it cost her only God and herself know; but we are not without evidence that she got some recompense as she went along, in achievements which must have been grateful to the heroic side of her nature.

For in the veins of this slight girl ran the blood of a race of heroes and martyrs—a family which fetched its line direct from signers of The Solemn League and Covenant. "My kith and kin," she says, "had died at the stake, bearing testimony against popery and prelacy; had fought on those fields where Scotchmen charged in solid columns, singing psalms." She hated the devil of her theology, because she considered him a coast of New England, and the other in the waters about

sneak, "but I never was afraid of him," she says—a statement we can well believe of one who at the age of six watched an alleged haunted place by night to catch a ghost. She never knew the time when she did not believe the cast-iron creed of her ancestors; read her Bible, understood all of Dr. Black's metaphysical sermons, and was converted before her third year, and completed her theological education before she completed her twelfth year. Truly she "had no childhood," as she says.

Born in Pittsburgh in 1815, she married at the age of sixteen a too-well-to-do farmer, and spent most of her life in the country. "I spent my best years cooking cabbage," she says. She taught school much of the first ten years of her married life. She found her pen-power and her work in 1844, at the age of twenty-nine. Mrs. Swisshelm was one of the first, if not the very first, American woman to enter the field of political journalism. At this day, when all the avenues of literature throng with gifted women, when no considerable daily paper is without female contributors and staff writers, and some of our best magazines are conducted by women, it is hard to appreciate what it cost a timid, devout woman like Mrs. Swisshelm to take that step in 1844; it was in her mind voluntary consecration to martyrdom. This call came to her during an illness brought on by an attack on her by her husband and his mother, so outrageous that she had fled wildly to the woods, and been taken up and cared for by kindly neighbors. Her afflictions came to her as chastisements for not remembering those in bonds as bound with them; specifically for assisting to build a church for the "Black-gaites." She wrote her first attack in an anti-slavery cause, propped up in bed, and it was in verse. She states the situation:

No woman had ever done such a thing, and I could never again hold up my head under the burden of shame and disgrace which would be brought upon me. But what matter? I had no children to disgrace, and if the Lord wanted some one to throw into that gulf, no one could be spared better than I. No Western Pennsylvania woman had ever broken out of woman's sphere. All lived in the very center of that sacred inclosure, making fires by which husbands, brothers and sons sat reading the news; each one knowing that she had a soul, because the preacher who made his bread and butter by saving it had been careful to inform her of its existence as preliminary to her knowledge of the indispensable nature of his services.

Her articles created a sensation, and no wonder that they did. For, although she had but little literary culture, she had simplicity and intensity. Her style was modeled on the English of the Bible (which she says was for years the only book that she allowed herself to read, in her dread of becoming wiser than her plodding husband), and on this sturdy stem she grafted the simple, homely, direct illustrations of the rural folk around her. Thus, it arrested the attention of learned and unlettered alike. But there was more than phraseology in her power. She was as intensely in earnest as if she were herself in bonds—that is what "remembering them as bound with them" means. She was one of a few who *meant it*; one of the kind of "fools" that "hear His word and do it." McDuffee, when he heard that Andrew Jackson had sworn to hang the first seceder, said: "Yes, and he's just dashed fool enough to do it." She felt that two races, the white and the black, were to be rescued from the curse of slavery; and for such a cause it was with her as "Hosea Bigelow" says, "P'izen-mad, pig-headed fightin'." She had been reared an abolitionist, and that which was bred in the bone had been converted into a clear, blazing passion by a year's residence in Kentucky (1832), where she witnessed scenes, the narration of which make that awful chapter in her biography entitled "Habitations of Horrible Cruelty." She says:

For years there had run through my head the words: "Open thy mouth for the dumb, plead the cause of the poor and needy." From first to last my articles were as direct and personal as Nathan's reproof to David. Every man who went to the war (*i.e.*, against Mexico), or induced others to go, I held as the principal in the whole list of crimes

of which slavery was a synonym. Each one seemed to stand before me, his innermost soul made bare and his idiosyncrasy I was sure to strike with sarcasm, ridicule, odium, solemn denunciation, old truths from the Bible and history, and the opinions of good men. I had a reckless abandon, for had I not thrown myself into the breach to die there, and would I not sell my life at its full value?

I think this keen sense for the weak places in men's character and reasoning, and her reckless assaults thereon were what made her so formidable. She always struck for the heart, and rarely missed her aim. "Exposing the weak part of an argument soon came to be my recognized forte," she says. With what disregard of everything she rode after the oriflamme of humanity let her tell:

Hon. Gabriel Adams had taken me by the hand at father's funeral, led me to a stranger and introduced me as: "The child I told you of, but eight years old, her father's nurse and comforter." He had smoothed my hair and told me not to cry; God would bless me for being a good child. He was a member of the session when I joined the church; his voice in prayer had smoothed mother's hard journey through the dark valley; and now, as mayor of the city he had ordered it illuminated in honor of the battle of Buena Vista, and this, too, on Saturday evening, when the unholy glorification extended into the Sabbath. Measured by the standard of his profession as an elder in the church whose highest judiciary had pronounced slavery and Christianity incompatible, no one was more vulnerable than he, and of none was I so unsparring, yet as I wrote, the letter was blistered with tears; but his oft repeated comment was: "Jane is right," and he went out of his way to take my hand and say: "You were right."

Samuel Black, a son of my pastor, dropped his place as leader of the Pittsburgh bar and rushed to the war. My comments were thought severe, even for me; yet the first intimation I had that I had not been cast aside as a monster, came from his sister, who sent me a message that her father, her husband and herself, approved my criticism. Samuel returned with a colonel's commission, and one day I was about to pass him without recognition, where he stood on the pavement talking to two other lawyers, when he stepped before me and held out his hand. I drew back, and he said:

"Is it possible you will not take my hand?"

I looked at it, then into his manly, handsome face, and answered:

"There is blood on it! The blood of women and children slain at their own altars, on their own hearthstones, that you might spread the glorious American institution of woman whipping and baby stealing."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "This is too bad! I swear to you I never killed a woman or a child."

"Then you did not fight in Mexico, did not help to bombard Buena Vista."

His friends joined him and insisted that I did the Colonel great wrong, when he looked squarely into my face, and, holding out his hand, said:

"For the sake of the old church, for the sake of the old man, for the sake of the old times, give me your hand."

I laid it in his, and hurried away, unable to speak, for he was the most eloquent man in Pennsylvania. He fell at last at the head of his regiment, while fighting in the battle of Fair Oaks, for the freedom he had betrayed in Mexico

Her destructive attack on the private character of Daniel Webster, in 1850, also illustrates her reckless courage and her sagacity. She was in Washington pending the fugitive slave bill. Webster was supporting the measure—a damaging defection from the anti-slavery side, because of his supposed moral as well as intellectual greatness. Mrs. S. discovered "that his whole panoply of moral power was a shell—that his life was full of rottenness. Then I knew why I had come to Washington." She put the facts into one short paragraph, and published it in her own paper, against the advice of all her friends, and even of such stanch anti-slavery men as Giddings, Julian, and Dr. Snodgrass. They said it was true, and no one would dare to deny it; yet no one had dared to make it public; the publication would ruin her and her influence. She said: "The cause of the slave hangs on the issue in Congress, and Mr. Webster's

influence is against him; his influence would be less if the public knew just what he is. I will publish it and let God take care of the consequences." Eccentric conduct, surely! It was published, and it did bring ruin—but on Daniel Webster, instead of Jane Grey Swisshelm. It killed Webster's influence with the conscientious part of the Whig party, and probably gave the *coup de grace* to his presidential prospects. She was long known as "the woman who killed Webster."

It was in 1847 that Mrs. Swisshelm took the decisive plunge by founding the Pittsburgh *Saturday Visiter*. The sensation created by this unprecedented appearance of politics in petticoats she characteristically describes:

It was quite an insignificant looking sheet, but no sooner did the American eagle catch sight of it than he swooned and fell off his perch. Democratic roosters straightened out their necks and ran screaming with terror. Whig 'coons scampered up trees and barked furiously. The world was falling, and every one had "heard it, saw it, and felt it."

It appeared that on some inauspicious morning each one of three-fourths of the secular editors from Maine to Georgia had gone to his office suspecting nothing, when from some corner of his exchange list there sprang upon him such a horror as he had little thought to see. A woman had started a political paper! A woman! Could he believe his eyes? A woman! Instantly he sprang to his feet and clutched his pantaloons, shouted to the assistant editor, when he, too, read and grasped frantically at his cassimeres, called to the reporters and pressmen and typos and devils, who all rushed in, heard the news, seized their nether garments and joined the general chorus, "My breeches! oh, my breeches!" Here was a woman resolved to steal their pantaloons, their trousers, and when these were gone they might cry, "Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more?" The imminence of the peril called for prompt action, and with one accord they shouted, "On to the breach, in defense of our breeches! Repel the invader or fill the trenches with our noble dead!"

"That woman shall not have *my* pantaloons," cried the editor of the big city daily; "nor *my* pantaloons," said the editor of the dignified weekly; "nor *my* pantaloons," said he who issued manifestoes but once a month; "nor *mine*," "nor *mine*," "nor *mine*," chimed in the small fry of the country towns.

Even the religious press could not get past the tailor shop, and "Pantaloons" was the watchword all along the line. George D. Prentice took up the cry, and gave the world a two-third column leader on it, stating explicitly, "She is a man all but the pantaloons." I wrote to him, asking a copy of the article, but received no answer, when I replied in rhyme to suit his case:

"Perhaps you have been busy
Horsewhipping Sal or Lizzie,
Stealing some poor man's baby,
Selling its mother, may be.
You say—and you are witty—
That I—and 'tis a pity—
Of manhood lack but dress;
But you lack manliness,
A body clean and new,
A soul within it, too.
Nature must change her plan
Ere you can be a man."

Mrs. Swisshelm was scourged into the woman's rights agitation as she had been into the anti-slavery struggle, by her own troubles, brought on her again by her husband.

The house left to her by her parents she wished to sell. Under the laws of Pennsylvania a wife could not alone give title, and her husband in this case refused to sign the deed unless the purchase money were given to him to be put into improvements on his mother's estate, where all his wife's earnings had so far been put out of her reach. Upon the death of her mother, whom she idolized and had nursed tenderly for some weeks against the opposition of her husband, the latter filed a claim against the mother's estate for his wife's wages as nurse. Of these applications of the law she writes:

I do not know why I should have been so utterly overwhelmed by this proposal to execute a law passed by Christian legislators for the government of a Christian people, a law which had never been questioned by any nation or state or church, and was in full force all over the world. Why should the discovery of its existence curdle my blood, stop my heart-beats, and send a flush of burning shame from forehead to finger-tips? Why blame him for acting in harmony with the canons of every Christian church? Was it any fault of his that "all that she (the wife) can acquire by her labor, service, or act during coverture belongs to the husband?" Certainly not!

It occurred to me that all the advances made by humanity had been through the pressure of injustice, and that the screws had been turned on me that I might do something to right the great wrong which forbade married women to own property. So, instead of spending my strength quarreling with the hand, I would strike for the heart of that great tyranny. I studied the laws under which I lived and began a series of letters on the subject of married women's rights to hold property.

The result of the agitation thus begun was an amendment to the statute in 1848, securing to married women the right to hold property. The predictions of evils to follow from this introduction of "an apple of discord into every family," made by sage and serious men then, sound marvellously like some of the warnings we hear from objectors to woman suffrage now. But Mrs. Swisshelm refused to join the organized suffrage movement, and had many hot debates with its organs as to method, not as to principles; she herself, curiously enough, predicted evils to flow from woman suffrage, similar to those her critics had predicted would flow from granting property rights.

She opposed the Washingtonian temperance movement, scornfully rejecting the plan of reforming drunkards by coddling them; waged warfare against the encroachments of the Church of Rome; and on more than one occasion successfully resisted the tyranny of trade unions. To defeat the latter she herself learned and taught other women the art typographic, and became independent. It is a notable fact that she was driven into this contention, also, by her own troubles with union printers. She seems to have been generally a conscript, not often a volunteer to fight, but the result always was to advance the interests of oppressed classes more than her own interests. It was to establish a precedent in behalf of other female correspondents that she applied for and secured a seat in the reporter's gallery in the Capitol, Washington, being the first woman who ever sat there. She was then (1850), as for many years before and after, a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

In 1847, after twenty years of vain efforts to "live up to the lights" of her mother-in-law, Mrs. Swisshelm and her husband parted, she taking their only child and going to Minnesota to live with her sister.

Her Minnesota experience was almost tragic. Before reaching there she was informed that Governor Lowrie allowed no abolition sentiments in St. Cloud. "Then there is not room there for General Lowrie and me," stoutly replied the little crusader. General Lowrie was the territorial governor under Buchanan's administration; he was a Mississippian who kept slaves in Minnesota, and ruled the territory with so high a hand that he was called dictator. When Mrs. Swisshelm started the St. Cloud *Visiter* she invited the governor, among others, to subscribe, and received from him a letter promising it "a support second to that of no paper in the territory, if it will support Buchanan's administration." To the confusion of her friends, Mrs. Swisshelm accepted the terms, and frankly announced in the paper that General Lowrie owned everybody in Minnesota, and so she had sold herself and the paper to him and would support Buchanan's administration—its object being, as she understood it, the subversion of all freedom in the United States, and the placing of a master over every northern "mud-sill" as over the Southern blacks; that Governor Lowrie had promised to support the paper in great power

and glory for this, and she was determined to earn her money. It was simply the unconventional, blunt truth-telling of a child applied to a lying system of politics, and it cut like a knife.

Lowrie swore vengeance. "Let her alone, for God's sake!" said one who knew her career. "Let her alone, or she will kill you. She has killed every man she ever touched. Let her alone." He did not, and she did kill him with the truth. To his threats she returned the promise that she should continue to support Buchanan until she had broken him down in everlasting infamy. Her office was sacked one night and a notice left that if she revived the paper she would be tied to a log and cast into the Mississippi. The issue could not be avoided. An indignation meeting was called, and Mrs. Swisshelm said "I will attend and speak." She made her will, settled her business, wrote a history of the trouble to testify if she could not, and employed a fighting man to attend the meeting by her side, and shoot her square through the brain if there were no other way to prevent her falling into the hands of the mob. Mrs. Sterns, a Yankee woman, held her arm, saying, "We will go into the river together; they can't separate us." So this descendant of the old Covenanter martyrs made her first speech to the, to her, doubtless, sweet music of a howling mob, stones and pistol shots.

The *Visiter* was re-established on new type, by a stock company, and the first issue brought down on them a libel suit from Governor Lowrie, to compromise which Mrs. Swisshelm published a retraction, which released the owners from \$10,000 bonds. She then bought the material, suspended the bonded *Visiter*, and issued the St. Cloud *Democrat*. Its first issue rang the death-knell of Governor Lowrie and border ruffianism in Minnesota. It was useless to sue her for libel, and she was too well protected to fear force. The state election in 1859, when Governor Lowrie was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, turned on the policy of border ruffianism, press-breaking, and woman mobbing. "The large man who instituted a mob to suppress a woman of my size [*i.e.*, 100 lbs.], and then failed, was not a suitable leader for American men," and Lowrie was snowed under, and not long after was taken to an insane asylum. The next year Mrs. Swisshelm felt honored at being burned in effigy in St. Paul by her enemies, as "the mother of the Republican party in Minnesota." She afterward lectured two years in the northwest.

Then came the terrible civil war. Mrs. Swisshelm engaged in hospital work, bringing to it the consecration, indomitable energy and eccentric gumption that she displayed in politics and business. She walked through the red tape and professional etiquette which were killing more than bullets were, as she had through conventional chains. She says: "It was often so easy to save a life, where there were the means of living, that a little courage or common sense seemed like a miraculous gift to people whose mental powers had been turned in other directions." In one hospital she found gangrene, and to her call for lemons, specific for it, she was gravely told by the surgeon that he had made a requisition a week before for them, and could not get them. She telegraphed the *Tribune*:

Hospital gangrene has broken out in Washington, and we want lemons! LEMONS! LEMONS! No man or woman in health has a right to a glass of lemonade till these men have all they need. Send us lemons!

The next day lemons began to pour into Washington, and soon into every hospital in the country. Governor Andrew sent two hundred boxes, and at one time she had twenty ladies with ambulances distributing lemons. Gangrene disappeared.

She felt about equal anger and contempt for masculine indifference and the mushy inefficiency of women who flocked to Washington to nurse in the hospitals. She sarcastically says the vast majority of the women who succeeded in getting into hospitals were much more willing to "kiss him for his mother" than to render the soldier any solid service; they "were capable of any heroism save wearing a dress suitable for hospital work. The

very, very few who laid aside their hoops—those instruments of dread and torture—generally donned bloomers and gave offense by airs of independence."

Mrs. S. was one of three women who followed Grant's advance upon the Wilderness. Her courage, endurance and good sense never showed to better advantage than during the Petersburg battles.

Mrs. Swisshelm's marital experience was but an episode to her true career—the counter-irritant that brought out her character. Its unhappiness was due to four causes: 1. Religious differences. Both sides were fanatical, and her husband's people felt a call to give her no rest till they had got her "converted and saved" by their theological scales. 2. It was a sad case of mother-in-law, on the husband's side. 3. The brains, character and courage were all on one side. No woman had a higher reverence for strong manly character, and she was married to a male shrew and weakling. But above all she belonged to the last half of the nineteenth century in her ideas of woman's sphere, and he to the last half of the eighteenth, in his. Aside from this, they loved each other, and after their separation each bore high testimony to the right intention and purity of the other.

Few women of this day appreciate how much of their freedom to work and think they owe to such pioneers as Jane Grey Swisshelm. Few men can be made to see how much of the great advance of American life is due to the nobler, broader womanhood made possible by the self-immolation of such pioneers. They made their impression on the point most needing change and strength, if our society and government were to become pure, strong and enduring. For it has become a law of sociology that the condition of its women is the measure of the civilization and possible growth of any people. Mrs. Swisshelm did more than her share to lengthen that measure for this people, and, happily, lived to see the fruits of her work. But it was a desolate life for a woman, for all that.

THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE IN PEKING.

By REV. GEO. W. SMYTH, President of Fouchow College.

Among the many interesting places to be seen in the old and strange city of Peking, that which must claim the chief attention of every visitor intent on noting the changes which the last twenty-five years have wrought in this ancient empire is the Tung Wen Kuan, or College of United Literatures. It is an imperial college in which Chinese students are taught the principal languages and literatures of modern Europe. Their studies are in Chinese and in one or other of the western languages, and hence doubtless its high-sounding but significant name. The students are government cadets, paid from the public treasury, and preparing to enter the consular and diplomatic service of their country in foreign lands. A short account of the origin, purpose and methods of this school may not be uninteresting, as showing how great a change has come over the high official mind of this country in the last quarter of a century. The change, indeed, was the result of necessity, but it is not on that account any the less real, and the movement it inaugurated can not now be stopped.

The war of 1860, which so nearly destroyed the present dynasty, and showed the ruling classes at Peking the greatly superior power of the West, necessitated a great change in the foreign policy of the empire. Hitherto they had complacently looked upon foreigners, subjects and sovereigns alike, as uncouth barbarians, who were to be excluded from the capital, or allowed to enter it only on admitting their subjection and vasalage to the Celestial ruler. But the war which came so near overthrowing the dynasty and bringing down the whole fabric of government crashing about their ears, convinced even the proudest of the mandarins that further resistance

would be destruction, and that China, whether she would or not, must step out of her seclusion, and take an open place among the nations of the world. She must henceforth enter into treaty relations with the kingdoms of the West, treat them as equals, trade with them on reasonable terms, receive their ambassadors, and submit herself to the public laws of the civilized world. New methods had to be devised to meet these unusual conditions, and the first thing done was to establish the Tsungli Yamén, or office for the transaction of Foreign Affairs. In the following year a school was opened for the training of interpreters, and out of this grew in time the well equipped Imperial College of to-day. In 1865 this school was raised to the rank of a college by adding a scientific department. With this view new buildings were erected, and steps taken toward engaging the services of a competent corps of foreign professors. In a memorial to the throne presented by Prince Kung in 1866, that enlightened statesman thus declares the scope and motives of this undertaking: "What we desire," he says, "is that students shall go to the bottom of these subjects (that is, the astronomical and mathematical sciences), for we are firmly convinced that if we are able to master the mysteries of mathematical calculation, physical investigation, astronomical observation, the construction of engines, the engineering of water courses, this, and this only, will assure the steady growth and power of the empire." The prince had to meet many objections, and after stating that the nations of the West learn from each other, daily producing something new, and that even Japan has recently sent men to England to acquire the language and science of that country, he adds: "Now, when a small nation like Japan knows how to enter on a career of progress, what could be a greater disgrace than for China to adhere to her old traditions, and never think of waking up?"

It was some time before the college was thoroughly organized. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., once a missionary of the American Presbyterian Church at Ningpo, was appointed president. Other appointments followed as speedily as the fitting men could be found, till the plan contemplated was realized.

This, then, is the Imperial College at Peking. What does it do? What is taught there, and what are the influences of its training? While in Peking this summer I was fortunate enough to visit it, to see something of its working, and to gain some familiarity with its purposes and plans. The learned president, Dr. Martin, courteously showed me over the buildings, and told me of the work they were doing. The college buildings adjoin the foreign office or Tsungli Yamén. They are in no sense imposing, being ordinary Chinese structures of one story, without attempt at adornment or splendor of any sort whatever. The rooms are small and plain, containing nothing that is not needed for the immediate work of teaching. The room of the president is a very plain one for so high an officer. The departments of chemistry and physics are well supplied with the instruments and chemicals needed for their work. The professor of astronomy, who is also professor of mathematics, showed me a fine equatorial telescope just arrived from Grubb, one of the most celebrated makers in Europe. The rooms of the language professors are in keeping with the rest, small and bare, but sufficiently well adapted for the purposes to which they are put. The languages taught are four, English, French, German, and Russian, the English receiving far more attention than the others. The full course extends over a period of eight years, and in that time the students are led from "reading, writing and speaking," through all the intermediate departments to "astronomy, geology and mineralogy, political economy and the translation of books." After completing the course, those so disposed may remain in the college or be sent abroad, at the option of the government, for the pursuit of special studies, with a view to professional use. Many so remain. Last year one man left who had been in attendance for eighteen years.

The work done is as thorough as it can be. It can not be said that the students make as much progress as foreign students would make in much less time, but the slowness is due not more to the difficulties of a foreign language than to the utter strangeness of the subjects pursued. I was fortunate in being there on Wednesday, when the students of the higher English classes read essays of their own before the president and the English professor. Some of those I heard were very creditable, especially one on the subject of currency. He seemed to have thought for himself, to have a fair understanding of the subject, and would have delighted the fiscal reformers of America by the soundness of his hard money principles. He expressed great dissatisfaction with the currency of China, and hoped for a speedy and thorough reform. So does every man who travels in this strange country. Inside the walls of Peking there is one way of reckoning money, outside there is another; a few miles off one may find a third, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The currency of China is the most bewildering subject on the face of the earth. The rest of the essays did not impress me so much by the thoughts they expressed (indeed, there was little originality in any of them), as by their fair command of English style. The writers had evidently some mastery of the intricacies of the English idiom. I confess some of the themes disappointed me. They were taken from somewhere or other in the ancient classics, instead of being characteristic of the subjects they were studying. But it is hard to avoid this. The students know very little of the literature of the languages they are studying, and it is almost impossible, I am told, to induce them to take the great foreign works from the library and attempt to read them for themselves. They have not yet reached the state of intelligent enthusiasm which refuses to think a language known before a fair acquaintance is made with its literature. But this, too, will come in time. As to the students personally, a few of them impressed me as intelligent men, and as anxious to do their work well. The great trouble with them, the one which must seriously interfere with their studies, since it can not but narrow and distort their intellectual sympathies, is their seemingly invincible pride. I was told that scarce any but the Cantonese students care to take the slightest notice of their professors when they meet them on the street. Think of the difficulties of teaching such men! They probably look upon their instructors as far beneath themselves, and possibly think of the languages they are studying as the speech of barbarians. With such material, and with such dull and sullen prejudices to fight against, the professors must be regarded as having accomplished much. They could do more were their students men of liberal minds, eager to acquire knowledge for its own sake, and pursuing it with a generous enthusiasm. It is not easy to do your best work where you fail to rouse the sympathies of the student and make him feel something of the ardor which a liberal mind ever feels in the acquisition of knowledge. The Chinese are not an enthusiastic people, and except in a very few cases, it is impossible to make them such in learning of foreign things. They like to know as much as suits their imperative needs, and but few care enough about more to study with eager diligence. This struck me as being true of many of the students of this Peking college.

Beside teaching there is here another department of the first importance—that of translating and publishing foreign books. Several important works have already been translated by the professors of the college, or by the students under their supervision. Wheaton's "Elements of International Law," Woolsey's "International Law," Faust's "Political Economy," Bluntschli's "Droit International Codifié," the "Code Napoleon," Kerl's "English Grammar," and Tytler's "Universal History;" these are the chief works hitherto translated. In addition, several compilations have been made, such as "Natural Philosophy," "Chemical Analysis," "Mathematical Exercises," and "Mathematical Physics."

The printing office is a commodious building, with several presses, several fonts of movable Chinese, and one of English type. When I was there one great book had just been finished, and another was just being printed. No more remarkable books have ever been issued from the government press, and if they are prophetic of the near future we may look for its coming with no little hope.

The book just published is a report on education in the West, by Dr. Martin. It is the result of a recent examination of the chief schools of learning in America and Europe. The report is quite full, giving an account of the principal classes of schools, elementary and professional, of the two continents, and closing with an exhibit of the present state of our own Michigan University. I wish there were space to speak of it at length, but the mere catalogue of some of the titles of its chapters will show its scope and purpose as well as the most elaborate description. Among the principal headings are such as these: "Elements Common to the Education of all Western Nations;" "Classification of Schools;" "Primary Schools;" "Education of Women;" "Education of the Blind and Deaf;" "Literary and Scientific Associations;" "The Nations Learning from Each Other;" "Rise and Progress of Science;" "Educational Statistics." Beside these there is an account of professional schools of all classes. These will give some conception of the character of this most significant work. It is published with a preface by one of the ministers, by order of the Council for Foreign Affairs.

Who may estimate the influence of such a work as this, published and sanctioned by such high authority? The educational system of the West could have no more favorable introduction, as no foreigner in the empire is more highly esteemed than the learned author. It was fitting that such a book should come from the pen of Dr. Martin. In his translations of Woolsey's and Wheaton's treatises on international law, he had already shown the Chinese the public law of the nations of the West, and in this he describes the educational system on which their intellectual life is based. Others, it is true, have already taught the Chinese much, but it is scarcely injustice to say that from no one could this work come with such weighty authority as from the president of their own highest western school. It may be regarded as destined to play no unimportant part in shaping the intellectual life of the China of the future.

The other book, a much larger one, is an exhaustive treatise on anatomy, in ten volumes, by Dr. Dudgeon, a professor in the college, and a member of the London Missionary Society in Peking. He has been in charge for many years of the London Mission Hospital, and has long been engaged in the preparation of this great work. One of the conditions on which it was published was that the authorities should retain one hundred and fifty copies for their own use. How great a change this indicates, and how eloquently it speaks for the future of medical science in China, none but the older missionaries can adequately appreciate. Twenty years ago, few even of the most sanguine, could have believed that in the ancient capital itself, almost under the very shadow of the Imperial Palace, the work of an English medical missionary would be printed at the public expense, and official sanction be given to this recent innovation of the once universally feared and detested foreigner. Yet so it is. It is needless to speculate on what its influence must be on the future of medical education in this ancient empire.

Such is some of the work done in this most interesting school. It would be a pleasing task to note the changes which its very existence indicates, and speak of what its influence must be on the future. But this paper, being too long already, with a single further remark I will bring it to a close. The president of this great school is a Christian man, once a missionary of the Presbyterian Board, and still interested in all missionary work. In accepting his new position he gave up

neither his faith nor his interest in the evangelization of the land. This is a matter of great moment, and it can not but be a theme for rejoicing that the highest foreign school in the empire is under the presidency of such a man. Of course he is not permitted to teach Christianity directly, but his influence and life are on the side of Christian principles, and Christianity will suffer no injustice at his hands. China is slowly opening her doors to the introduction of Western learning. She cares nothing as yet for our religion, but our science she will have. Is it not then important that it should be given her by Christian men, and not by such as him who, in the Japanese University at Tokio once told his students, that in the West Christianity was the religion of only women and babes? If Christian educators can take a leading part in this movement now, they may be able to hold it when it becomes more general, and thus the Chinese, in receiving science may the more readily accept that best of all gifts, a pure and undefiled Christianity. This must be the hope of all men interested in the future of China, and patiently waiting for the time when the religion of Christ shall cover the whole earth.

EIGHT CENTURIES WITH WALTER SCOTT.

By WALLACE BRUCE.

In the providence that regulates human affairs there seems to have been no ordained quiet for the exiled Stuarts, but the quiet of the grave. During the early and unpopular reigns of the imported "House of Hanover" the Jacobite party eagerly watched and weighed every opportunity for restoring the ancient line. The throne of England was too great prize to be readily abandoned. Some of the attempts to regain the glory and power which had departed from these Ichabod princes seem more like a romance than real history.

The Chevalier de St. George, whom we saw in the story of "Rob Roy," retired to Italy after his unsuccessful enterprise of 1715, "where the sufferings of his father for the Roman Catholic religion gave him the fairest right to expect hospitality." He was at this time thirty years of age, and, following the suggestions of his counselors, fixed his choice of a wife on the Princess Clementina Sobieski, daughter of the Prince of Poland. The romantic history of the Chevalier in pursuit of a throne was now to be paralleled in the getting of a wife. This young lady was accounted one of the greatest fortunes in Europe. She was granddaughter of that King John Sobieski, who defeated the Turks before Vienna. The dazzling expectations of the Pretender gratified the ambition of her parents, and they agreed to conduct her privately to Bologna, with a view to the marriage. The preparation became known to the British Court. The Emperor of Austria, at the request of England, arrested the bride as she passed through Innspruck, and detained her as prisoner in a cloister.

A bold attempt for the release of the Princess was contrived and executed by Charles Wogan—a devoted partisan to the Stuart cause. "He obtained a passport from the Austrian ambassador, in the name of Count Cernes and family, stated to be returning from Loretto to the low countries. Major Misset and his wife personated the supposed count and countess; Wogan was to pass for the brother of the count; the Princess Clementina, when she should be liberated, was to represent the Count's sister, which character, in the meantime, was enacted by a smart girl, a domestic of Mrs. Misset. Captain Toole, with two other steady partisans, attended on the party of the supposed Count, in the dress and character of domestics. They arrived at Innspruck on the evening of the 27th of April, 1719, and took lodgings near the convent. It appears that trusty domestic of the princess had secured permission of the porter to bring a female with him into the cloister, and conduct her out at whatever hour he pleased. This was a

great step in favor of their success, and taking advantage of a storm of snow and hail, Mrs. Misset's domestic was safely introduced into the cloister, and the princess, changing clothes with her, came out at the hour by which the stranger was to return. Through bad roads and worse weather the liberated bride and her attendants pushed on until they quitted the Austrian territories, and entered those of Venice. On the second of May, after a journey of great fatigue, and some danger, they arrived at Bologna."

The Jacobites drew many happy omens from the success with which the romantic union of the Chevalier de St. George was achieved, although after all it may be doubted whether the Austrian Emperor, though obliged in appearance to comply with the remonstrances of the British Court, was either seriously anxious to prevent the Princess's escape, or extremely desirous that she should be retaken. By this union the Chevalier transmitted his hereditary claims, and with them his evil luck, to two sons. The first, Charles Edward, born the 31st of December, 1720, was remarkable for the figure he made during the civil war of 1745-6; the second, Henry Benedict, born the 6th of March, 1725, for being the last male heir, in the direct line, of the unfortunate House of Stuart. He bore the title of Duke of York, and, entering the Church of Rome, was promoted to the rank of Cardinal.

This interesting betrothal and marriage, condensed from Scott's picturesque narrative in the "Tales of a Grandfather," serve as a connecting link between our last paper, which dealt historically with the affair of 1715, and the present paper which deals with the affair of 1745. It is, moreover, simple politeness to our readers to introduce the parents, who are passing from the stage, before presenting the son, whose fortunes were destined to be more romantic than his ancestors, and whose name will survive in song and poetry as the "Prince Charlie from over the sea."

"Waverley" reveals the true state of Scotland during the middle of the eighteenth century. In fact, the titles of the chapters present almost a history in themselves. While it reveals in every page the great power of the novelist in portrayal of character, in discerning the motives which influence the actions of individuals, in the poetic description of scenery, in elevated tone and fitting and graceful dialogue, it differs from his greater and later works as the "Hypatia" of Charles Kingsley differs from the "Romola" of George Eliot. It is not so much an inner growth as an algebraic demonstration; each chapter being *plus* to the one that precedes it. In the early part of the story he conducts Waverley step by step through his boyhood to the choice of a profession. He then introduces him to the Highlands, and deals with the customs and manners of the people in a succession of chapter-essays. He gives us a border-raid; he portrays the "Hold of a Highland Robber;" describes the chief and his mansion; introduces us to a Highland feast; treats us to a display of Highland minstrelsy; and thus the story moves on step by step, so many *stadia* a day, like the march of Julius Caesar through Germany, or the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks under Xenophon. But in spite of this step-by-step process, which marks the first work of Sir Walter in prose fiction, no volume of the series presents more vividly or graphically the historic features of the times to which it is related.

The wild and fierce Highlanders, who stalked to and fro in pages of the "Fair Maid of Perth," are greatly modified and toned down in "Waverley." Civilization has girdled their mountain fastnesses. They have been taught to acknowledge law, or at least to respect and fear it. The patriarchal system, however, still continues. The chief is the leader in war, and their arbitrator and protector in peace. The whole income of the tribe is paid to the chief, and helps to support his rude hospitality. In the mansion of Fergus MacIvor, Waverley is introduced to the surviving and modified customs of this northern Gaelic people. The description of the feast and the

music of the bard, chanting the deeds of their ancestors, are worthy of special mention. "A huge oaken table extended through the whole length of the hall. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the chief himself, with Waverley, and two or three Highland visitors of neighboring clans; the elders of his own tribe sat next in rank; beneath them their sons and nephews, and foster-brethren; then the officers of the chief's household, according to their order, and lowest of all the tenants who cultivated the ground."

"Even beyond the long perspective, Waverley might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who nevertheless were considered as guests, and had their share of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round the extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, terriers and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest in the main action of the piece. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes at the upper end of the table. Lower down stood immense joints of mutton and beef, which resembled the rude festivity of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of the poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of a still coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. After the banquet the chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said aloud, 'Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough can not find it?' The family bard, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chant with low and rapid utterance a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardor seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed upon the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. The ardor of the poet seemed to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward toward the reciter; many sprung up and waved their hands in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords."

It was in such halls as these that the cause of the Pretender was cherished. The Lowlanders were for the most part disposed to peace. The relation of landlord and tenant had gradually lost its feudal character. The payment was in pounds sterling and not in warlike service. The result of the Pretender's adventure might therefore have been foretold at the outset, but it was brilliant while it lasted, and he had the pleasure of giving a few feasts in Holyrood—the palace of his ancestors. It will be remembered that he landed with seven followers in Moidart on the 25th of July, 1745. The place was well chosen for concealment, being on the main land south of the islands of Skye. He opened communication with the clans in the neighborhood, but at first received little encouragement. By wise measures and cordial address his numbers grew slowly. An association was drawn up and signed by the chiefs who had taken the field, in which the subscribers bound themselves never to abandon their prince while he remained in the realm, or to lay down their arms, or make peace with government, without his express consent. He marched to Perth with his little army, where the Chevalier first found the want of money. When he entered that town, he showed one

of his followers a single guinea of the four hundred pounds which he had brought with him from France; but the towns and cities north of the Tay supplied men and money, and for a time his fortune was in the ascendant.

The English troops at that time in Scotland were under a second rate commander, Sir John Cope. He moved north to Inverness and left Edinburgh undefended. The Pretender captured Edinburgh, and entered it the 17th of September. He began his march on foot, but, on account of the crowd who pressed upon him to kiss his hand, he was compelled to call for his horse as he approached the eastern entrance of the palace. His personal appearance was prepossessing. His graceful manners, noble mien and ready courtesy "seemed to mark him no unworthy competitor of the crown. His dress was national. A short tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white rose, and the order and emblem of the thistle, seemed all chosen to identify him with the ancient nation he summoned to arms." It was indeed a proud moment, but the bubble was soon to burst. After a few successful battles, and an ill-timed excursion into England, the army was disbanded, and the unfortunate Wanderer was compelled to flee for his life, disguised as a servant. He sought refuge in a cavern where seven outlaws had taken up their abode. With these men he remained about three weeks, and when the hour of his departure came they said: "Stay with us; the mountains of gold which the government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country and live on the price of his dishonor; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we but to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death." On the 20th of September he embarked in a French frigate, and reached Morlaix in Brittainy the 29th of September.

If there ever was truth in the words, "there is a divinity that doth hedge a king" it finds illustration in the thirteen months that Charles Edward spent on this expedition in Scotland. No history or romance recounts such perils of flight, concealment and escape. The secret of his concealment was known to persons of every age, sex, and condition, but no individual from the proudest Earl to the meanest outlaw would stoop to give up their leader, even for the promised reward, which would have purchased the half of Scotland north of the Forth. That the Prince was bold and generous, in this campaign, no person can doubt; and if Charles the First had possessed as much humor as his amiable descendant, he might have preserved his head which was an "unco' loss" to the whole Stuart line. After the victory at Preston, the Pretender sent word to the Edinburgh preachers to preach the next day, Sunday, as usual; and the Rev. Neil M'Vicar offered the following prayer: "Bless the king! Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit long on his head. As for that young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee to take him to thyself and give him a crown of glory." It is said that when the Prince heard of M'Vicar's prayer he laughed heartily, and expressed himself quite satisfied.

I have spoken of this novel being true to history. It could hardly have been otherwise when we consider the opportunities Scott had for studying all the facts. In the closing chapter of "*Waverley*" he says: "It was my accidental lot, though not born a Highlander, to reside, during my childhood and youth, among persons who cherished a lingering though hopeless attachment, to the House of Stuart; and now, for the purpose of preserving some idea of the ancient manners of which I have witnessed the almost total extinction, I have embodied in imaginary scenes, and ascribed to fictitious characters, a part of the incidents which I then received from those who were actors in them. Indeed, the most romantic parts of this narrative are precisely those which have a foundation in fact. There is scarce a gentleman who was 'in hiding,' after the

battle of Culloden, but could tell a tale of wild and hairbreadth 'scapes, as extraordinary as any which I have ascribed to my heroes. The accounts of the battle at Preston and skirmish at Clifton are taken from the narrative of intelligent eyewitnesses, and corrected from the '*History of the Rebellion*' by the late venerable author of '*Douglas*.' The Lowland Scottish gentlemen, and the subordinate characters, are not given as individual portraits, but are drawn from the general habits of the period, of which I have witnessed some remnants in my younger days, and partly gathered from tradition."

"*Guy Mannering*," the next in sequence, is rather a portrayal of character than a historic picture. It gives us a glimpse of gipsy-life in Galloway true to fact, and also reveals the traits of the hardy smugglers that invested its shores. The characters stand out by themselves with little or no background. Here is Dandie Dinmot, with his numerous dogs and children; Attorney Pleydell, with his old-time courtesy; Dominie Sampson, a cyclopædia of worthless erudition—a man to be laughed at and loved—possessing a fund of knowledge, but no wisdom; Guy Mannering, a courtly gentleman, deep and undisturbed as a tropic sea; two sweet young ladies and their lovers, who are at last happily married; Meg Merrilies, as generous and sensible a gipsy as ever lived; Dirk Hatterick, as false a sea rover as ever hoisted sail; and Glossin, a fawning scoundrel, whose course through life was like the trail of a serpent. The book is in fact a drama rather than a novel, or rather both in one—a dramatic romance. Coleridge regarded it as one of the greatest of Scott's novels, and mentions it in this connection with "*Old Mortality*."

In "*Redgauntlet*" we find a continuation of the smuggler trade, and are also introduced to the Pretender, who has not improved either in appearance or character since we last saw him in "*Waverley*." His friends and supporters for the most part consist of the very dregs of society. In his blind adoration for a person not to be named with respect, the Prince lost the confidence of friends who had risked their all to support his title. In a cup of dissolute pleasure he dissolves the pearl of his good name. If he had died at the head of his army of adherents in Scotland, or after his return to France, he would have survived in history as a worthier man. "He proved to be one of those personages who distinguish themselves during some singular and brilliant period of their lives, like the course of a shooting star at which men wonder, as well on account of the brevity, as the brilliancy of its splendor. A long trace of darkness overshadowed the subsequent life of a man who, in his youth, shewed himself so capable of great undertakings; the later pursuits and habits of this unhappy Prince are those painfully evincing a broken heart, which finds refuge from its own thoughts in sordid enjoyments."

The man was also in the hands of persons full of wild plots and political impatience. They formed schemes wholly impracticable. They invited him in 1750 to London; but he was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and after a stay of five days he returned to the place from which he came. He died at Rome the 31st of January, 1788, and was royally interred in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, of which his brother was bishop.

After his death his brother, the last direct male heir of the House of Stuart, made no assertion of his right to the British throne, but had a beautiful medal struck, in which he was represented in kingly garb with the motto in Latin, "King by the grace of God, but not by the will of the people." He finally received an annuity of 4,000 pounds a year given to him by George the Third, and on his death he bequeathed to George the Fourth all the crown jewels, which James the Second had carried along with him to the Continent in 1688. He died at Rome, June 1807, in the eighty-third year of his age. The volumes of "*Waverley*" and "*Redgauntlet*," taken in connection with Scott's "*Tales of a Grandfather*," give the most complete history of this unfortunate struggle.

"The Antiquary" and "Saint Ronan's Well" present a postscript of manners and customs, which seems tame from a historic standpoint, after living so many centuries in the company of heroes and princes. Scott speaking of "The Antiquary" says: "It wants the romance of 'Waverley' and the adventure of 'Guy Mannering'; yet there is some salvation about it, for if a man will paint from nature he will be likely to amuse those who are daily looking at it." He also says in his introduction of "The Antiquary": "'Waverley' embraced the age of our fathers, 'Guy Mannering' that of our youth, and 'The Antiquary' refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have in the last two narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among some of the same class I have placed some of the scenes, in which I have endeavored to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with my friend Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have been long familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinctured with the oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment." The pathos and eloquence in the homes of the fishermen justify Scott's criticism, and the picture which he has drawn of the old grandmother will survive in our memory as one of the most dramatic in the Waverley series.

There are two references in "The Antiquary" to contemporary history, which ought not to be entirely overlooked; one where the Antiquary describes the excitement of preparation in Edinburgh against the anticipated French invasion, when almost every individual was enrolled either in military or civil capacity. Beacons were erected along the coast to summon the newly organized army of defense when occasion required, and Scott humorously refers, in one of his letters, to the appearance he himself made decked out in regiments. Near the close of "The Antiquary" the signal light blazes out by mistake the 2d of February, 1804; the person, who kept watch on the commanding station of Home Castle, being deceived by some accidental fire in the county of Northumberland. The only historical allusion in "St. Ronan's Well" relates to the Reign of Terror and to Napoleon Bonaparte at Acre.

The twenty-six novels and five poems of Sir Walter, therefore, unite the two greatest events of Europe—the wars of the Crusades, and the exploits of Napoleon and the French Revolution. In "Count Robert of Paris" we see Constantinople in her glory, under the rule of the crafty Alexius. We hear the tread of armed hosts passing and repassing along the great highway of the world. In "The Betrothed" we see England aroused by the voice of her eloquent Archbishop. In "The Talisman" we see the craft of Saladin opposed to the discordant army of Richard the Lion-hearted. In "Ivanhoe" we find Saxon and Jew pressed down under the heel of the Norman. We see Scotland rescued from the oppression of England in "Castle Dangerous" and the "Lord of the Isles." We note the state of the Highlands in 1402 in the "Fair Maid of Perth," and trace the wiles and craft of the French Emperor in "Louis the Eleventh," and in "Anne of Geierstein." We visit with "Marmion" the Battle-field of Flodden, we see the light glimmer in the Chancel of Melrose as we turn the pages of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and wander with James the Fifth in disguise through the wild passes of the Trossachs. In the "Monastery" and "Abbot" we read the history of the Catholic and Protestant struggle in Scotland, we weep with the unfortunate Mary, and glory in the triumph of Knox. In "Kenilworth" we see the power and weakness of the Virgin Queen,

and look into the sad eyes of Amy Robsart sacrificed upon the altar of ambition.

We see the London of James the First in the "Fortunes of Nigel;" we hear in "Rokeby" the echo of the battle of Marston Moor; we follow the struggle of Argyle and Montrose in the "Legend;" and talk with the young exile, Charles the Second, in the groves of "Woodstock." In "Peveril of the Peak" we find the King upon his throne, surrounded by Buckingham and the most desolate court of Europe. In "Old Mortality" we sympathize with the Covenanters, a people devout and sincere in their character, as they were unpractical in their conduct. In "The Pirate" we note some of the surviving customs of old Scandinavia. In the "Bride of Lammermoor" we see the decay of a noble House. "The Black Dwarf" is related to the fierce discussion in Scotland at the time of the national Union. "Rob Roy" introduces us to the Pretender in the Affair of 1715. "The Heart of Midlothian" gives us a picture of Edinburgh; and so our historic chain, composed of poetic links, brings us down to the beginning of our own century. No wonder that Scott has been styled the Great Magician, when, by the lifting of his wand, he was able to make the heroes of neglected history burst their cerements.

I sat one evening on the banks of the Tweed amid the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, by a plain monument in St. Mary's Aisle; the soft moonlight, streaming through broken casements, added solemnity and beauty to the peaceful sylvan scene. I recalled the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, far off on another poetic stream, and the pageant of history which there passed before England's Elizabeth; and I thought how much grander the procession of Eight Hundred Years, which passed in long review before the mental vision of the great novelist and poet, now resting beneath the quiet stars. The ivy still rustles in the breeze; the gray ruins again gleam in the moonlight, and, reader, the years can never lift their furrows of care between me and that twilight picture hallowed by the poetic memory of a noble man.

ALASKA—ITS MISSIONS.

By the REV. WM. H. LEWIS.

No one familiar with the spiritual obstacles that missionaries encounter expects that characters that shall be Christian from highest principle, and through and through, will be formed in the first, or even the second generation of converts, as a rule, though every mission field furnishes shining exceptions to this rule. We shall not be disheartened, then, when we come to look into the history of Alaska, if the present state of society there is found to be slightly savage still.

Dall, in his work, "Alaska and its Resources," speaking of the Indian character, says: "They are hospitable, good humored, but not always trustworthy. They will steal, and have sometimes attacked small vessels in the straits. * * * They sometimes have as many as five wives, though one or two is the usual number. Drunkenness is a common vice among them. They have an uncontrollable passion for alcohol, which is plentifully supplied them by the whalers and traders. They hate the Russians, and will not trade with them. * * * Their customs in regard to the treatment of the old and infirm are, from a civilized point of view, brutal and inhuman. * * * When an old person was sick for more than seven days the others put a rope around his body, and dragged him by it around the house over the stones. If this did not kill or cure, the sick person was taken to the place of the dead. * * * Here the individual was stoned or speared, and the body left for the dogs to devour, the latter being themselves eaten by the natives." Of the Aleuts proper he says: "Since the time of their first intercourse with the Russians, their character, habits, mode of life, and even their very name, have been totally changed. Originally they were

active, sprightly, and fond of dances and festivals. Their mode of worship partook more of the character of religion than that of any of the tribes, which still remain unchanged. Ground into the very dust by the oppression of ruthless invaders, their religious rights, gay festivals and determined character have all passed away. A shade of melancholy is now one of their national characteristics. All speak some Russian, and many of them can converse fluently in that language. The Aleuts are light, and nearly the same color as the Innuits of the Northwest. Their features, perhaps from the great admixture of Russian blood, are more intelligent and pleasing. They are all nominally Greek Catholics, but there is very little knowledge of the principles of true Christianity amongst them. While further advanced than any other native American tribe, they are far from civilized, except in dress, and require careful guardianship and improved methods of education to preserve them from the rapacity of the traders. The reality of their devotion to a religion which they do not comprehend may well be doubted." He then quotes Veniaminoff's description of the native character, with the comment that it is marked by partiality confessed, and that it is mainly due to his goodness of heart and love for the people. * * * In another place, speaking of mission work not Russian, he says; "In the evening, the Indians, old and young, gathered in the fort yard and sang several hymns with excellent effect. Altogether, it was a scene which would have delighted the hearts of many very good people who know nothing of Indian character, and as such will doubtless figure in some missionary report. To any one who at all understood the situation, however, the absurdity of the proceeding was so palpable that it appeared almost like blasphemy. Old Sakhuiti, who has at least eighteen wives, whose hands are bloody with repeated and most atrocious murders, who knows nothing of what we understand by right and wrong, by a future state of rewards and punishments, or by a Supreme Being—this old heathen was singing as sweetly as his voice would allow, and with quite as much comprehension of the hymn as the dogs in the yard. Indians are fond of singing; they are also fond of tobacco; and, for a pipeful apiece you may baptize a whole tribe of them. Why will intelligent men still go on, talking three or four times a year to Indians on doctrinal subjects by means of a jargon which can not express an abstract idea, and the use of which only throws ridicule on sacred things, and still call such work spreading the truths of Christianity? When the missionary will leave the trading posts, strike out into the wilderness, live with the Indians, teach them cleanliness first, morality next, and by slow and simple teaching lead their thoughts above the hunt or the camp—then, and not until then, will they be competent to comprehend the simplest principles of right and wrong."

The history of the early dealings of the Russian expeditions with the natives is one of continued outrages and retaliations. Almost every record of voyages for discovery or trading from 1648-1800 tells of atrocities committed by the sailors, and of wholesale massacres by the natives. The sole purpose of these expeditions was gain, and no attempt was made even to conciliate, much less to evangelize, the Indians. It was not until 1793 that a ukase was issued by the Empress of Russia, authorizing the introduction of missionaries into the American colonies, but unfortunately the same ukase ordered the shipment thither of convicts from Russia, and was obeyed in the proportion of a hundred convicts to one missionary. In 1794 (May) Shilikoff brought over 190 emigrant convicts, two overseers and eleven monks, and Ióasaph, elder of the Augustine Friars, was invited to settle in the colony. All the monks were obliged to support themselves by constant work, as no provision was made for them by the government, and Ióasaph complained bitterly of the treatment they received from the Shilikoff Trading Company's officials. At the same time, in 1795, one year after his landing, he reported the conversion of 1,200 natives, thus quite justifying the hard criticisms quoted above.

The census of this colony of Kadiák in the same year gave a population of 3,600 natives. In 1796 Father Ióasaph was made bishop by imperial ukase, and returned to Irkútsk to receive his consecration. Father Iuvenáti was murdered by the natives for attempting to put down polygamy. The first Russo-Greek Church was built at Kadiák during this year. In 1799 Bishop Ióasaph, with a company of clergy, set sail for his new diocese in the ship "Fenie," which was lost at sea with all on board, and from this time to 1810 only one monk was left in the colonies. On the 10th of June, 1810, Captain Golóchni brought one priest to Sitka in his sloop of war "Diana," and in 1816 Father Sólokoff arrived from Moscow, and took charge of all the mission work in the colonies. There were at the death of Governor Baránnoff in 1819 five colonies of the company in the Aleutian Isles, four on Cook's Inlet, two on Chújách Gulf, and one on Baránnoff Island, in Sitka Bay, with three priests in charge, three chapels and several schools, where, however, nothing was taught except reading and writing in the ecclesiastical characters. Father Mordóffski reached Kadiák in 1823, and in 1824 the real history of the mission begins with the arrival of the noble and devoted Innocentius Veniamínoff, the Russian Selwyn, at Unaláshka, and the commencement of his life-long labors among the Aleuts. He was made bishop and transferred to Sitka in 1834, and the record of his life gives all that there is to be said about the progress of religious work among the natives, so far as the Russian Church is concerned, up to the time of the transfer of the territory to the United States. Mr. Dall's estimate of his labors is well worth quoting here to counterbalance some other quotations that have been made from his book. He says, "Whatever of good is ingrained in their (the natives') characters may be in great part traced to the persevering efforts of one man. This person was the Rev. Father Innocentius Veniamínoff, of the Irkútsk Seminary, since Bishop of Kamchatka. He alone of the Greek missionaries to Alaska has left behind him an undying record of devotion, self-sacrifice and love, both to God and man, combined with the true missionary fire."

John Veniaminoff was born September 1st, 1797, graduated from the seminary at Irkútsk in 1817, and was ordained in May of that year. He was advanced to the priesthood in 1821, made Bishop of Kamchatka in 1840, and took the title of Innocent. In 1850 his see was made archiepiscopal, and in 1868 he was recalled to Russia and made successor of Philaret as Metropolitan of Moscow. In 1823 he offered himself as a missionary, and was sent by his bishop to Unaláshka. The following extracts from his own published account of his mission ("The Founding of the Orthodox Church in Russian America," St. Petersburg, 1840) will give the best idea of what he had to do, and how well he did it:

Although the Aleuts willingly embraced the Christian religion, and prayed to God as they were taught, it must be confessed that, until a priest was settled amongst them they worshiped one who was almost an unknown God. For Father Macarius, from the shortness of time that he was with them, and from the lack of competent interpreters, was able to give them but very general ideas about religion, such as of God's omnipotence, His goodness, etc. Notwithstanding all of which the Aleutines remained Christians, and after baptism completely renounced Shamanism, and not only destroyed all the masks which they used in their heathen worship, but also allowed the songs which might in any way remind them of their heathen worship to fall into disuse, so that when, on my arrival amongst them, I through curiosity made inquiry after these songs, I could not hear of one. But of all good qualities of the Aleutines, nothing so pleased and delighted my heart as their desire, or to speak more justly, *thirst*, for the Word of God, so that sooner would an indefatigable missionary tire of *preaching* than they of *hearing* the Word.

But Veniaminoff, true missionary that he was, was not content with his quiet, peaceful labors among the Aleuts. There was a fierce tribe that hunted the Russians like wild beasts in the neighborhood of Sitka, and to them he determined to carry

the gospel. He began to get ready for his mission to these Koloshes in 1834, but was detained a year, and at last, ashamed of himself for his cowardice, he resolved that immediately upon the close of the Christmas holidays he would take his life in his hand and go. "Four days before I came to these Koloshes," he says, "the small-pox broke out among them. Had I begun my instruction before the appearance of the small-pox they would certainly have blamed me for all the evil which came upon them, as if I were a Russian Shaman or sorcerer, who sent such plagues amongst them. But glory be to God, who orders all things for good." (Think of thanking God for opening such a *door of entrance*, a door from whose opening in such a place any one but a man of iron nerves and complete self-surrender would have fled away and thanked God for his 'escape'!) "The Koloshes were not what they were two years previously" (when he meant to come among them). "Few were baptized then, for, while I proclaimed the truth to them, I never urged upon them, or wished to urge upon them, the immediate reception of holy baptism, but, seeking to convince their judgment, I awaited a request from them. Those who expressed a desire to be baptised I received with full satisfaction." After sixteen years of missionary toil in such a field Veniamínoff was sent to St. Petersburg to plead for help for the mission. The Czar proposed to the Synod to send him back as a bishop, but that body objected, because, though he was an excellent man, he had "no cathedral, no body of clergy, and no episcopal residence." "The more, then, like an apostle," said the Czar, and he was consecrated. No sooner was he consecrated than he was impatient to get back to his see, and on April 30th, 1842, he writes: "At last, thank the Lord God, in America! Our doings since we came to Sitka (September 26th) have not yet been very important. A mission was sent to Noushtau, which will reach its destination not sooner than the middle of next June. December 17th a sort of Theological School was opened, containing now twenty-three persons, creoles and natives. The theological student I. T. was sent to Kadiák to learn the language, and in four months has had wonderful success. The monk M. has been preaching to the Koloshes, and — has about eighty candidates for holy baptism, and asks it for them; but I do not care to be over hasty with them. The more and the better they are taught, the more can they be depended upon. I went this spring to Kadiák to examine into the affairs of the Church there, and was comforted beyond expectation. The church is full every holy day, and Lent was kept by more than four hundred of them, some coming from distant places."

April 5, 1844.—"The children here (at Sitka) between the ages of one and eighteen are very numerous. In the Theological School, in the Company's School, and in two girls' schools, there are about one hundred and forty, and yet I gathered about one hundred and fifty others." He reports four hundred children under instruction, and thirty-five adults baptized at their own request. *1845.*—The Kwichpak Church numbered two hundred and seventy natives and thirty foreigners. Priests visited the Kenai and Koetchan tribes, staying with them some months and baptizing several converts. And so the good bishop went on from year to year, as the Russian Mouravieff says, "Sailing over the ocean, or driving in reindeer sledges over his vast, but thinly settled diocese, thousands of miles in extent, everywhere baptizing the natives, for whom he has introduced the use of letters and translated the gospel into the tongue of the Aleutines."

"The good bishop has little to say of himself. We are told he became master of six dialects, spoken in the field committed to his charge. He himself translated, or assisted others in translating, large parts of God's Word and the liturgy of his church for the use of the natives. For forty-five years, ten of them as Bishop of Kamchatka, eighteen more as its archbishop, he labored on, in season and out of season." (Hale's "Innocent of Moscow.") And when, in 1867, Philaret died and In-

nocent was chosen Patriarch of Moscow, one of the first works he undertook was the organization of the Orthodox Missionary Society, which was the cause of as much good at home in awakening the spirit of missions in the church as it was abroad in supporting the work in distant fields. This society in 1877 raised and expended 141,698.65 $\frac{3}{4}$ roubles in missionary work.

The following statistics are taken from a report in the *Mission Journal* of Irkútsk: "There are in the diocese of the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, including about two hundred Slaves and Greeks at San Francisco, eleven thousand five hundred and seventy two members of the Eastern Church. The church buildings are nine—viz., at San Francisco, at Sitka (where there are about three hundred orthodox), at Kadiák, at Renai, at Bielkoffsky, at Ounalashka, at Nonschatchak, on the Island of St. Paul, and at the Michaeloffsky Redoubt at Kwich-pak. There are two vacancies among the clergy at Sitka and at the Kenai Mission."

Bishop John succeeded Innocent, but soon returned to Russia. Bishop Nestor, a man of ability, went out in 1879. He died in 1880, and has had no successor. The most influential Russians left the country when the territory was ceded, and interest in the missions has largely been withdrawn, so that in the last two reports of the Orthodox Missionary Society no mention whatever is made of Alaskan Missions.

And this brings us to speak of another work going on there, viz., the mission of the Presbyterians. On the 10th of August, 1877, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. McFarland reached Fort Wrangell as the first missionaries of the Presbyterian body to Alaska. Mr. Jackson reports that one of the first sights he saw was an Indian ringing a bell to call the people to school. The Indian was Clah, from Fort Simpson, and about twenty pupils attended. The Lord's Prayer was recited in Chinook jargon (a mixture of French-Canadian, English, and Indian words), and the long meter doxology was sung at closing. The book stock inventoried four Bibles, four hymn books (Moody and Sankey), three primers, thirteen First Readers, and one wall chart. Twelve thousand dollars were raised as a special fund by Mr. Jackson's efforts at home, and two other missionaries were sent out in 1878. In 1880 one missionary and one teacher went to Alaska. In 1879 the mission buildings were erected, and the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Wrangell organized. The mission includes a church building, a Girls' Industrial Home and school houses, with stations among the Chilcats, Hydahs and Hoonyahs, neighboring tribes. There are at present three ministers and five male and female teachers at the different stations.

To provide for the Swedes and Germans in the employ of the Russian American Fur Company, a Lutheran minister was sent to Sitka in 1845 and remained till 1852. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Nintec, preaching in Swedish and German, who remained until the transfer in 1867, when, his support being withdrawn by the Russian government, he returned to Europe.

A Roman Catholic bishop, with one priest, also came to Fort Wrangell in 1879 to establish a mission, but it is believed that the work has now been stopped and the priest withdrawn.

It must be remembered that all that has been cited of the missions so far has only to do with the Indians in the neighborhood of Sitka and Fort Wrangell, along the southern coast, and on the Lower Yukon. So far, the great continent, with its vast and almost unexplored interior, has only been trimmed around the edges. Full 40,000 of the possible 60,000 natives are yet without Christianity, and one might as well establish a mission in Cuba to evangelize Spain, or in the Jerseys to reach the Mahometans, as to sit down in a mission at Sitka and hope to reach the scattered tribes of Alaska. If we should send missionaries to that neighborhood it would only be to make of it a Fort Wrangell indeed, but the whole country is open to us, and on the Grand Yukon and its tributaries and among the

Eskimos of the northern coast there is work enough, yet untouched, for all the men the church could send.

Here, then, in as small a compass as possible, is the field, its past history and its present condition; a few Greek priests, whose congregations are decreased by removals and will eventually die out; eight or ten Presbyterians, men and women, who confine their labors to Sitka and Fort Wrangel, and have enough to do there; and one clergyman of the Church of England, on a river 2,500 miles long, whose banks from end to end are his parish; 11,000 members of the Greek Church, 700 or 800 Presbyterians, and between 2,000 and 3,000 Church of England folk familiar with her services and loving her ritual; and at the very least calculation 5,500 natives that might be reached and cared for, and *should* be cared for. Here is a chance to show the people of America that the church does know how to deal with the Indian question. There will be a clear field and no favor for several years to come. A fund of \$15,000 appropriated by Congress in 1878 for educational purposes, but never called for, might be claimed by any party proving to Congress by their works that they meant to educate the people. A government of some sort, military perhaps, will soon be established. Prospectors after everything valuable will overrun the country as soon as it is safe and profitable to do so. What shall be done by Christian people for all these heathen souls?

OUR NAVAL FORCE.

By LIEUTENANT G. W. MENTZ, U. S. Navy.

Beside torpedoes and fortifications there should be always at hand for the defense of our coasts, a sufficient number of as good iron-clads and torpedo boats as any nation in the world possesses, vessels that can go to sea, so that we can meet the enemy with the same kinds of weapons he opposes to us, and with enough of them to prevent the first hard blows. Then with this as a nucleus, and our ship-builders and our mechanics skilled in the work necessary to keep up such an establishment, we could build up a sufficiently large navy as the war progressed.

If we wait until war is upon us before we provide ourselves with such modern weapons, and such as every nation of any importance, except ourselves, possesses, our officers and men would have to fight with weapons with which they are unfamiliar, while their opponents are trained in their management.

It requires time to learn to handle the new weapons of naval warfare, which are very different and much more complicated than those of the days of wooden frigates and smooth-bore guns, such as our navy is still composed of, and that is another reason why we should keep up a navy in time of peace. Torpedo and torpedo-boat attacks, for instance, depend almost entirely upon the *skill* in their management. We have no such things as torpedo-boats and whitehead torpedoes, etc., and our officers have had no experience or practice with such weapons.

Germany, the leading military nation of the world, has the proper idea of preparing her navy for war in time of peace. Beside being provided with the best and most effective weapons, all her naval force, active and reserve, are exercised each summer and the men and officers are trained in their duties on board the vessels, and with the weapons they will have to use in time of war. Then, each article, from a sail-maker's needle to a gun is kept ready at the naval stations, all the articles belonging to one ship being labeled with the ship's name, and all kept together so that they can instantly be put on board. The German Admiralty has recently reported that the whole naval force can be put in effective working order, for offensive or defensive movements, in one week's time. It was only by similar preparations with her army in time of peace, that she was enabled, so promptly, to meet and to conquer France in 1870.

But let us glance at the kind of weapons which would be

D-IV-10

used against us in a foreign war, and with which we are unprovided and with which we must supply ourselves. Except the United States, every nation of any maritime importance possesses immense war vessels. There are some vessels which have an average speed of sixteen miles an hour; which have their batteries and their machinery protected by solid iron of a thickness of two feet, or of steel and iron combined of one and a half feet thickness; whose battery, or armament rather, consists of a few *very* heavy guns, capable of sending a mass of metal weighing one ton a distance of eleven miles, several guns of less weight and power, a number of revolving cannon, a dozen or two dozen torpedoes, two torpedo-boats, each of these fitted with four torpedoes and a revolving gun; whose crews are supplied with rapid, accurate and distant-firing small arms (muskets and pistols). In addition to all this, these vessels are rams, and are themselves most powerful weapons of war, and could cut in two and sink any ship they struck. These vessels, when complete, with their guns, ammunition, crews, provisions and coal, everything in fact on board, weigh from 9,000 to 13,000 tons. About twenty-seven feet of the depth of such a vessel while she floats is beneath the surface of the water, and the whole ship is divided into fifty or more watertight compartments, so that if any two compartments are filled with water the ship will still float. These iron-clads (more properly armor-clads) do not have this two feet thickness of iron all around the ship, only the vital parts, the engines and boilers, etc., and that part of the ship where the great guns are fought, are so protected. The armor consists of a belt eight to ten feet wide (deep) and from one to two feet thick; half of its width or depth is below the surface of the water and half is above. The machinery, engines and boilers in a war vessel are put in the ship as low down as possible, the farther below the surface of the water the better, as below the surface of the water a shot is not effective, that is, for a greater depth below the surface than one or two feet.

The machinery then is protected from shot on the sides and underneath. To protect it from shot on top, a steel deck of three inches thickness is built in the ship immediately over the engines and boilers, the deck inclining toward the sides of the ship, so that if a shot did strike the deck it would be deflected upward and away from the engines and boilers. This deck is also placed below the surface of the water, if practicable.

The guns of such a ship are generally placed in a citadel and on the deck underneath the citadel. The citadel is clad with iron or steel, and the guns on the deck beneath are protected by the belt of armor spoken of above.

The amount of metal that the guns can fire from one side of such a ship is anywhere from 6,700 to 8,960 pounds. The shot composing this mass of metal travel through the air with a velocity of 1,800 feet per second, and travel nine miles in about twenty-five seconds. When a shot weighing one ton and traveling with such velocity strikes an object squarely, the object must indeed be strong to withstand the shock.

What resistance to such a force could the walls of a wooden ship give, or even those of ten-sixteenths of an inch of steel or of seven inches of iron? Yet there is no United States war vessel with a greater thickness of side than seven inches of iron. Most of our monitors have only 5" armor.

The people of this country have reason to be proud of the deeds of their navy in the past, and many a time has the "ruler of the seas" lowered his flag to the stars and stripes. But those victories were gained with ships the equal of any in the world, and with guns which had no superiors and with crews and officers well trained and accustomed to the use of their weapons. Is it so now with our navy? No. We would go into battle with the odds all against us. The sides of our ships are as pasteboard to the high-power guns of the present time.

Our guns are as much use against two feet of iron armor, or its equivalent in steel, as a pop-gun is against a stone wall, and would make just about as much impression. And, although

we have just as brave, patriotic and skillful men and officers in our navy to-day as we ever had, they are not skilled or trained in the use of the proper weapons, in the management of modern weapons—such as their opponents will use against them.

The possession of these instruments of war would make all governments very careful and respectful in their treatment of us and increase the probabilities of their never being used in actual warfare. The annual cost would not amount to the one millionth of the amount of damage Brazil, or Italy, or Germany, or France, or England, or Chili even could do us in the same length of time if we are without them.

Our navy costs about \$15,000,000 yearly, about half of that sum is for the pay of officers and men, and it is misapplied, because they are being trained in the use of weapons which are no longer effective, and our people are not getting the proper return for their money. But the fault is their own and the navy is not to blame. The cause of the great change that has taken place in the last twenty years in the weapons of naval warfare is due to the use of iron and steel, instead of wood, in the construction of ships, and, although the navy has asked the country repeatedly for modern ships and guns, the people have not seen fit to grant them.

This is what our navy consists of: Of high-power rifle guns, such as almost every nation possesses, we have one, recently finished, and which, owing to lack of experience, required *one year* to construct.

Of cruising vessels, fit only to destroy merchant vessels of slow speed, we have thirty-six, four of which are of iron, whose sides are about one half inch thick. None of these vessels would be able to engage the battle ships of any maritime nation.

For coast defense, we have nineteen iron-clads; many require extensive repairs, and it would take time to put them in condition. None of them have sides of a greater thickness than seven inches of iron, and they could not withstand the blows of modern guns.

Of guns for the whole fleet, we have, beside the one mentioned above, eighty-seven converted rifle guns worth retaining, but they are only of fair power. The other guns in the navy, 2,577 in. number, are, according to a late report of the Secretary of the Navy, "in no real sense suited to the needs of the present day."

Of torpedo-boats such as every other navy has, we have none nor have we any torpedo-boats, except the "Alarm."

Of the personnel, there are, all told, officers, seamen, apprentices and marines, 11,918.

Of reserves, we have none but the merchant marine, and merchant sailors require considerable training to fit them for war purposes, and none of them are trained for such a purpose now.

This force is to protect 10,000 miles of sea coast, the lake coast, the second largest merchant marine in the world, the amount of property is incalculable, and the interests of 55,000,000 of people. Our country is rich and prosperous, and the treasury is fairly bursting with the money we have saved. Every year we put away in its vaults \$100,000,000, for which we have no present use. Our resources in metal in the ore, and in everything connected with the material of ship building and gun building is almost beyond comparison with any other country. With one year's surplus of revenue we could build a navy that would cause the most powerful nations to fear and respect us, and which would be the surest harbinger of peace. But our people are beginning in a slow way to realize that we need a reorganization of the navy, and Congress has appropriated the money for the building of four new vessels. These are to be of steel, and are for the purpose of protecting our shipping, our citizens abroad, and to police the seas in time of peace and to prey upon the enemy's commerce in time of war. They will have high speed, about seventeen miles an hour, and (if Congress appropriates the money) they will have high-power modern rifle

guns which will compare favorably with the guns of similar size of other nations. But they will not be *battle* ships, nor coast defense ships. Their sides will be about ten-sixteenths of an inch thick, and, although of steel, that thickness will not resist a shot from a high-powered rifle gun. These four vessels have been named the "Chicago," "Boston," "Atlanta" and "Dolphin." The "Dolphin" is now afloat, having been launched Saturday, April 12th, at Chester, Pa., at the works of John Roach & Co. The same firm is building the other three new vessels. They will all be finished one year from now. The guns for the armament are being constructed, some at the Washington Arsenal, some at Cold Springs, N. Y., and some at South Boston, Mass. They are all to be of steel, and this metal, which is used throughout in the construction of the ships and guns, if possible is to be manufactured in the United States, however, it may be necessary to send to England for the tubes for the larger sized guns. The building of these vessels and guns has given an impetus to the steel industry in our country and has been the means of giving employment and experience to our mechanics, which almost alone repays for the outlay in money.

Building ships and guns in our own country, and of our own metal, and with our own workmen, increases our resources just so much, and adds just so much to our war strength; and adds just so much, too, to the interest the people of the country take in their defenses, in their navy. The employment affects thousands of families; not only are the ship builder, the gun constructor and the skilled mechanics employed by them benefited, but the miners, and all those engaged in transporting the ore and the coal from the mines to the workshops, and their families are benefited. We have grown to be a great manufacturing country, and the skill and ingenuity of our mechanics in the manufacture of some articles are recognized by all. Many of our manufactured articles are in use in every part of the world. We are unrivaled in our labor-saving machines, because it requires, to think out and invent the sewing machine, the agricultural machine, etc., etc., something which the mechanics of other countries do not possess, superior mental ability, due to our free institutions and general education. Here is a field for our mechanics, *the manufacture of all war material*. Why should not we, instead of Mr. Krupp, supply the world with guns? Why should not we, instead of Mr. Yarrow, of England, supply the world with torpedo-boats, etc., etc.?

We have supplied other nations with muskets; an American invented the gun which fires a hailstorm of 1,200 bullets per minute, and which bears his name, the Gatling gun; and our fellow countryman is supplying the world with revolving cannon, but *not* from the United States. Every one of our manufacturing industries has been assisted by the government by high tariff on similar articles of foreign manufacture. But that would not be the kind of assistance the manufacture of war material would need to boom it along. All that would be necessary for the government to do for that industry is to accept and adopt such articles for the use of our army and navy as are proved to be valuable, and to provide itself liberally with them, and cease doing as it did with the Hotchkiss gun, purchase one or two, and drive the inventor to a foreign land, where his invention is better appreciated.

It is humiliating to every patriotic man and to every mechanic in our land, and a disgrace to the American people that we, a manufacturing country, a country full of mechanical genius, a country full of iron ore and of coal, a rich country, should go to other nations to buy steel plates to use as armor for our monitors, and steel for the tubes of our guns. That is what we have recently done, and the "Alert" is now bringing us some steel plates made in England. Why should not our manufacturers get the large profit there is in the manufacture of weapons of war? All they need is a little encouragement from the government, and orders would soon

come in from foreign governments, for it can not be doubted that our superior mechanics in a very short time would produce a superior style of weapon. There is at present no demand by our government for such articles, while in England there is constant demand for them; our mechanics are inexperienced, and governments which have a need for such material, and which do prepare for war in time of peace, purchase from those skilled and experienced in their make. Our government, by encouraging such an industry, would be but providing itself with the best of weapons, and would be putting the country in a secure state of defense.

Germany, ten years ago, adopted a scheme for the improvement of her navy, which before that time was of little consequence, and part of the policy was, to build her own armor-clads, and everything pertaining to the navy in her own country, and she has so far succeeded that her navy, though not the largest, is one of the *best* in the world, and was all created by her own people, and at a small annual expenditure. Now, the private dock-yards in Germany that build some of the new ships of the navy are building war vessels for other countries. It is unnecessary to say that Germany's wealth and natural resources are not nearly as great as our own.

At the opening of Congress in 1872, the President, in his message, called attention to this subject in the following few but apt and unequivocal words:

I can not too strongly urge upon you my conviction that every consideration of national safety, economy, and honor imperatively demands a thorough rehabilitation of our navy.

With a full appreciation of the fact that compliance with the suggestions of the head of the Department and of the advisory board must involve a large expenditure of the public money, I earnestly recommend such appropriation as will accomplish an end which seems to me so desirable.

Nothing can be more inconsistent with true public economy than withholding the means necessary to accomplish the object intended by the constitution to the national legislature. One of these objects, and one which is of paramount importance, is declared by our fundamental law to be the provision for the "cannon defense." Surely nothing is more essential to the defense of the United States, and of *all* our people than the efficiency of our navy.

We have for many years maintained with foreign governments the relations of honorable peace, and that such relations may be permanent is desired by every patriotic citizen of the republic.

But if we heed the teachings of history we shall not forget that in the life of *every* nation emergencies may arise when a resort to arms can alone save it from dishonor.

The Secretary of the Navy commences his annual report for the same year with this earnest appeal in behalf of the navy:

The condition of the navy imperatively demands the prompt and earnest attention of Congress. Unless some action be had in its behalf it must soon dwindle into insignificance. From such a state it would be difficult to revive it into efficiency without dangerous delay and enormous expense. Emergencies may at any moment arise which would render its aid indispensable to the protection of the lives and property of our citizens abroad and at home, and even to our existence as a nation.
* * * * * The mercantile interests of our country have extended themselves over all quarters of the globe. Our citizens engaged in commerce with foreign nations look to the navy for the supervisory protection of their persons and property. Calls are made upon the Department to send vessels into different parts of the world, in order to prevent threatened aggression upon the rights of American citizens and shield them in time of civil commotion in foreign lands, from insult or personal indignity. It is to be deplored that in many such instances it has proved impossible to respond to these calls, from the want of a sufficient number of vessels.

These things ought not to be. While the navy should not be large, it should at all times afford a nucleus for its enlargement upon an emergency. Its power of prompt and extended expansion should be established. It should be sufficiently powerful to assure the navigator that

in whatsoever sea he shall sail his ship he is protected by the stars and stripes of his country.

Notwithstanding such messages from the highest authority in our land, only *some* of the money necessary to build four new cruisers has been appropriated by Congress. Our people must instruct their representatives in Congress to provide them with the means to put them and their country in a secure state of defense, else that body, composed of many politicians and few statesmen, will never show that they have any other welfare at heart than their own re-election, and the getting or retaining of their party in power.

THE COMING SUMMER MEETINGS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

The advance number of the *Assembly Herald* for 1884, already in the hands of many of our readers, contains a well arranged, though necessarily condensed, program of the exercises for July and August at this well known and increasingly popular summer resort. The tens of thousands who expect both pleasure and profit from spending part of the season there, will be glad to have some notice beforehand of the rich things in preparation for them. For our friends who have already acquaintance with the place and the persons who have brought it into such favorable notice, it is enough to say, there is, in the schedule before us, unmistakable evidence that the motto of those in the management of Chautauqua is still *Excelsior*. The attractions of the place itself have by manifold improvements been constantly increasing. Means have not been wanting, and their outlay has been generous—science and art, under skillful direction, have done much, never to mar the beauties of nature, but rather to unveil features of exquisite loveliness that were partially concealed. The grandeur of the noble forest trees that tower above the neat cottages is even more majestic since the occasional openings show them to better advantage, and afford glimpses of the cerulean vault, or floating clouds against which they seem to thrust their branches. The native flora, of great richness, has, whenever practicable, been protected, while many carefully tended exotics display their modest beauty or shed sweet fragrance on the air. The little patches of lawn are becoming more beautiful, and the larger one extending from the hotel Athenæum to the lake, is arranged with taste, and kept in fine condition. The hotel itself is very commodious, furnished and kept in the best style. From its spacious verandas there is a delightful view of the lake and the landscapes adjacent to it. There are accommodations for about five hundred guests, who at moderate cost can, if they will, enjoy all the conveniences, comforts and luxuries furnished at the best hotels in the large cities.

The places for all public meetings, concerts and class lectures are in good order, and many interesting and valuable additions have been made to the museum, among which are mentioned a cast of the arch of Titus; several new statuettes, just received from the British Museum; also casts of the Si-loam inscriptions, and of the Moabite stone. Much valuable information may be gathered, as well as a pleasant recreation enjoyed in the museum. The grounds and principal buildings are provided with electric lights, so that there is no groping around in the dark, as was the case at our first visits to "The Fair Point," as the retreat was then called.

But "Chautauqua" has a meaning far beyond what belongs to the place, charming as the site is, and beyond the material improvements that have been made. It is often, and not aptly, spoken of as an "idea," a thought or conception of a desired object, and the way to reach it. The thought, however vague at first, had life and power in it, took form, and was cherished till a new system was evolved—one that at first proposed more complete normal instruction and thorough preparation for Sunday-school work. But the *idea* soon so ex-

GOING TO EUROPE.

panded as to take in everything pertaining to the proper development and culture of human beings. From the first inception of this grand work that, in eleven years, has extended into every state in the Union, and influenced many kindred educational enterprises, there has been no standing still. The idea having thorough possession of the minds that entertained it, "progress" has been the watchword, and, fortunately, the management has been in such competent hands that the advance movements have always been in the right direction. The trustees and other business officers have approved themselves as wise counselors, and been liberal in their personal sacrifices of the time and means necessary to forward the enterprise, while the Superintendent of Instruction and President of the association have demonstrated to all their rare qualifications for the responsible positions they occupy. With faith in the enterprise, a worthy object in view, and the resolute purpose to accomplish it, all obstacles have been overcome, and a marvelous fertility of invention shown in the methods adopted. It is not too much to say that all the important measures proposed and adopted have been found both practicable and useful. Skilled architects have wrought in the Assembly, but their united efforts did not make it. Chautauqua, as it is to-day, confessedly far surpassing the most sanguine hopes of its founders, was never made. It was born and grew. It has vital elements; and whereunto it may yet grow, no one can tell. It is already, though in its youth, a university in fact, as well as by the charter obtained from the legislature. It employs some thirty or more able professors, selected because of their known ability and success as teachers in the several departments to which they are assigned.

We take note of a few things in their order:

The Teachers' Retreat, under the personal direction of some of the foremost educators of the age, will open July 12. It is specially for the benefit of secular teachers, and a large number of them are interested in it. The time thus spent in counsel and delightful social intercourse, without interfering with the needed rest, recreations and pleasures of the summer vacation, will lead to a higher appreciation of their work, with a knowledge of the best methods of accomplishing it, and make their return to the school room a delight.

The Chautauqua School of Languages includes Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish and English. This school is not for undergraduates alone, as the instruction is given in a way to illustrate the best methods of teaching. Students, if prepared, may profitably pursue the study of several languages at the same time, but are not registered as beginning more than one. As all having experience in the matter know, much depends on starting right, and any one, of fair ability and a firm purpose, with the help and direction furnished at Chautauqua, can, in due time, become an accomplished and thorough linguist.

The School of Theology, J. H. Vincent, D.D., President, is to commence its first session July 12. It will be an attraction to many. The studies and topics for discussion, we see, are arranged not alone for beginners, but to allure ministers of experience to review first principles, and extend their acquaintance with truths that the wisest know but in part.

The School of Elocution—open from July 12th to the 25th—will be in charge of Prof. Cummock, a gentleman of culture, and thoroughly fitted for his position. Too many offer themselves to read and speak in public who know almost nothing of English phonation, and were never trained to pronounce the language distinctly and forcibly. If two-thirds of the average clergymen of the country, who are not wanting in ability, could be persuaded to seek, in their summer vacations, such instructions in voice culture and manner, as are now offered them, it would add much to their present efficiency, and make the Sabbath services a delight to their hearers.

The Sunday-School Normal Department retains its prominent place in the program, and the managers have made a

wise selection of the persons to whom the work is committed.

Chautauqua Music, both instrumental and vocal, has always been of a high order, and a source of much pleasure to those in attendance. From the grand organ, chorus choir, Tennesseeans, skillful directors and distinguished soloists that are promised, we may expect special richness in that part of the feast of fat things.

The lectures in the Amphitheater and Hall of Philosophy will be by men of acknowledged ability, equal to the best that have been on the platform before them. By such men to such audiences no second rate productions will be presented.

Recreations are recognized as desirable, and provided for—such as will please all and injure none. Nothing innocent and elevating is forbidden. Those who enjoy good society, and the friendly intercourse of cultured people, find that at the Assembly in the grove thoroughly refining influences are prevalent, and seem never to tire of praising the resort.

Although some imitations have been attempted, the original Chautauqua is unrivaled, the cheapest, most accessible, and for many reasons the most enjoyable summer resort in all the land. If you are a stranger, get the program as published in the *Assembly Herald*, study it, and in due time report in person on the ground. You will then know, and unless different from most well disposed persons, you will not need a second invitation to come.

GOING TO EUROPE.

Stowed away among the cherished plans of most people is generally a European trip. Sometimes the plan is vague, to be sure. Sometimes the probabilities are that it will never in the world be carried out. However that may be, it is a good thing for which to plan. Learning something about the conditions and details of European traveling gives not a little of the relish of the actual trip, and a preparatory journey on paper does much to educate us to travel—as important a training, by the way, as traveling.

The value of this practice was admirably illustrated last summer at Chautauqua by Dr. Vincent, in his introduction to the first tourist's trip beyond the sea. He said:

When I was a boy I took a trip to Europe without leaving home. I imagined myself traveling all over the continent of Europe, going to Egypt and Palestine. I cut out a lot of paper and gave it value as money, foreign money and American money, and every once in a while I would take it up and imagine it covering the expense of the trip. I would read a little, and imagine myself going almost everywhere. I said to myself: "If I can ever go to Europe I shall certainly go," and I went.

I have often said to myself, if I were a teacher, knowing the power of the imagination over children, I would take my school on a trip to Europe, and when they grew weary with the recitations and of the monotonous tasks or other routine of school life, I would say: "Now let us have a bit of fun, let us go to Europe." I have thought of how much geography, history and architecture I could bring out on a trip to Europe! What demand there would be all the while for the knowledge of arithmetic! How many things I could teach a lot of youngsters in the average school room in the way of an imaginary trip to Europe that should last several weeks or months! And what an opportunity we have, what facilities we have for the furtherance of a scheme like this, in the photographs, the engravings and books of travel, and all sorts of things that abound everywhere, by which little people might go with you, and be glad all the while they went, and learn all the more because they were glad.

And then how much more intelligent the traveler would be in his maturer years! Men and women who imagine themselves going to Europe become much more intelligent observers on a trip to Europe. It pays double value to them.

Imaginary trips beyond the sea may teach two very important things: How to travel and how to observe. It is impossible for a novice to make a European trip with the ease with

which one would journey about the United States. One must encounter strange customs, trying climates, new languages, endless interesting sights. He will be on the verge of losing his baggage, dire calamity! he will have his trunk ransacked, he will be charged extra for over-weight, he will have to wait and fight and worry his way unless fortified by a knowledge of what he must go through with, and of how to act under all circumstances. He will miss much that he wants to see, and see much in which he is not particularly interested, unless his trip is thoroughly planned and he knows accurately what he is going to see and where to go to see it.

To study up for a European trip begin with your pocket-book, and ask, "Can I afford it?" The voyage is of course the first item. The different lines which cross the Atlantic—no less than twelve in number—are very nearly uniform in their charges, in their accommodations, and in their provisions for the safety of their passengers. A first-class passage over and back may be put at \$140, but as steerage passenger one may go for about \$60. The expense of traveling in Europe varies with the caution, tastes and habits of the person. Supposing that you are willing to walk much, to go to second-class hotels, to ride in second or third-class carriages, and take very little luggage, you may make your trip for from \$2 to \$3 per day, and in that way, too, you have the advantage of seeing and hearing very much that the more expensive and, in consequence, more exclusive style of traveling denies. More than half of the unpleasantness of traveling second-class in Europe is in the disagreeable sound of the word "second-class." On the Continent the associations of the third-class carriage are by no means unpleasant—nearly all students and many professional men travel in that way. It is, too, the only way in which to come in contact with the people and study their habits.

First-class traveling may be estimated at about \$7 per day in Great Britain, and \$6 on the Continent. The items which must be added to the usual hotel expenses and car and carriage rates consist largely of fees to servants in the hotels and restaurants, and to the guards, porters and guides that seem to be essential to each traveler. It is said that many servants on the Continent receive no wages except the fees from travelers. It is not strange then that the result is that in order to receive any respectable attention one must pay often and liberally. A not inconsiderable part of the day's expense is the little fee which is required at the gate of churches, castles, museums, parks, and where-not.

It may be roughly estimated that a tour of three months through England, Scotland, France, Germany, Holland and Italy can be made for \$650. Of course this is making no allowance for purchases, which latter, it is well to warn lovers of bric-a-brac, are a continual snare to pocket-books and incumbrance to luggage.

If you can afford the trip, then pack your trunk. Apropos of this operation it is well to remember that much luggage is a continual annoyance and expense. In France you can carry but fifty-five pounds free; for all over that amount you must pay. On the railways of Germany, Holland, Italy and Switzerland no luggage, as a rule, is free. The truth is, you must submit to expense and trouble for every vestige over what you can carry in your hand. A sorry outlook for Americans, who are accustomed to the generous outfit which our capacious "Saratogas" allow. The useful little "steamer trunks," about twenty-five inches in length, eighteen in width and fourteen deep, hold considerable property if they be well packed, and one can easily arrange to leave all the ocean paraphernalia, including the steamer chairs—a *sine qua non* to ocean travel, by the way—at the port of landing, until their return. Perhaps the best plan is to take only necessary clothing—very little finery and all the small conveniences which are requisite for comfortable living at home. A very useful and formerly essential part of your outfit will be your passport. Although not now absolutely necessary, except in Russia and Portugal, it is a

very convenient document, as it secures many privileges to its possessor. It does seem strange to be obliged to carry a paper testifying that you are yourself but in the masses of humanity which throng Europe it is not surprising that it is sometimes necessary to be identified. In the United States the Secretary of State has the power of granting passports. In order to procure one an affidavit of citizenship, with papers of naturalization, if a naturalized citizen, must be forwarded. This must be accompanied by the affidavit of a witness, and an oath of allegiance to the United States, all these duly made and sworn before a justice of the peace. With these go a description of your person, in which your age is given, your height, the color of your eyes and hair, the size of your nose and mouth, the length of your chin, your complexion and the shape of face.

On reaching Europe it will be necessary to secure the endorsement, or *visa*, as it is called, of the American minister, or consul, and afterward of the minister of the country to be visited. The last item of business to worry you before you leave is to put your funds into a shape in which you will have no trouble. The "letter of credit" is undoubtedly the favorite method, as by it any amount may be drawn at almost any place a tourist will visit. Several banking houses of New York furnish them. Napoleons are current in all parts of the Continent, and English sovereigns pass in Belgium, Holland and Germany. Circular notes of from £10 to £20 and upward may be obtained and are available throughout Europe.

These matters arranged, there is a much more important one to occupy your attention—to plan your trip. The indefinite purpose of tourists, their hap hazard efforts to see everything, involves them too often in a jumble of misconnections, lost days, out-of-the-way trips, and unnecessary expense, where a careful arrangement of their plan beforehand would have saved them time, trouble and money. Plan your trip. If you can go for but six weeks or three months, do not try to see all Europe and part of Asia in that time. Be content to "do" thoroughly a smaller territory, and be assured that you will be the gainer. It is well to invest in a guide-book—a stout, latest edition, reliable guide-book—Harper's or Appleton's is best—and select your trip. Decide exactly where you want to go, and what you want to see. If you are interested in paintings, prepare an outline of the European schools of painting, with the examples of each that will be found on your route. Put down on your chart the subjects of these pictures, and an outline history of the artists. Thus equipped you can study and enjoy the work without wasting time in learning historical details. It is wise to know something of the history of each locality which you visit, to be familiar with the palaces, cathedrals and museums of the cities, and the government, customs and employments of the people. Nor is it at all difficult to learn these things. Books of travels, delightful magazine papers, newspaper letters teem with information which can all be utilized on an imaginary European trip. It would be wiser if many people who spend much time in acquiring a slight smattering of French, German and Italian in order to make their way understandingly on the Continent would let the language go and study the countries, their cities and their people. Better, because English is spoken at all the leading European hotels and by most guides, and at nearly all points interpreters may be found to assist in making any necessary arrangements. Of course the greatest amount of good can only be gained by one commanding the languages, but where there must be a choice between a smattering of them and general information on what one is about to see, by all means choose the latter.

THROUGH the whole course of life it is right to hold, and to have held in a preëminent degree, the kindest language toward our parents, because there is the heaviest punishment for light and winged words; for Nemesis, the messenger of Justice, has been appointed to look after all men in such matters.—*Plato*.

C. L. S. C. WORK.

By Rev. J. H. VINCENT, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT OF INSTRUCTION.

July is one of the C. L. S. C. vacation months.

"Memorial Day," Sunday, July 13. Read Paul's wonderful words about "Charity" in 1st Corinthians, xiii.

Salutations—sincere and abundant—to all the members of the Circle who have opportunity this month of meeting in the green woods or by the lake-side at one of the "Summer Assemblies." Hold "Round-Tables." Talk and plan, and then report the new things you think of. If you can not go to any of the great Assemblies, hold a comfortable little "C. L. S. C. Grove-Rest" or "Go-to-the-Grove" picnic in your own neighborhood. One such humble gathering may be the seed of a grand Assembly one of these days.

A member of the class of '87 asks concerning the mountain known as Quarantania. This is a high bluff on the west of the Jordan, near the north end of the Dead Sea, and believed to be the Mountain of Temptation.

"Hand Book of Abbreviations and Contractions, current, classical and mediæval; also of secret, benevolent, and other organizations, legal works of the United States and Great Britain, and of the Railroads of the American Continent." By the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, A.M., D.D. Chicago: The Standard Book Company.

A *multum in parvo* for the general reader. The title fully unfolds the character of the volume.

"A Complete Hand Book of Synonyms and Antonyms, or synonyms and words of opposite meaning. With an appendix." By the Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, A.M., D.D. Chicago: The Standard Book Company.

This compact, neatly printed, well-bound volume is one of the most valuable of the "Standard Hand-Book Series," edited by Bishop Fallows, of Chicago. For the English reader or writer desiring carefully to discriminate between words and phrases, anxious to use language most appropriately, we know of no single volume equaling this hand-book for utility and general adaptation to his needs.

To a member of the circle who is really a very large-hearted and noble man, as I have since found him, but who is "decidedly opposed to teaching religious truths in schools of any kind," and who objects to being required to read the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," I have made the following reply, which I insert here, as it may meet similar cases:

My Dear Sir :—Your letter of December 27 is before me. We have provided a college outlook, a college outlook which touches every department in the realm of culture. We give a bird's eye view of this vast world which appeals to every faculty of the soul. We touch the physical man, the physical world in which he lives, above among stars, below among stones, about among plants and animals. We study history, the history of the earth as revealed in science, the history of man as unfolded in the traditions and records of the race. We study political and social economy. We also study somewhat (to a very limited degree) the phenomena and laws of man's moral and spiritual being. *It would be a strange course of study that ignored faculties as real, as universal, and as persistent in their operations as the religious faculties.* We avoid scrupulously everything that tends to the promotion of sectarianism in thought or spirit, but we believe in that profound philosophy, which all leading educators of life have recognized, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." A culture of muscle alone is a one-sided culture. The culture of the reason alone is equally one-sided. A culture of memory alone is folly. The true culture is a culture of body, mind and heart, the soul in its entirety, with its many-sided relations to the truths which belong to those relations: God, neighbor, home, life, nation, time, eternity. The C. L. S. C. would indeed be a

most narrow and bigoted thing if it were to refuse attention to the religious world. Now concerning Dr. Walker's work on "The Plan of Salvation," the name is, I confess, quite misleading. It is a book written forty years ago, by one of the ablest intellects of America. No American religious book has had a wider circulation. It is profoundly philosophical, and it gives a most original view of the old Jewish history; and a man's education who calls himself an infidel is incomplete without reading that book. There is not the slightest tinge of sectarianism about it. It is a vigorous classic which every student of the English tongue should read. Hundreds of our readers, who are not members of any evangelical church, and who are skeptical in their tendency, have read the book with great delight, and though prejudiced somewhat against the title, have given words of testimony to its wonderful power as a literary production, to say nothing about the vigor of its arguments. You say you "find sermons in stones, and good in everything." Can you not, if you find good in everything, find good in a philosophical book written by a mighty intellect, acknowledged by the scholars of the past forty years? "The Plan of Salvation" is not a discussion of the way a soul is to be saved. It is a discussion of the philosophy underlying the biblical history. You can not afford not to read it, even if you decline to prosecute our course of study. I am a little surprised that a broad man should be "decidedly opposed to teaching religious truths in schools of any kind." What would a culture be that ignored the religious? One of the strongest arguments that I ever read in favor of the Bible as a text-book for study, was written by Huxley, who pleaded fervently for it as a book for study in every secular school. I do not "compel" you to read Walker's book; I do not say you MUST buy the book. You may read any book on any phase of the question, Roman or Protestant, according to the tendency of your faith. Something on that line you must read to complete our broad survey.

THE C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR 1884-'85.

Beginner's Hand Book in Chemistry, Prof. Appleton.

Scientific Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "The Circle of the Sciences;" "Huxley on Science;" "Home Studies in Chemistry," by Prof. J. T. Edwards; "Easy Lessons in Animal Biology," Dr. J. H. Wythe; "The Temperance Teachings of Science;" "Studies in Kitchen Science and Art."

Barnes's "Brief History of Greece."^{*}

"Preparatory Greek Course in English;"† Wilkinson.

"College Greek Course in English;" Wilkinson.

Chautauqua Text-Book No. 5, "Greek History;"** Vincent.

"Cyrus and Alexander;" Abbott.

Historical Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Ancient Life in Greece;" "Greek Mythology."

"The Art of Speech," volume one; Dr. L. T. Townsend.

General Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN: "Talks About Good English."

"The Character of Jesus;" Horace Bushnell.

"How to Help the Poor;" Mrs. James T. Field.

"History of the Reformation;" Bishop J. F. Hurst.

Sunday Readings in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Readings in *Our Alma Mater*:‡ "Lessons in Every-Day Speech," Prof. W. D. MacClintock; "Lessons in Household Decoration," Miss Susan Hayes Ward; "Lessons in Self-Discipline—Memory, Thinking, Selection of Books," etc. Official Communications to Members.§

*Not to be read by the classes of '85, '86 and '87.

†Not to be read by the classes of '85 and '86.

‡The *Alma Mater* is sent free to all members of the C. L. S. C. who are recorded at Plainfield, N. J., and whose annual fee is paid.

§To recorded members several other valuable documents are forwarded without additional expense.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

If we change our order this month and begin the gossip from our letters with the "University Circle," of San José, Cal., it is only because we wish to call particular attention to the thrifty growth of our work on the Pacific coast. Mrs. Fields, the competent secretary of that branch, sends us this pleasant report of the San José work: "Colleges and universities are no longer confined to the east. They spring up like Jonah's gourd with the westward moving star of empire, and are only checked by the setting of that star in the great western ocean. California boasts of its grand State University at Berkeley, which she thinks rivals Harvard and Ann Arbor, and we of San José point to our university with its commodious buildings, its noble president, Dr. C. C. Stratton (widely known also as president of our Pacific Coast C. L. S. C.), its excellent faculty, and hundreds of earnest students, and feel that it is an institution of which any city or state might well be proud. In the shadow of this university there very naturally has arisen a Chautauqua circle. There are no unfriendly comparisons and inhospitable exclusiveness, no neighborhood jealousies or rivalries between 'the University of the Pacific' and that little branch of the great 'People's University,' known as the 'University Circle.' Two of the oldest and most honored professors in the former institution, together with all the ladies of the faculty, are members of the circle. They freely give their time and genial presence to the semi-monthly meetings of the C. L. S. C. whenever it is possible for them to do so, and by their wide range of knowledge add greatly to the interest and profit of these occasions. The rest of the members of the University Circle are neighbors and friends who are greatly interested in the reading, and who believe in the value of association and mutual helpfulness. They are mostly middle aged people, though there is a sprinkling of gray hairs on some brows, and here and there is a bright young face. They count twenty when all told, and usually have a good representation present. The meetings are held in the different homes, so that to each falls his allotment of these hospitable pleasures. One evening there was 'a chiel amang 'em takin' notes,' who felt sure that this University Circle ought to let its light shine for the benefit of the whole Chautauqua family, and these notes are herewith presented: 'Eighteen Chautauquans present in the cheerful double parlors of Mrs. G. A gentle-faced member of the Society of Friends presided, and illuminated the circle with her beaming smile and her bright, suggestive leadership. The members recited from slips of paper, each naming a theme numbered in the order of their occurrence in the lesson, and distributed previously among the class. Each person, while studying the whole lesson carefully, had made special preparation on his or her own topic. This brought a great deal of careful research and fresh thought to bear on the lesson, and every one seemed thoroughly prepared, from the tall, scholarly Prof. M., with his slight, professional stoop, arising from a long habit of digging among Greek roots, down to the bright young girl who had brought her fine new classical atlas and was ready to point out all localities and routes of travel named in the lesson. The various themes were taken up in order, eliciting considerable discussion, bits of comment and remark, with ever and anon a seed-thought of spiritual application from the gentle Quakeress. If THE CHAUTAUQUAN were not crowded with good things this report might be made of indefinite length, but it shall be brought to a speedy close. It needs not to be added that the onlooker went away saying: How beautiful, how rational, how Christian a method of spending an evening! Who can estimate the power for good which such a circle exerts upon its members and upon the community which is so fortunate as to possess it!'"

An interesting plan has just been carried out by the Montreal, Canada, circle. They have held an open meeting, where

a *résumé* of the winter's work was given by the president, and the objects of the society were explained for the benefit of outsiders. An admirable plan, we should think it would prove. A *résumé* of one winter's work in the C. L. S. C. must impress a candid person of the genuine merit in the scheme, and necessarily would enlarge the borders of the Circle's influence. They do things well in Canada. That famous Toronto Central Circle impresses this truth upon us afresh each time we receive a report from them. This month they send an admirable program of their regular monthly meeting, at which, in addition to a lecture by Prof. Hutton, of University College, on "Phases of Roman Life and Literature with some Modern Analogies," reports from local circles were called for, a Round-Table conference on the work was held, and a half hour was spent in singing Chautauqua songs, every one who could sing being specially invited to come and join.

The C. L. S. C. movement has reached the beautiful village of Strondwater, near Portland, Maine, where they have a small but enthusiastic circle of seven members. Their weekly meetings are pleasant and profitable, and they enjoy to the utmost their studies in Greek and Roman History and Literature. From the neighboring state of New Hampshire is reported the "Parker's Falls Circle" of Newmarket, another "little pentagon of ladies" holding occasional meetings, conducted on the conversational plan. They write that they are so situated that they can not well have regular meetings, but all enjoy the course, and hold fast to the motto, "Do not be discouraged."

In October of 1883 the "Longfellow Circle" was organized at North Cambridge, Mass. From their report we find that they have over twenty members, whose exercises are varied to avoid monotony. A committee of three arrange a program for each month, which is printed by hectograph and circulated among the members. They have observed the memorial days of Longfellow, Shakspere and Addison, and find their meetings very interesting.

At West Newton, Mass., where there is a flourishing circle of forty who show a great deal of interest and pride in the work, Shakspere's day was observed with a very interesting program, in which we are pleased to notice that tableaux took a prominent part. This circle sends us word that this is their first year's experience with a local circle, but that they have enjoyed it so much that they will certainly continue it again another winter.

From Chelsea, Mass., is a suggestive account of the origin of their circle: "In 1880 three members of one family heard of the C. L. S. C. and immediately seized the idea and joined the class of 1884. In the fall of 1882 they discovered that an elderly lady of their church had been to Chautauqua that year, and was also an '84 member, full of enthusiasm. In 1883 three of their group enjoyed Framingham from beginning to end, while the fourth spent the season again at Chautauqua. Result—in October, 1883, was organized the 'Mt. Bellingham Local Circle,' with fourteen live members, among whom are the four irrepressibles, of '85, while the rest are proud of belonging to the 'Pansy Class.' We have just become acquainted with a sister circle of some ten members connected with the Central Congregational Church, and have enjoyed an evening together. We meet on the first Monday and third Wednesday of each month, while the 'Pansy Circle' meets fortnightly on Monday evening. This gives us a chance to make visits without interfering with the regular work of either circle."

At Shirley, Mass., a circle was organized in December, 1883, with a membership of seven. Much interest is felt, and the meetings are thoroughly enjoyed.

From historic Plymouth, Mass., the secretary of the "Plymouth Rock Circle" writes: "Having been very quiet and studious the past winter, and not having increased in numbers, we thought it best to invite some of our friends to a Chautauqua supper. Accordingly, on the evening of May 12

LOCAL CIRCLES.

quite a goodly number entered the prettily decorated Grand Army Hall, and were soon seated at the well filled tables. The supper seemed to be enjoyed, also the program which followed. Some of our guests were so well pleased that they think of becoming members of the class of '88."

The tide of Chautauqua enthusiasm reached Brighton, Mass., last fall, and on October 8, 1883, a local circle was organized. It was called the "Union Circle of Brighton and Allston," as the members come from both places. At the meetings of the circle they review the readings of the intervening two weeks, and for that purpose questions are prepared on the different subjects by the members. The circle is composed of eleven members, one of whom is vice president of the class of '87 of the New England Branch of the C. L. S. C.

At Lawrence, Mass., the circle is doing excellent work. Prof. Richards gave them three lectures in November, and Rev. W. F. Crofts another January 21. The Round-Tables have been well attended and thoroughly appreciated. The circle laments the loss of one of their members, Mrs. C. E. Daniels, a devoted Christian and an enthusiastic worker in the C. L. S. C., who sailed with her son on the ill-fated "City of Columbus." Her place can not be easily filled, and her sad fate has cast a gloom over a large circle of relatives and friends.

From Gloucester, Mass., a member writes: "We are still alive as a circle and at work. We feel that the true C. L. S. C. spirit is here. We meet once a month and study unitedly sections of the month's readings. We have found this year's course more in accordance with our need than any previous year's. We number not quite a dozen regular members, all of whom expect to forward their memoranda by July 1.

The "Vincent Circle," of Troy, N. Y., remembered the bard of Avon's day. Each member of the large circle received the neatly printed program with this stirring call to duty attached: "Don't fail to attend this extra meeting. Come with true Shaksperean enthusiasm. Have a half score of quotations on tongue's end. Bring a friend with you, and 'Chautauqua Songs.' Invite members of other circles."

A report comes from Brocton, N. Y., one of Chautauqua's neighbors, of the really remarkable work going on there: "In our sixth year of reading in the C. L. S. C. we number twenty-five members. We have kept up our weekly gatherings in class through the winter with a good degree of interest, feeling that there is an influence of power in the work, and its surroundings, which lifts us above the common level of life into a purer and nobler atmosphere. The graduates of '82 are formed into a class of the 'Hall in the Grove,' and have most of the winter been reading Blackburn's 'Church History.' We are all hoping to live to celebrate the Founder's Day."

A very enjoyable social reunion was recently held by the circle at Syracuse, N. Y. From the newspaper report we learn that there were about one hundred and fifty past and present members of the C. L. S. C. there. The Syracuse professors of the public schools and university have shown great kindness to this circle. The principal of one of the schools is at present president of the circle. Through the kindness of the Board of Education one of the school buildings was thrown open to the club for their reunion. We notice on the program of exercises carried out, a humorous poem by Mrs. Frank Beard, and an address from Mr. W. A. Duncan on "The Chautauqua Idea," as well as several addresses by well known Syracuse educators.

Prattburgh, N. Y., has a circle but one year younger than that of Brocton. They write: "Our local circle organized October 1, 1883, for its fifth year's work, with eighteen regular members, an increase over former years. We have representatives in each of the six classes; one graduate of '82 and two of '83 still remaining true to the local circle. Our meetings are held weekly at the homes of the members, and though in a measure informal, we find them both interesting and profitable."

In the college town of Ithaca, N. Y., a circle has, of course, splendid opportunities of getting assistance from Cornell University, opportunities which the large circle of forty there improves. This society spent a very interesting evening with Shakspere—the first memorial day they have had the pleasure of celebrating.

The Oswego and Scriba, N. Y., circles joined in a reunion in the spring, at which they carried out a fine program, and were served afterward with a sumptuous repast. From Fulton, N. Y., comes a very enthusiastic report: "The 'Lawrence' C. L. S. C. of this village is a flourishing and enthusiastic circle, numbering about forty regular members, and nearly as many honorary members. It was organized in October 1883, and was the outgrowth of a small circle of eight which had been formed the year previous. During 1883 these classes met separately, as two distinct circles, but at the commencement of the present year they consolidated, and now form a large class of earnest, interested students. We have observed the memorial days, giving a short sketch of the individual and extracts from his writings, interspersed with music. In March we had the rare treat of listening to a lecture by Dr. Vincent, he being one of the lecturers of our village 'Popular Lecture Course.' After the lecture the Chautauquans gave him a reception, and all had the pleasure of being personally introduced to him. He gave us an inspiring talk upon the theme of which he never tires, and intensified our love for this noble course, and increased our desire to do more and better work, feeling that though it may be superficial in comparison to a regular college course, it is elevating in its influence and character, and enables those of us who have left youth and school days far back in the past, to feel that we are not retrograding, but at least can be within hailing distance of those who are fresh and thorough in the same subjects. We have retained nearly every one of our original members, and are constantly gaining new ones. Already can we see the influence of the C. L. S. C. work in our thriving village in the increase of literary societies, and a growing desire for a more solid class of reading. We feel that the Chautauqua Idea is of heavenly birth, and have faith that each circle is a link in a chain that will encircle the earth."

The "Tremont Social Circle," of New York City, has been in existence only since December, but their membership is large, and their associations have been very pleasant. They celebrated both Longfellow's and Shakspere's days; the latter with tableaux, with the admirable supplement of a brief synopsis of the play, from which the subjects were taken, before each piece.

The "Spare Moment Circle" is reported this month from New York City. They are finding much profit in their readings. There seems to be little union work among the New York circles. One member writes: "We hear there is but one other circle existing in New York City. There must be a number of members reading alone, who would be pleased to join a local circle, and who would, no doubt, be desirable members. Would you kindly notice in THE CHAUTAUQUAN as early as convenient that there is a circle connected with the Central M. E. Church, 7th Avenue and 14th Street, New York City?" There are several New York circles and several "lone readers." An effort should be made by some one to hold a general reunion at which an organization could be effected and plans laid for occasional joint meetings. Such organizations are in successful operation in several cities where there are a number of circles.

New circles have been reported from West Philadelphia and Sugar Grove, Pa. Also at Chester, Pa., there is a thriving circle of between forty and fifty members. The circle is divided into sub-circles, meeting weekly, with a reunion of the entire circle monthly. At the weekly meetings a regular teacher leads in the lesson, and the different members have essays on subjects bearing on the readings. At the monthly meetings each member contributes ten written questions on

the readings of the previous month, which are asked promiscuously by the president. Generally there is also a lecture and music by outside talent, and the circle has met with kindest encouragement from all outsiders. They celebrated Longfellow and Shakspere days, each in turn.

In the "Pansy Circle," at Frankford, Philadelphia, they have wisely made practical Mr. Blaikie's excellent hints on getting strong, and spend the latter part of each evening in dumb-bell drill and other gymnastic exercises. This circle was formed last fall, and all told numbers thirty-five members, active and local.

The circle at Bradford, Pa., is still progressing. A few of their members have left the town, but nothing discouraged the rest are keeping up their work.

April 17th the Alumni Association of Pittsburgh, Pa., held their annual meeting. One of the features of the evening was a paper on "The C. L. S. C.," by a prominent lady member. A general survey of the aims and methods of the organization was given, and a glance taken at the home work. The writer stated that: "Pittsburgh has the honor of being in the advance in adopting the new departure, the 'Central Circle' having been projected at Chautauqua but a few days after the organization of the parent circle. At the first few meetings held, more than three hundred members were enrolled. The 'Central Circle' has ever since maintained more or less healthy existence. It has proved of great service in providing a home for such Chautauquans as were not able to attend any of the local circles. It has also by its regular monthly meetings brought into contact members of the different local circles, thus making them mutually helpful. Around this original 'Central Circle' have grown up not a few hopeful daughters, both in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, of which the mother organization has just cause to be proud. Lawrenceville boasts one of the most efficient local circles to be found anywhere. 'South Side Circle' is not only prosecuting the regular course with vigor, but has recently ambitiously attached a school of languages. The members are tugging away at Latin roots. The 'Emerson,' 'Woodlawn' and 'Vincent' circles, in Allegheny, are moving steadily forward. The 'Allegheny Circle' of '87 seems to be worthy of special mention. It is composed of twenty earnest, enthusiastic members, who intend to graduate—ladies and gentlemen in about equal numbers, representing occupations as various, probably, as their number will permit. The 'Mt. Washington Circle' has twenty-one names enrolled at Plainfield—seven gentlemen and fourteen ladies, residents of three different wards, and representing five religious denominations. One feature of membership, of which we feel somewhat proud, in which I fear we are alone among the circles of these cities, is that we have one member who, if permitted to finish the course, will add another to the only too small list of graduates under twenty years of age." The "Allegheny Circle" of '87, of which the writer speaks, often favors us with programs and interesting reports. One of the latest was of their evening with France.

Washington, D. C., gives us three breezy reports this month. A member from the "Foundry M. E. Church Circle," organized in 1882, writes: "The four Chautauqua circles of this city have been doing excellent work, and their prospect for the future grows brighter and brighter as the Chautauqua Idea of self education becomes better known to the people. During the existence of our societies Dr. J. H. Vincent has paid us a number of visits, each time preaching and lecturing to large congregations in Foundry Church. His lectures and sermons never fail to exert a good influence, for it is a noticeable fact that each time we are honored with his presence our circles have the greatest increase in membership. We trust he can find it convenient to be with us more frequently in the future. The 'Foundry' C. L. S. C. is the largest in the city. The officers of the circle constitute a board of instructors; at the meetings each instructor takes charge of but one topic.

If there remain other subjects of discussion they are distributed among individual members so that our lessons are always very satisfactorily discussed. After the recitations we have a literary exercise, consisting of readings, essays, recitations, debates, etc. We always take pleasure in observing each memorial day with an appropriate program. The C. L. S. C. of this city is yet only in its infancy, but as its members and friends become more enthusiastic for its success we hope to accomplish much for it in the near future." The second comes from the "Pansy Circle," of whom we have never before had the pleasure of hearing, and opens with an excellent plan: "In addition to our weekly meetings, where we discuss the subjects for the week's reading, we have a monthly gathering. We began work late in the year, so that we have had but three such. At the first, Professor O. T. Mason, of Columbia University, gave us a lecture-talk on Vegetable Biology, which was delightful to all. The second entertainment was a lecture by Professor Cleveland Abbe, the scientist of the Signal Bureau, and he selected the topic 'Thunder Storms, and the few things we know about them.' He concluded an hour's talk with a suggestion, which he said we should hear more of later. It was to this effect: The Signal Office needed many observers—those who were able to understand and appreciate this work—and they had proposed to have one or more in every county in the States. He had thought it a good idea for the Chautauquans to be invited to do such work in connection with their studies. The purpose expressed gave our little 'Pansy Circle,' although composed of ladies, considerable pleasure, and you may hear more of this, if we do. We spent our last monthly meeting celebrating Shakspere's day, members of the circle reading selections from the 'Merchant of Venice,' and giving us all great enjoyment. Closed the evening with general conversation about the great dramatist."

The "Meridian" Chautauqua Circle, of Washington, D. C., is now in its second year, throughout which period the interest has been great, notwithstanding the smallness of the circle; there being nine active and three local members. At the last weekly meeting was held the Shaksperean celebration. The exercises consisted, in part, of a brief sketch of his life and works, the question of their authenticity, citations of wit and wisdom, an argument relative to the sanity of Hamlet, together with selections from his plays. Among the decorations were sketches of his birthplace, the desk at which he studied "Little Latine and less Greeke," his seal, his epitaph, and a portrait of the author. After the literary exercises a supper was served.

At Sudlersville, Md., there is a pleasant circle of two, which sends word that "Having for the first time observed information in the March number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN encouraging the report of two as a local circle, we, the 'Eureka Circle,' take great pleasure in reporting with the multitude of others."

Snow Hill, Md., claims to have the finest C. L. S. C. on the Peninsula. "Of our twenty members one is a clergyman, two are lawyers, and six are school teachers. The study of Biology was facilitated by the use of a splendid microscope of 600 diameter power. We have a regular organization, a board of officers, and after the usual preliminaries of a formal assembly, the program. Three readers, one in each book, are appointed, a 'commentator' listens to each, then epitomizes the matter, and comments upon the manner. An examiner has been previously appointed in each study, whose business it is to prepare five written questions; these are thrown together and drawn by the members, who answer whatever falls to their lot."

The "Bryant" C. L. S. C., of Toledo, Ohio, is a flourishing circle of about twenty-five members, part of whom are "regular" and part "local." A lively interest has been manifested, and many warm discussions held concerning some of the characters studied about. Addison's day was celebrated in a very quiet manner, at a regular meeting of the circle.

The C. L. S. C. of the Third Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, had an unusually pleasant meeting on April 23. Although they have been organized for nearly two years, they have never before celebrated a Memorial Day. We trust their pleasant experience will lead to more frequent "special occasions" in the future.

The celebrations of Shakspere's and Addison's days were combined at Springfield, Ohio, and a very successful meeting was the result. This circle was organized in 1878, and the class of '82 are happy to read the "White Seal Course" with the other classes, while they read the "Crystal Seal" alone. All the Memorial Days have been observed this year, commencing with Garfield's and closing with Shakspere's and Addison's, but they claim that their Chautauqua picnic, given annually in June, is the jubilee of their C. L. S. C. year.

From the *Toledo Evening Bee* we learn that a very delightful evening was spent by the members of the Bryan, Ohio, C. L. S. C., in memory of William Shakspere. The circle here has been holding regular meetings since October, 1881. There are now sixteen members. Among the "days" none are more pleasant than Arbor Day. It does not receive much attention, we fear, but here is one circle at least that planted a tree. From Amelia, Ohio, a letter comes, saying: "In our little town we have a small C. L. S. C., and as you wanted all circles reported to THE CHAUTAUQUAN, we give ours as the 'Elm-tree Circle.' We are but four girls studying together, but a circle of one hundred could not be more enthusiastic. On Arbor Day we planted a tree and named it 'Vincent.' We hope that in another year we can report a much larger circle."

The sixth annual reunion of the circle at Norwalk, Ohio, was held on April 23. They have thirty members enrolled, and are reading the books of the seal course in the circle, while the books in the regular course are read at home. The exercises at their reunion were conversational entirely. The questions of the authorship of what are known as Shakspere's plays, and which is Shakspere's best play, being informally argued until the party were summoned to supper. The circle expect to resume their conversations another year.

From Cincinnati we have an encouraging account of the good things the circles have been enjoying there. The topics discussed at their Round-Table are particularly good. "The second Round-Table of the C. L. S. C. of Cincinnati and vicinity was held at Christie Chapel on April 22. An essay was read on 'Stray Leaves from a Chautauqua Journal,' and one on 'Tent Life at Chautauqua.' Then followed some impromptu talks on Chautauqua, and some experiences, amusing and otherwise, were related. The second topic of the evening was 'The advantages of the study of the classics in the original, and as we study them in translations, in the C. L. S. C. Course.' The discussion of this was fully participated in by the members, and a goodly meed of praise was given to the C. L. S. C. Classical Course. On April 24, at the invitation of the Grace Church Circle, the other circles were treated to a very fine lecture by their pastor, Rev. A. L. Reynolds. His subject was, 'The Survival of the Fittest.' The fifth annual reunion of the C. L. S. C. of Cincinnati and vicinity was held at Grace M. E. Church on Friday evening, May 9. It was a most enjoyable affair, and brought together members from some sixteen circles in and around the city, including Cheviot, Elmwood, Madisonville, Athens and Ironton, Ohio, and Covington and Newport in Kentucky."

A very delightful thing it is to have a C. L. S. C. home, a room that belongs to your circle, where you may surround yourself with the emblems, mottoes and banners of your brotherhood, and with the implements for successful work. Such a home belongs to the circle of Lima, Ind., of which they write: "We have a large and handsome room for our meetings. At present it is modestly furnished, but money is in the treasury to be used in making the room more attractive with bright rugs, fanciful screens and pictures." This circle succeeded in

doubling its numbers last summer by holding a Chautauqua reception, at which the attractiveness of the work was so well shown that no trouble was experienced in increasing the circle.

Petersburg, Ind., reports a circle of seven members; Rushville, Ind., one of twenty-two; and Liberty, Ind., one of eleven. All three are energetic, faithful bodies, up in their readings, loyal to the customs of the C. L. S. C., and full of enthusiasm.

A brief history of "Alpha Circle," of Quincy, Ill., has lately been sent us. This circle was formed in January, 1883, with thirteen members. Eleven were added the following season. At the close of the studies in June, 1883, a literary and musical feast was prepared at the home of one of the members. Fifty invitations were sent out to the members and interested friends of the circle. A public meeting was held in September, for the purpose of explaining the objects and aims of the Circle, and an effort was made to organize others. At least two societies resulted from this meeting: the 'Beta' Circle, composed entirely of ladies; they are great workers, and are giving the subjects very thorough attention; beside this, a small circle has been organized in the neighboring township—Melrose. The circle has had several little excursions, etc., and spent the fourth of July most delightfully in the woods on Bredewig's Alps. The 'Alpha' and 'Beta' Circles joined in observing Longfellow's day. Seventy-five invitations were sent out to friends, and the program was highly interesting. The meetings of the circle are very interesting.

Alton, Ill., also has a circle with a steady membership of twelve.

On Longfellow's day the three circles at Sycamore, Ill., held a delightful service in the poet's honor; essays, music and recitations made up the program. One of the circles at Sycamore reports: "Our first meeting was held November 14, 1882, when we organized a class with twelve members; now we have sixteen, four of whom are local members only. We have good officers and most of our class are doing very thorough work, though we are nearly all busy housekeepers and mothers. We grow more and more in love with the work. We have lively and free discussions on all topics studied, and meet every week, rain or shine." The "Dunlap" local circle was organized in the fall of 1883, and consists of some thirty members, mostly of the class of '87, but with two members who have completed the four years' course. Considerable enthusiasm prevails. Each meeting has been well attended, and all who started in with the course are steadily pursuing it. April 21 a "Shaksperean Social" was held. A program was presented consisting of music, essays and readings. Refreshments were served to some forty members and their friends. Every one went home more enthusiastic Chautauquans than ever. A "Cicero" night was recently held, and a "Virgil" night is the next on the program.

At Memphis, Tenn., the South Memphis local circle of the C. L. S. C. is composed of fourteen active members, beside several who are only local members. There is a good average attendance, and each one takes an active part. The meetings are begun with roll call, followed by reading of minutes, songs, and a full program of essays, readings, and "talks." These latter are really essays memorized and recited without notes. The circle is very earnest in its work.

A few ladies of Prairieville Center, Mich., belonging to classes 1886 and 1887, would acknowledge some of the pleasure brought into their busy lives by Chautauqua. Last year, as a nucleus, four ladies met once a week, read or held informal conversations on the lesson; now they are officered and dignified by the title of the "Kepler Circle," including five farmers' wives, one school teacher and one gentleman—five members, two local. As yet they have had no help, such as observance of memorial days or lectures, but are trying by personal influence to help on the work.

Atlas, Mich., has a live C. L. S. C. organized in March, though

several of the members began the course in October. There are eight regular members and ten local ones, who will probably take up the full course next year.

Dr. Vincent has kindly sent us a very remarkable report of the results of the circle work at Detroit, Mich. We have given much of the letter, for it shows vividly how much individual growth oftentimes is due to the thoughtful reading of good books. The writer says of the circle: "Nine persons met on October 1st, and formally organized. The growth both in numbers and interest was small during the first month, but continuing, we have held up to date twenty-one meetings, at which two hundred and twenty-two persons have been present; we keep a record of each evening's work, and also a visitors' list, trying to have a visitor each evening, which has generally ended in a new member. We open with singing, responsive reading, roll call with quotations, literary exercises, question box, Round-Table. For the first three months we were obliged to use 'Gospel Songs,' but, thanks to Miss Kimball, we now have the Chautauqua song books and are learning to enjoy them. By unanimous consent the responsive service consists of a selection of Scriptures by the leader, each member bringing her Bible. It has been our aim to conduct 'Pansy' Circle on as near the Chautauqua principle as possible; now for a few results. At the commencement of this season a neighbor was induced to visit the circle, with the promise of exemption from questions, etc. To-day that lady is a member of the general Circle, and an active member of the local, and from formerly being in such ill health that she was in a fair way of losing her mind, she has now quite recovered, and it is due to the C. L. S. C. Another member, who does not profess religion, was offered a copy of Ingersoll's works, by a fellow workman, but it was refused, with the statement that he had a better book to read, which proved to be Walker's 'Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.' That book has done wonders, bringing into active Christian life several hitherto backward ones. Another member told me that having lacked educational advantages, and feeling the need of them, she made it a subject of prayer, but for a long time seemed to have no answer, until an apparently accidental call on a friend discovered to her the C. L. S. C., and now she is one of our most enthusiastic members. There are many other cases worthy of mention, where the C. L. S. C., working like leaven, transforms individuals into active factors in life's warfare. It is indeed a glorious cause, and I am never weary of sounding its praises. We are a household altogether Chautauquan, singing the songs with our children; indeed, we have a six months' old girl who will not be quieted by me unless I sing 'The Winds are Whispering,' and our boy looks anxiously forward to the time when he can join the Circle. May your life be spared to see the ingathering from the grand Idea."

About the middle of last February six ladies and one gentleman met at the house of a lady interested in the C. L. S. C. workings, to see if a circle could not be started in Markesan, Wis. It was not until March 11 that they had a regular working meeting. They call the circle the "Climax," and now have fourteen enthusiastic regular members, and five local members. Shakspere day was observed with an interesting program, consisting of roll call, response to be a gem of thought from Shakspere, a biographical sketch of his life, a paper on his eccentricities, songs, and several readings.

Monona Lake Assembly has aroused enthusiasm for the C. L. S. C. work among very many of its visitors. Another tribute to its good influence comes from a friend writing of the origin of the oldest circle at Eau Claire, Wis.: "In 1882 one of our circle visited the Assembly at Monona and came back full of enthusiasm, which resulted in the organization of a circle. We started with six members. It took us some time to get acquainted with the method of instruction, and to gain the necessary discipline for memorizing (we are none of us very young). We have never increased our original membership,

because we found that six who were congenial could work profitably together. Our circle, with one exception, visited Monona last summer. We gained a fresh inspiration from the 'Round-Table.' Last fall two other societies were organized, one consisting of members of the Congregational Church, numbering eighteen, and professing great pleasure in their work. The other society consists of young ladies, graduates of the high school. They have a membership of ten; they feel great satisfaction in the work. They are all young, fresh minds, and enjoy that advantage over our circle, but they can't exceed us in enthusiasm. When the societies multiplied we gave our little society a name. We are now known as the 'Alpha Society.' We often bless good Dr. Vincent in our hearts for originating and developing the plan of C. L. S. C. work. I recently met a Chautauquan from a little town of a few hundred people—Knapp. She said: 'We have only a little circle of six. We are farmers' wives, and are very busy, but we do enjoy our reading. We can see we are doing better work this year than we did last year, so we feel encouraged.'

Iowa never fails to send us fresh and interesting items. This month two circles organized in October of 1883 are reported; one from Corydon of ten members, and another of fifteen members from Humboldt. In both the interest is good and the work growing.

Anamosa, Iowa, has a circle of fourteen now on its second year of work. The secretary writes: "Our hearts and minds are aglow with genuine Chautauqua enthusiasm. It has all been full of suggestive life and interest. We have kept all the Memorial Days, and followed out its principles and precepts." At their Longfellow memorial the circle kindly opened their doors to their friends, hoping by this means to extend the field of C. L. S. C. work in the town. A well written article in a local paper on the work done, shows how thoroughly its influence is appreciated: "When one has passed an evening with such a club, that has been faithfully kept up year by year, not for social delight but for hard study of history, philosophy, *belles lettres* and the evidences of the Christian religion, he realizes the worth of it and since music, good music too, is ever added to the mental labor as joint refiner of mind and heart, he approves the 'club' as one of the finest social and literary organizations that has ever blessed this city."

A capital subject for a talk or essay is this, which we find on the program of the Shakspere exercises at Shanandoah, Iowa: "How Shakspere is regarded by literary men."

At Carthage, Missouri, a "Chautauqua Anniversary" was recently held by the two-year-old circle there. Between forty and fifty were present. The literary exercises were followed by an elaborate supper. The subjects of the evening's toasts were the Memorial Days, taking them in order.

The various local circles of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle of Kansas City, Missouri, united in a service commemorative of Shakspere. The church in which the exercises were held was handsomely decorated for the occasion with flowers and plants, and with three elegant banners prepared for and presented to the circle in Kansas City by the Columbus Buggy Company, of Columbus, O. The gift of these was prompted by the Milton Memorial Services held by these circles several months since, at which the donors were present. Beside the circles of Kansas City and the Wyandott circle, a large audience was present to listen to the exercises. The local circles of Kansas City are the "Kansas City Circle," the "Dundee," the "Central Circle" and the "Clyde Circle," the "Ladies' Forest Avenue Circle," and a circle on Summit Street.

In a letter from a circle in New Orleans, La., we find some interesting points. The circle selects topics for discussions at their meetings. Each member is required to bring in thoughts, statistics or quotations bearing upon the subject. Popular topics are taken, as for example, one given at a recent meeting was "The Higher Education of Women." The idea is a

good one. Such discussions give an agreeable change from so much historical and scientific reading. Among their officers they have a chaplain who conducts the opening exercises of the evening; another excellent plan. Just now they are meeting a difficulty which comes to many circles. The writer says: "The majority of the circle are of class of '85. They commenced the course as young members, with no outside interests, and now at their maturity are branching off to their respective callings; one an ordained Episcopalian minister, in a distant parish; another leaves this summer to finish a collegiate course for the Presbyterian ministry, and others go elsewhere, yet we may feel assured, never to lose interest in the C. L. S. C." Losing the tried, trusty "stand-bys" of a society is generally one of the most dangerous trials it goes through. Only a persistent putting of the shoulder to the wheel will carry it over, but that *always* does it.

From *Canton City, Col.*, a lady writes: "We have organized a little circle of about ten members and have worked hard up to this time to demonstrate to ourselves our interest and determination to prosecute the studies. For housekeepers who have long been out of the discipline of students the work pushes us so that we, as yet, have not been able to read anything additional to the course. One of our number prepares questions on the lessons and acts as president or referee. These questions are on slips of paper, and each member draws one, on which to gather information to report to the class at the next meeting. Enough to say thus far we enjoy our reading very much, and hope it is but the beginning of a systematic study, which will end only with life."

A friend sending us the program of the Longfellow celebration at *Durango, Colorado*, writes: "I send you a copy of our Longfellow program. While it may suggest nothing new as a literary program, it may be a satisfaction to lovers of the C. L. S. C. to hear that in this new frontier town of Southwestern Colorado, sandwiched between the Ute and the Navajo Reservations, the 'Chautauqua Idea' has taken root." One exercise of the evening we do not remember to have seen before in any report: "The exercise—quotation guesses—was a pleasant little diversion. The president distributed slips of paper amongst the members, each slip containing a line from some one of Longfellow's poems. Each slip was numbered, and as the president called the number the member holding that number would read the sentiment from her slip and finish it in the language of the poem from which it was taken. The evening's entertainment closed with a banquet, and everyone went home feeling better acquainted with Longfellow and more deeply in love with the C. L. S. C."

The pastor of the M. E. Church at *Idaho Springs, Col.*, last fall called a meeting to organize a club in the interest of good reading. "When the people came together some friends of the Chautauqua Idea were found; three or four of them had been regular or local members of the C. L. S. C., and it was decided that we form a branch of that great home college. We have a membership of about twenty. We frequently have a half-dozen visitors, but we do not consider our meetings public; they have been very interesting, and the interest is unabated. We have adopted various methods of examination on the required reading, but none seem to us so good as that of giving to each person present a written question; this being by him answered is then discussed by any person who so desires. We strive to be informal, and since we have become acquainted, are able to express ourselves on the subjects being discussed better than at first. Since the first of January we have recruited by taking in some desirable local members, thereby filling the places of those who have dropped out of the ranks by the pressure of other business. We can see the good effects of our circle on our little town in many ways already. With one or two exceptions we belong to the class of 1887; at the end of April, in our first year, we report ourselves as making good progress."

C. L. S. C. TESTIMONY.

Massachusetts.—I want to say for the encouragement of any who urge objections to the C. L. S. C. course, that I took it up to please my wife, but 'twas but a short time before I was earnestly reading and studying to please myself. It seemed quite an undertaking, but, though we are forty years old, and have four children, we have found time to keep abreast of the work as carried on by the Circle. We (myself and wife) are of the class of '86, and began reading together, but the next year, '83, there was a circle formed, and we joined. You would only have to glance into our sitting room to-night to learn that we are disciples firm and true in this course and its kindred branches; my wife and myself reading French History, two older children at the other end of the room reading the Home College Series, while the two youngest (seven and ten) are reading the course of the C. Y. F. R. U., and the benefits, the blessings and the pleasure we gain from all of this can never be counted in time. We are enthusiastic over the C. L. S. C., because we can see and feel some of its benefits already. We know the forty minutes a day pays better interest than any similar time spent in any secular business. We know its value can not be computed by any known tables. We recommend it to everybody, and we feel 'twill grow here among us. It is succeeding everywhere, it must succeed, and must produce good results, for "We study the Word and the Works of God."

Massachusetts.—I am quite an invalid, so I take the reading slowly and in small doses, but I can not begin to tell the good it has done me.

New Jersey.—Life seems to me to have been lifted on a higher plane since my association with the C. L. S. C. I know I am a better wife, I love my Christian work better, I am better acquainted with the Master, and as the intellect is cultivated, the soul is pushed out into greater depths and heights and breadths.

Pennsylvania.—I enjoy the reading and study more than I can express, believing that its influence is elevating. I regret that I can not enjoy the advantages of a local circle. I did try to interest some in my own neighborhood, but did not succeed.

Pennsylvania.—It is helping me regain what I lost under the pernicious influence of novel reading. It fills many moments, that would have been spent in idle dreaming, with rare pleasure in the acquirement of knowledge. Its purifying influence is making life more real and earnest. I belong to a small circle numbering six members. Two of the number read last year, and were instrumental in the organization of the circle this year. We are all enthusiastic members, meeting regularly each week. We have real social meetings, with no formality or coldness, and they are a source of great benefit and enjoyment to us all.

Pennsylvania.—You may send me about twenty-five "Popular Education" circulars, and the same number of "Spare Minute Course" tracts, and I will try to aid the C. L. S. C. by distributing them, and speaking a word for it. I have not been able to do much for it yet, but it has done a great deal for me. The first year, and up to February of this year, I did the reading all alone. Sometimes it was very discouraging, but every month when THE CHAUTAUQUAN came, and I read the letters from other members, the circles and others, my enthusiasm received an impetus that carried me on into the next month, and so on through the year. I do not pretend to keep up with the class. Do not think I had finished over half the required readings at the close of the year. But, if the only object of the C. L. S. C. was to have the reading done, I might have done it. My conception of the "Chautauqua Idea" is growth. It has been a means of growth to me. I have grown intellectually, morally and spiritually. It destroyed a taste for light

reading, and created an appetite for real knowledge, giving enlarged views of life and life's work.

Indiana.—This is my third year of work, and I feel much more zealous than at the start. No early training can take the place of such a course as this, yet with a foundation how easy it all appears when we once get at it. It is wonderful how the interest grows. I go out but little, my friends find my C. L. S. C. books scattered around when they come in. At first they attracted little attention, and I failed to create much interest in them by speaking, but as time goes on and they still see the same thing they begin to wonder and ask questions, until now I am frequently asked to explain "the whole plan," and find willing hearers. There are four of us in this place who pay the annual fee, but I succeeded in getting several more to subscribe for THE CHAUTAUQUAN. In another year I hope we shall have an interesting class. "We four" are not formally organized, but our sympathy brings us closely together whenever we meet. I have the complete set of C. L. S. C. books—could not get along without them.

Wisconsin.—I tried for years, ten years at least, to arrange a course of reading for myself (before I ever heard of the C. L. S. C., too), that would be *practical* and instructive at the same time; though I made many attempts I always found it impossible to pursue the courses of study I selected, but I never gave up the effort. My thirst for knowledge has always been so great I never am happy unless I feel that every day I have made some improvement, or acquired some knowledge that will be of lasting benefit. So when I had the opportunity of joining the C. L. S. C. I hailed it with delight and gratitude, and never think of its founders without thanking them in my inmost heart for the good it has done, and the good it promises in the future.

Wisconsin.—These two years of C. L. S. C. work have been the happiest of my life. Our studies lighten our cares, encourage our Christian faith, and give the future a bright and en-

couraging outlook. We see the good influence even in our children; if they do not fully appreciate, they are enthusiastic in their admiration of Chautauquans, and are always glad when it is our turn to have the society.

Missouri.—I presume this year will end my four years' course; there are a number of books which I had not the time to read, but I shall keep on taking THE CHAUTAUQUAN and reading all I can, for my whole soul is in it, and I have gained more information and practical knowledge through this systematic course of reading than I have in twice the length of time before. I think we shall gain members here to the C. L. S. C., and I shall do all I can. I think we ought to have a strong circle here. I work in the railroad shops, and I read THE CHAUTAUQUAN to the men nearly every noon.

Colorado.—I am, like many another member of the C. L. S. C., a "busy mother," but I have always been able to find time for my required reading, and for a good deal more that seemed to be suggested by the readings. To say the course of systematic reading is a delight to me, is to but feebly express my appreciation. It is a continual benefit, and an abiding stimulus to self-culture. The study of astronomy in last year's course started me on what has since been the greatest pleasure I have ever known, that of learning the face of the heavens, till I know the stars, and really greet them each night as dear, familiar friends. The air is so clear here, and our evenings so uniformly cloudless, it is a constant source of enjoyment.

Texas.—I am a lone member, having found no one yet to join me in reading, yet I prize the course so highly that nothing but necessity would induce me to relinquish it. Last year, in much physical weakness and suffering, I partially accomplished the course, and felt a kind Providence had given me this to turn my mind from gloomy thoughts. How I wish the young, the middle-aged and the old would give time for the good thoughts, knowledge and discipline it contains.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

THE C. L. S. C. COURSE FOR 1884-5.

Students and graduates of the C. L. S. C. will examine with interest and with much satisfaction the course of study for next year printed in this number. It does not appeal to the jealousy but to the pride of the alumnus to know that Alma Mater is providing better things for the student of to-day than she did for him. Certainly the work of next year is so constituted as to yield most satisfactory results. It is neither too wide nor too narrow; neither too deep nor too shallow. It is admirably arranged, embracing most important and attractive subjects, by authors of highest qualifications for their work.

That which impresses us most is the scope and thoroughness of each department. Let him who has imagined that this work is "smattering" surface work, scrutinize the single department of Greek in next year's study. True, there are not four or six years of drill in translating the language, but we do not hesitate to say that the student who *studies* the works prescribed here will know more of the Greek life and thought than the average graduate after his six years' translating. He will also be able to stand comparison with the latter in his acquaintance with the Greek literature. Nor is this designed as a criticism of the work done by the college, but as a word to that particular critic of the C. L. S. C.

In the department of science the titles of the text-books themselves indicate that the C. L. S. C. is abreast of the times

in repudiating the absurd notion that science can be learned by the memorizing of descriptions and definitions. Such titles as "Home Studies in Chemistry," "The Temperance Preachings of Science," and "Studies in Kitchen Science and Art," bespeak the scientific method which requires the observation and arrangement of facts and phenomena by the learner himself.

We are glad to note the liberal attention bestowed upon our English in the curriculum of the coming year. "The Art of Speech," by Dr. Townsend, "Talks about Good English," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, and "Lessons in Every Day Speech," by Professor MacClintock, are a quantum of English quite beyond the fashion of these times. No study has been so inexorably neglected by our schools of every grade. Just now there are signs of repentance in some quarters. President Eliot of Harvard is pleading for its admission to a place equal with Greek and Latin. If what should be will be, not many years hence will witness it so.

Prominent also, as heretofore, is the aim to keep before the C. L. S. C. both the moral and the religious. No one can read "The Character of Jesus," by Bushnell, without mental and moral profit, without the awakening of a deeper homage of soul for the world's Redeemer. Then there is Mrs. Field's work on that perplexing, every-day question, "How to Help the Poor." Bishop Hurst's "History of the Reformation" is

among the very best works on that eventful period in church history. These are to be supplemented by the continuance of those well-chosen Sunday Readings in *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*. Beside these classified departments we are promised a series of articles on miscellaneous subjects, such as Memory, Self-Discipline, Thinking, Selection of Books, etc. Taken altogether, a course of study for a year which, faithfully pursued, is an education in itself. We predict for the C. L. S. C. a year of increased interest, pleasure and profit.

THE WALL STREET TROUBLES.

The panic in Wall Street has not extended to the whole country in the same form and intensity as the great crises of 1857 and 1873; but, no doubt, the effect of the shock at the money center will distribute itself gradually over the entire country. The country is not any worse off now than it was at the beginning of May; it is, rather, better off, because an evil has been uncovered and a remedy applied. We did not think ourselves on the verge of ruin on the first of May, nor do we now know that we were. The evil we have discovered in action we knew to be in existence then. But having been forced to take medicine for the sickness, we shall experience some inconvenience from the drastic dose. It is hardly possible to make an 1873 over again. None of the factors of a great general depression exist (so far as we can see); but the cure of the speculative disorder, from which the whole economical body must more or less suffer, may be exasperatingly difficult. All chronic maladies yield very reluctantly to medical treatment; and our economic maladies are equally stubborn. The seat of the present trouble is the organization of railroad property and its management; the principal owners and managers of railroads are speculators in their own property. This disorder has existed from the beginning of such property. It is a twist which the property was born with. It has tortured the patient for fifty years. And to this date no one has applied any adequate remedy. Reformers abound, but the patient does not hesitate to call them quacks; and, denying that there is any serious trouble, it asks to be let alone.

We can estimate the evil by a comparison of three groups of figures. Take first the figures which show the cost of railroads. Take next the figures for the nominal capital in stocks and bonds; add the figures which show net income. It is not necessary here to give the actual figures in either group. The fact is that the net income is less than a fair interest on the actual cost of the roads, and perhaps not one per cent. on the nominal value as shown by capitalization. A road has cost five millions; the nominal value is twenty millions; the net income is six per cent. on four millions. Take out a dozen corporations which are wholesomely managed, and the rest of the companies are, in varying degrees, bankrupt as to their nominal capitals and unprofitable as to their actual cost. Speculation trades upon the delusion that the roads are presently, or in some "sweet by-and-by," to pay dividends upon all their capital. To economize this delusion, the speculative owners of the lines carefully conceal the facts about the condition of their property, or pour out these facts in a torrent of apparent losses—according as they themselves are long or short of the property. The real condition of a railroad property can not be known except when it is bankrupt. At other times railroad book-keeping is too confusing for average brains, and exuberant hope makes the future out of the "astonishing growth of the country." To remove the railroad property from the sphere of speculative manipulation is the pressing demand of all legitimate interests vested in such property. Until this is done this kind of property will be a squalling baby in the financial household, falling into convulsions periodically and alarming and distressing the whole family of industries and investments.

It is understood that the largest fortunes in the country are made by magnifying this kind of property. It is known that

a panic seldom strikes its fangs into the manipulator. It is believed that the public is usually the bitten party in the gambling circle. But in the present case it is not probable that any but the Wall Street men have much suffered, or that any fortunes have been made in the street. What has had to be done is to distribute through the street a large aggregate of losses incurred since 1881. The sum total exceeds five hundred millions, according to some statisticians. This sum is divided into two parts: 1st, losses from July 1881 to January 1883, estimated at three hundred millions; 2nd, losses from January 1883 to May 1884, estimated at two hundred millions. We mean losses as measured by the fall in market price of railroad paper of all kinds. It is believed that before 1883 the public at large had suffered a loss of perhaps two hundred millions, that since that the said public has had little to do with the Wall Street market, and that the street (including all the men doing business on the stock market) has had to distribute a loss of three hundred millions. It is presumed that the public has, since January 1883, recovered from its losses, but the street is in the agony of its punishment. It was inevitable that some of the losses should be thrown on the banks; and through these losses the panic directly reached the public, in the double form of impaired confidence and stringency. The country has borne both evils with good sense. The impairment of confidence did not become general distrust: the stringency, which for a day or two made money worth four or five hundred per cent. per annum, passed off in a week. The fact that the troubles concerned one kind of property only, and was localized in Wall Street, was quickly understood by the country at large. The wounded banks were relieved by their neighbors, and the brokers on whose books the bad balances are found have been left to settle up their business as they may be able to manage it, while business in general goes on as before, with, however, a considerable increase of caution. The first effect of this caution will be depressing. Nor is it to be denied that considerable depression already existed in legitimate trades. The trouble is not serious, but it is annoying. At bottom it is based on an excess of enterprise in a part of the manufacturing and trading public. Anxious to be rich, they aim at impossible growth in business. They make certain kinds of goods in larger quantities than the public will consume them. This trouble may be called over-production or under-consumption; it does not much matter. Whatever name we give it, the thing is self-corrective, and involves no large disaster. It compels men to content themselves with less than they wish, teaches us that we can not all be millionaires, cuts down our ambition for social importance or ostentation, but it does not tend toward a crash. It is painful to go slow when we desire to go fast; but the breaking of bones occurs when fortuitous combinations permit us to drive on like Jehu. It may be dull, but it is safe to be dull in the economical world. It is the roaring activity of prosperous times that makes our financial ruin.

SOME POINTS ON THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in Philadelphia last May was in several respects remarkable. It was in the first place a picturesque body for the eye of a moral artist. The "war horses" of older days were there with the sound stentorian neigh which one expects to hear at a camp meeting. Probably there were more of these than in recent sessions of the body. There was William Taylor from everywhere, Ram Chandra Bose from India, and the venerable men of a former generation who are called Trimble and Curry. But the moral picturesqueness of the Conference lay rather in the variety and independence of young Americans from all sections. There was a very lively Bear from Wall Street, a still livelier lay preacher from New Jersey, a choice collection of young pastors from all over Zion, and a sprinkling of college men and newspaper men, bankers, railroad

men and physicians, ex-generals, ex-chaplains, and farmers. The face of the body was so variegated and its separate limbs so independent that some spectators said it was not a body at all because it had no community of life and no head. Its independence of traditions and its refusal to be led by anybody added to the picturesqueness of the assembly. Nothing could be thrust down its throat. It threw all the men who successively tried to lead it. It voted with reference to an order of ideas and aspirations which no one can find written down in the press of the denomination. We believe there was but a single caucus, and that was a gathering of the colored delegates. It was a piece of most adroit management. It will probably be the last of that series of caucuses; and if it had been held half a day sooner, it would have defeated its own purpose. The white delegates would have defeated anybody who had asked them to go into a caucus. A very manly and self-respecting independence of dictation or management was in the air.

Another striking fact was the form which the independence of the body took on—the results which it reached. It might be called the Missionary Reform Conference. From the first it was clear that this branch of church work would receive a push forward on new lines. The single large debate of the session was over the proposition to locate a regular bishop in India. The bishops opposed it vigorously. The special adherents of "presbyter writ large" opposed it. And yet the measure received a majority of votes, and was defeated only by "dividing the house" and getting a lay majority against it to kill a clerical majority for it. After that defeat by a formal device for distributing a minority so as to give it veto power, the Conference had its own way. It made Chaplain McCabe Missionary Secretary, and elected William Taylor a Missionary Bishop for Africa, and it lifted Daniel Curry, who had led the movement for an Episcopal residence in India, sheer over the heads of all the editorial staff and set him down in the chair of the *Quarterly Review*. Each of these facts means more than meets the eye. Chaplain McCabe is the prince of collection-takers. The best man in the church to raise money is set to increasing missionary collections. William Taylor has been a bishop for thirty years—a bishop *de facto*—he is now bishop *de jure* in Africa. We doubt whether he will confine himself to Africa; but it will certainly require all of Africa to hold him. The Liberian grave-yard ceases to be the Methodist Africa. Bishop Taylor will lay siege to the whole continent—the Nile, the Soudan, the Congo, the Cape, as well as Liberia. Nor is this all. He believes in self-supporting missions, and will give a great impetus to the movement toward self-directing independence in all missions. Some time or other a mission must become a church; that time, many believe, is at hand in India, Africa and Europe. The reversal of judgment in Dr. Curry's case is a conspicuous proof of the independence of the Conference. Eight years ago he was retired from the *Christian Advocate* at New York for insubordination. Part of his offense was a singular freedom of pen on this same subject of missions. For example, he once wrote (concerning the return visits of missionaries in the other hemisphere): "We need a few graves of missionaries in heathen soil," or words of this significance. The General Conference was persuaded to vote him out in 1876; but the act emancipated the paper, and under Dr. J. M. Buckley it is independent in a wider sense than Dr. Curry ever dared to make it. And now with the burden of seventy-five years upon him, Dr. Curry succeeds the other venerable Daniel as the editor of the chief and only universal organ of the denomination. "Whedon on the Will" will probably cease to be the conspicuous feature of the *Quarterly Review*, and if it should drop out of the "course of study" for young ministers, the loss might be a gain.

The choice of the Conference for new bishops will probably be approved after some experience. Bishops Ninde and Mallalieu are probably universally popular selections. Bishops

Walden and Fowler are yet to be approved by the intelligence of the denomination. But from one point of view the last two are better selections than the former. Bishops Ninde and Mallalieu have to be seasoned to a life of travel and hardship. They have lived in the study; and men past fifty (Bishop Mallalieu is 56) usually break down in the Methodist Episcopacy. The other pair of new bishops have long been inured to travel; and their physical preparation for the hard work before them may prove, on trial, that these were *almost* the best selections that could have been made. If Ninde and Mallalieu should soon follow Kingsley, Thompson, and the two Havens, the effect would probably be to direct the choice of the denomination in future elections to men accustomed to real itineracy. But, after all, on that view, or any other proper view, the largest bishop chosen by the last General Conference is the one who must write "Missionary" before his title. William Taylor has long been a bishop; his church has merely recognized, at rather a late hour, a fact which has long been conspicuous. Whether or not there is a great bishop, or more than one, among the other group of four remains to be proved by their work. There is little doubt that the judgment of the Conference was perplexed in the matter of voting Dr. J. H. Vincent into the Episcopacy, and so voting him out of that vast work which he supervises as the head of the Sunday-school organization. His friends will see in the vote of 178 for bishop, a proof that the Conference wanted him on the platform; they will see in the fact that for his old place the Conference gave him 316 ballots—all but nine of its votes—the reason why he was not made bishop. The figures are in both cases the highest possible compliment—both votes were complimentary.

CHAUTAUQUA OUTLOOK FOR 1884.

It is fitting that, in this last number of the Chautauquan year, we should remind our readers that the gathering of our students and teachers is at hand, and that the opening of the sessions of our schools and the breaking of silence on our platform are to occur this year under auspicious circumstances. Our columns afford indications that the class of this year is unusually large; our correspondence shows that the interest of the public in our work is enlarging its boundaries; the program for the sessions is the richest and most attractive ever furnished. Dr. Vincent has taken great pains in the selection of topics, teachers and lecturers. Old and tried men and women remain in the force, and it has been increased by addition of talents approved by excellent work and good fame in other fields. The Chautauqua Idea is still peculiarly Chautauquan. No other place or organization does its work. It is a school for all—a university in which, by joining self-instruction with the schools and platform of Chautauqua, a man or woman of any age may pursue knowledge in almost any field with profit and pleasure. The original impulse to this work of ours was given by providing for the wants of those who had not good advantages in early life; but it has been found in the actual work that an arrangement of subjects and lectures could be made which enables any man to add to his knowledge and quicken his interest in personal study. It has come to pass that our best patrons and friends are those who have graduated in other schools, while we continue to increase the usefulness of Chautauqua for those in whose behalf it was founded. The success of the "Idea" along the whole line is not merely a satisfaction; it is a promise and a prophecy. There is every reason to believe that its broad, philanthropic, refining and elevating tendencies will continue to develop new methods of giving knowledge to all. But, of course, a benevolent enterprise like ours depends upon the sustained interest and enthusiasm of its friends. We are just as liable to flag in this as in any other benevolent work. It is not carried on to make money; money is made to carry it on. All the conditions of failure which must surround an undertaking which has

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

not the force of self-interest behind it, exist of course in this large and expensive enterprise. Therefore we may properly remind the friends of Chautauqua that their patronage and coöperation in many ways are essential still, and must always be, to its progress. We make these suggestions, not from any doubt of the fidelity and perseverance of our friends, but, to recall attention to the fact that the Chautauqua Idea is a philanthropic and not a commercial one. Chautauqua does not exist to enrich any one, but to increase knowledge and spread culture in the land. It has no antagonisms, and need not have, but it can not dispense with the active zeal of its numerous friends.

The managers have done their whole duty in making pre-

parations for the approaching campaign. Let every high private emulate their industry and zeal. Bring your friends to the Lake. Remember that we want the coöperation of the sober, thoughtful and earnest people. The Chautauqua season is not a picnic; it is a season of rest, because a change of scene and occupation always refreshes mind and body. But our patrons are expected to bring their heads with them—and their consciences—that when they return home they may carry back new force and larger power to influence their neighbors. Chautauqua is ready to receive its pupils and guests. It has wide arms and a generous heart. The season will be what its patrons choose to make it. We are confident that they will choose to make it the best of the series.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The fourth volume of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* closes with the present number. In the month of August we shall issue at Chautauqua the *Assembly Daily Herald*, with its numbers of invaluable lectures, its racy reports and varied sketches of Chautauqua life. For the advantage of our friends we make an attractive combination offer of the fifth volume of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN*, and the *Assembly Daily Herald*, for \$2.25. See advertisement.

Among the great figures missed at the Republican National Convention this year was that of ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling. Not having admired him politically, we are the more free to express our respect and admiration for the courage with which he declined a seat on the supreme bench, and the splendid success he is achieving at the bar. A certain intense ardor which marks him as a man give assurance of still higher success and permanent fame in his profession.

The unveiling of an imposing statue of Martin Luther, in Washington, is one of the events which reminds us of the granite character of Luther; and in the same breath set us thinking of the solidarity of humanity. Luther is a great way from home in Washington, four centuries after his birth; but he is among his own people and as much alive as he ever was.

The cap-sheaf of official negligence is put on in the case of a bank which wallows for years, perhaps, certainly for months, in insolvency, and is never in all the time honestly and thoroughly examined by the various persons whose duty it is to know the facts.

"Men were giants in those days." The five hundredth anniversary of the death of John Wyclif was celebrated in England in May last. The Bishop of Liverpool preached, dissenters of all denominations were represented. The public was told again that Wyclif was the first Englishman to maintain the supremacy of the Scriptures. The Lord Mayor of London presided over a great conference, and a fund was founded to print and circulate Wyclif's works. After five centuries of all kinds of progress that man's memory is still as fresh as a May morning.

The State Superintendent in New York has decided that no religious exercises are in order in public schools. The schools are for all, and until some common system of religious instruction is agreed upon, there should be none. This is the substance of the decision, and we can not help thinking it sound. Religious instruction is amply provided in other ways; and in order that Protestant and Catholic children may study together in peace, it seems wisest to let each class be religiously instructed elsewhere, according to the wishes of their parents.

The most effective speech in the late Methodist Episcopal General Conference was made by a colored delegate, the Rev. Dr. Taylor of Kentucky. The effectiveness came of the fact that he had not only considered what he had to say, but also meditated on the best way of saying it. We are often told that oratory is a lost art. Is it not a faded art merely because speakers give too little attention to the manner of their speech?

Charles O'Conor, the greatest jury pleader of the century, died in May, at the age of eighty. Four years before his death, having been very ill, he had the pleasure of reading the longest obituary notice that any convalescent ever perused with personal interest. His power over juries was such that cases were often given up by the other side in advance of the pleading. He was an Irish Catholic whose warmest friends were American Protestants.

Several additions have been made to the evidence that it does not destroy women to educate them. Professor Seelye of Amherst is among the new witnesses. We are at a loss to know why it ever needed testimony. Professor Seelye gravely says that some hard-worked women students were carefully examined by a competent woman and found to be perfectly healthy! When our readers recover from their astonishment let them enter their girls for the C. L. S. C.

The new scheme for registering time seems to encounter a resistance which in physics is called the *vis inertia*. Most towns of any size—except the largest cities—still maintain local time. We respectfully hint to the almanac makers, that they have a great opportunity to spread intelligence on this subject. It will not belong before all towns within the meridional divisions will have common time. Why protract the agony of computing a dozen times a day the differences between several standards of time in the same community?

They continue to find Charley Ross. One was found last month. But each time it is not the true Charley Ross. What an amount of agony his parents have suffered! What a mercy were the knowledge that the boy died long ago! But reflect, too, on the uses of that tragedy. Thousands of children are watched over with more diligence because that tragedy recurs daily to the minds of parents as a solemn warning.

Psychologic classification is getting into disorder. Sir William Thompson has defined a "Magnetic Sense," and a critic of him says: "We might as well be logical and liberal, and add to the present senses the touch sense, the self sense, the power sense, the logical sense, and the psychic, muscular, and electro-magnetic senses." We suppose it is a wise thing to be "liberal;" but it is better to be accurate, and this use of the word *sense* is not accurate.

The nomination by the Chicago Republican Convention of the Hon. James G. Blaine, of Maine, for President, and Senator John A. Logan, of Illinois, for Vice President, seems likely to precipitate a political contest over the tariff. Mr. Blaine and the platform on which he stands speak for protection, while the opposition will favor free trade.

Members of the Class of '84 who expect to be at Round Lake, N. Y., on C. L. S. C. Day (Wednesday, July 10), and who wish to receive their diplomas there, should report to Miss Kimball, at Plainfield, N. J., by July 10.

We burn up, in this country, three hundred and fifty-nine hotels in a year. In the last eight years the aggregate is set down by the National Board of Underwriters as two thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. Here is another wound in the economic body through which our life-blood is pouring in a great stream, and nothing will stanch the wound but a better moral character in the people. Unsafe buildings are built for the most part by people who are smart and wicked.

All over the country Salvation-army captains, lieutenants and corporals are getting into trouble, and the organization is falling into disgrace. The movement may as well be voted a failure. It is, however, the only religious failure of any importance in the last two decades. In London, where it is held in vigorous hands by General Booth, it is still a respectable success; but no one else has been able to work it on a large scale. Petty successes here and there do not disprove the general rule of failure.

In Baltimore, last month, the fourth floor of a warehouse fell and six persons lost their lives. Accidents in buildings are becoming far too numerous. In such cases, as well as in broken banks, we have a proof that our complex civilization requires a higher grade of conscientious character—or more of it—than we are producing. Our brains are good enough; we want better morals.

It is reported from Europe that Prince Napoleon and his son Victor are both "running" for the office of Emperor of France. The office does not exist at present, and there is no prospect of its being created—the gunpowder facilities are lacking. But father and son are said to be quarreling over the matter. If France wants a monarch she now has a chance to get a gentleman in the person of the Count of Paris, who was with our army of the Potomac for some months, and has written a capital book on the civil war in our country.

It was a pleasant thing to see the Governor of Pennsylvania taking the lead in the Methodist General Conference when the resolutions against polygamy came up for discussion. Governor Pattison was a lay member of the body, and made a vigorous speech in favor of energetic measures to suppress this evil.

A distinguished Israelite of New York said to a reporter last month that he expected to see the synagogues opened for religious services on Sunday. The movement would begin with the religious use of both sacred days; but it will probably end in the general neglect of the seventh day. The inconvenience of having a different Sabbath from the rest of the people is doubtless a great embarrassment to the religious teachers of the Hebrews.

It is a proper prayer, "Remember not against me the sins of my youth." But it is as well for young people to remember that human society does not readily forget our errors. And somebody has said that "God can afford to forgive when men can not afford to forget." Perhaps he is not quite right; to forgive is not to give a man an office or a farm. We have forgiven all who have wronged us, if we are good Christians, but that does not oblige us to indorse their notes.

An ungracious thing is the fault-finding with Mr. George I. Seney, because, before the late troubles in Wall Street, he gave away some two millions of money to philanthropic uses. People who never give away things seem to think that, having given largely, Mr. Seney should have rolled himself into a safe nest and remained there. It occurs to us that no man has a better right to risk his own money than the man who has acquitted himself generously of his obligations to humanity. We have seen no proof that Mr. Seney was guilty of even an irregularity in the conduct of his business, or that he is not able to meet all his engagements.

Mr. Ferdinand Ward is the most picturesque and romantic figure in the late crisis in monetary New York. His success in Wall Street, by which a poor youth laid his hands on a dozen or more millions of other men's money, appropriately climaxed by his enforced visit to the cell formerly tenanted by William M. Tweed, is a romance of rascality; and yet no one can tell just how he succeeded in using the cupidity of mankind to blind their eyes to the plainest principles of finance. The scheme was simple enough: Loan \$70,000 on securities worth \$100,000. Then take the securities to a bank and hypothecate them for \$90,000. To a thief the profit is just \$20,000. But the genius lies in concealing the simplicity of the business.

It was not strange that General Grant was deceived by young Ward. No one supposes that the General is an acute and expert man of business. But men who ought to be acute and expert men of business—for that is their calling—were as completely deceived as General Grant. There are always hindsight philosophers and small-eyed sons of detraction to seize such an occasion as the late panic to criticise great and good men. General Grant's vindication lies in the fact that there are very few moneyed men in New York whom Ferdinand Ward did not deceive.

The zeal with which some persons labor to make benevolence unpopular is one of the worst manifestations of human nature. Why can not the critics remember that very few men ever catch the disease of giving away large amounts of money? So uncommon a disorder ought to be given the benefit of a corner of that mantle of charity which is usually employed to cover a multitude of sins.

One of the most remarkable statements we have lately seen was made by the president of a brewers' convention recently held at Rochester, N. Y. He said: "Our hope is based on the fact that prohibition can not last in a progressive state." We have tried to analyze this "hope," and the result is this: A progressive state is one in which the drink-sellers are powerful enough to overthrow prohibition. *Progress* has a peculiar significance in the drink-seller's dictionary. We are at a loss to conjecture what truly progressive elements of a population should rise up to put down prohibition.

Among our reformers no class deserves more support than those who seek to improve the health of mankind. Some of them have exaggerated the value of this or that means; but the end they seek is a very useful one. We are coming to agreement on everything but food and sleep. We shall agree about these by-and-by. Plenty of sleep *in the night*—and wholesome food *in moderation*—these are two articles of the coming man's health creed. The italicised words express the best evidence on the subject of longevity. A recent writer says that gluttony kills more people—who it may be said by parenthesis know no better—than tobacco and drink. Eating too much is the next evil to be reformed; then sleeping too little.

One of the beautiful customs of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to have a parade of the Sunday-school children of all denominations on one of the first warm days of May. This year fifty thousand children were in line, and the city kept holiday. The custom would bear transportation to other cities and towns.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

We have a new candidate for the honorable position of expounder and teacher of English.* It is for those who desire to learn, and have no teacher; for the tens of thousands whose school advantages have been limited, or mis improved, and who are now studying out of school, and seek by self-exertion to acquire the culture and practical knowledge they need. It will not be found in the technical sense a grammar, but a series of familiar and most entertaining letters, in which the author discusses the principles and usage of the English language. The style is conversational, and remarkable for its perspicuity. The vigorous sentences are clear as sunbeams, and as purely English as Cobbett himself. The editor's well considered and generally incisive notes are good reading, and add much to the value of the work.

One of the most able, scholarly and exhaustive commentaries on the New Testament is now in process of publication by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. It is a translation, with notes by American editors, of the expositions and critical analyses of the well known German scholar and exegete, Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer. The whole work may require ten or more volumes of fair size, eight of which are promised during the year. The one on the "Epistles to the Corinthians"† is now before us. As a philologist Meyer has certainly but few equals, and his grammatical expositions of the Greek text give evidence of much patient research, acute discernment, and a thorough comprehension of the subjects discussed. The work will prove an invaluable aid to all who critically study the New Testament in the original language, and even lay readers may, if they will examine, find much that is refreshing in the author's incisive criticisms, and clear, concise statements of evangelical doctrines.

An ingenious portfolio‡ has been invented by a member of the Philadelphia bar, for those who may not have studied thoroughly the laws of thought and composition, yet wish to know how to work up a subject. On the side of a neat little slate are placed certain typical questions which are to be applied to the subject of contemplation, and space is given under each to jot down the points to be considered under each heading. Thus in one's pocket may be carried a scientific outline by which one may classify immediately the scraps of illustration, the fancies or thoughts which they pick up on any given subject.

Miss Emily Raymond, of Toledo, has written a very pleasing, comprehensive, and satisfactory account of the Chautauqua Idea and its home. This little volume, entitled "About Chautauqua," is probably the most complete report yet given of this modern movement. The price of the book is 50 cents. Address Miss Raymond, 48 Bush Street, Toledo, O.

A collection of first-class short stories by American authors has been begun by Charles Scribner's Sons.|| They are being gathered from the great number of stories which have been sent out in the leading magazines of the country during the last twenty years, and promise to make a remarkably entertaining collection. Many of the foremost writers of fiction of the day are in the list of authors.

The entertaining volume, "Our Famous Women,"‡ will be, we think, a decided success. Thirty of the prominent women of the times are discussed most pleasantly in as many easy and appreciative essays. The papers are not critical or comprehensive, but gossipy, entertaining, and very well written. One finds in most of them exactly the facts they want about such favorites as Mrs. Burnett, Louisa M. Alcott, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary A. Livermore, etc. As far as possible, the writers have been wisely chosen from the ranks of the famous women themselves. The book will be worth a great deal to women who are trying to win position and a live-

*A Grammar of the English Language in a Series of Letters. By William Cobbett. With notes by Robert Waters. New York: James W. Pratt. 1883.

†Critical and Exegetical Hand-Book to the Epistles to the Corinthians. By Heinrich August Wilhelm Meyer, Th.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

‡The Adult Kindergarten; or the Educational Problem Solved, for Public Life, Private Life, and School Life Uses. By a member of the Philadelphia Bar. Price, 50 cents. The Townsend Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

|| Stories by American Authors. Price per volume, 50 cents. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

‡ Our Famous Women. Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Werthington and Company. 2864.

lihood by their own exertions. Its heroines are striking examples of what bravery, earnestness, cheerfulness and faithfulness will do in a life.

Another volume of Charles Scribner's Sons' new edition of "Ik Marvel" is out. "Rural Studies," first published in 1867, has been revised and reissued under the title of "Out-of-Town Places."* The book was not more timely fifteen years ago than it is now; perhaps it will be even more useful now, for the last fifteen years have taught us more of beauty and its uses than we had ever before had time to learn. Mr. Mitchell's little book gives many capital suggestions to farmers and owners of country places about practical improvements. It is not a book for horticulturists, or for fancy stock or high-art farmers, but it will be very useful to people who by their own labor and planning are trying to beautify their homes.

A good book on etiquette—and, as it often happens, a very ordinary one—is pretty sure of finding a wide circle of readers in America. A sensible, reliable guide-book into the mysteries of the best society has lately been published by the Harpers.† We like it. The writer knows exactly what her readers need and is competent to supply their want clearly and reliably. What more could be asked of the writer of a book on etiquette?

Uncle Remus‡ has become the representative of a vanishing type of American life. It is a matter of congratulation that so much of his humor, shrewd sense and peculiar dialect has been saved to us in "His Songs and His Sayings," a little book which, though we are apt to consider it merely humorous, really has much material for interesting study. The aim of the author was as he says: "To preserve the legends [of the plantation] in their original simplicity, and to wed them permanently to the quaint dialect—if indeed it can be called a dialect—through the medium of which they have become a part of the domestic history of every Southern family."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

How the Bible was Made. By Rev. E. M. Wood, D.D. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. 1884.

The Exodus and Other Poems. By Rev. T. C. Reade. Cincinnati: Printed by Walden & Stowe for the author. 1884.

Quicksands. From the German of Adolph Streckfuss. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

Standard Library: The Fortunes of Rachel. By Edward Everett Hale. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

Standard Library: Chinese Gordon. By Archibald Forbes. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1884.

There was Once a Man. A Story. By R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr). New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlburt, for Our Continent Publishing Co. 1884.

A Palace Prison; or, The Past and The Present. New York: Fords, Howard & Hurlburt. 1884.

Rapid Ramblings in Europe. By W. C. Falkner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1884.

One Thousand Popular Quotations. Compiled by J. S. Ogilvie. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

Ballads and Verses Vain. By Andrew Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

Essays and Leaves from a Note-Book. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

Ragnarok: The Age of Fire and Gravel. By Ignatius Donnelly. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.

ERRATA.—On page 544 of the June number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, for "Henry VII.," in Question 3, read Henry VI.; for "1609," in Question 39, read 1690; for "George IV.," in the answer to Question 47, and in Questions 48 and 49, read George III. On page 551, for "from which comes companion," read from *comes*, companion.

* Out-of-Town Places, with Hints for their Improvement. By the author of "Wet Days at Edgewood." A re-issue of "Rural Studies." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

†Manners and Social Usages. By Mrs. John Sherwood. New York: Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square. 1884.

‡ Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings. The Folk-lore of the Old Plantation. By Joel Chandler Harris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1884.





THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

DECEMBER, 1883

CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY
AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

Vol. IV.

No. 3.

CONTENTS :

	PAGE
German History. Rev. W. G. Williams, A.M. III.	129
German Literature	132
Physical Science. III.	135
Sunday Readings. Selected by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D.	137
Political Economy. G. M. Steele, D.D. III.	140
Readings in Art. III.	142
Selections from American Literature	145
Returning. Mary Garrison	148
Education of the Negro Population. Atticus G. Haygood, D.D.	148
Man of Learning, Tell Me Something. Margaret Meredithe.	150
Hibernation. Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.	150
Zenobia. Ada Iddings Gale.	152
Character Building. James Kerr	153
The Recreations of the Paris Workman. R. Heath	153
A Russian Novelist. Gabriel Monod	154
Lay of a Cracked Fiddle. Frederick Langbridge	155
Blue Laws.	156
A Remnant of Summer. E.O.P.	156
The Life of a Planet. Richard Proctor	157
Disraeli's London.	157
Temperature. J. Mortimer-Graville	158
Skating and Skaters. Robert Macgregor.	159
Book Knowledge and Manners. Lord Chesterfield	161
Under the Autumn Skies. Mrs. Emily J. Bugbee.	161
Eight Centuries With Walter Scott. Wallace Bruce.	162
Plant Nutrition. Maxwell T. Masters, M.D.	164
C. L. S. C. Work. Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D.	165
Outline of C. L. S. C. Readings for December.	166
A Reunion at Milwaukee.	166
A C. L. S. C. Experience.	167
The C. L. S. C. in Toronto.	167
Sunbams from the Circle.	167
Local Circles.	169
C. L. S. C. Round-Table.	171
Questions and Answers. A. M. Martin.	172
Popular Education. C. L. S. C. Announcement.	175
Chautauqua Normal Course. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., and R. S. Holmes, A.M., Instructors.	176
Editor's Outlook: The C. L. S. C. Plan.—Martin Luther.—The Temperance Question.—An Extra Day in the Calendar.	178
Editor's Note-Book.	180
Astronomy of the Heavens for December. Prof. M. B. Goff	183
C. L. S. C. Notes on Required Readings for December.	183
Books Received.	187
Intermediate Normal Class.	188

THEODORE L. FLOOD, D. D., Editor.
MEADVILLE, PA.

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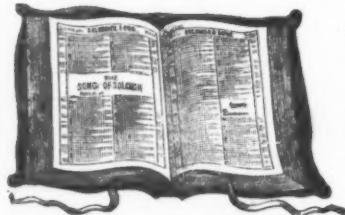
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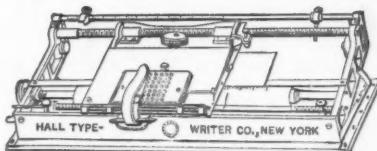
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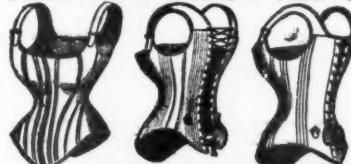
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